★ April 17, 1948

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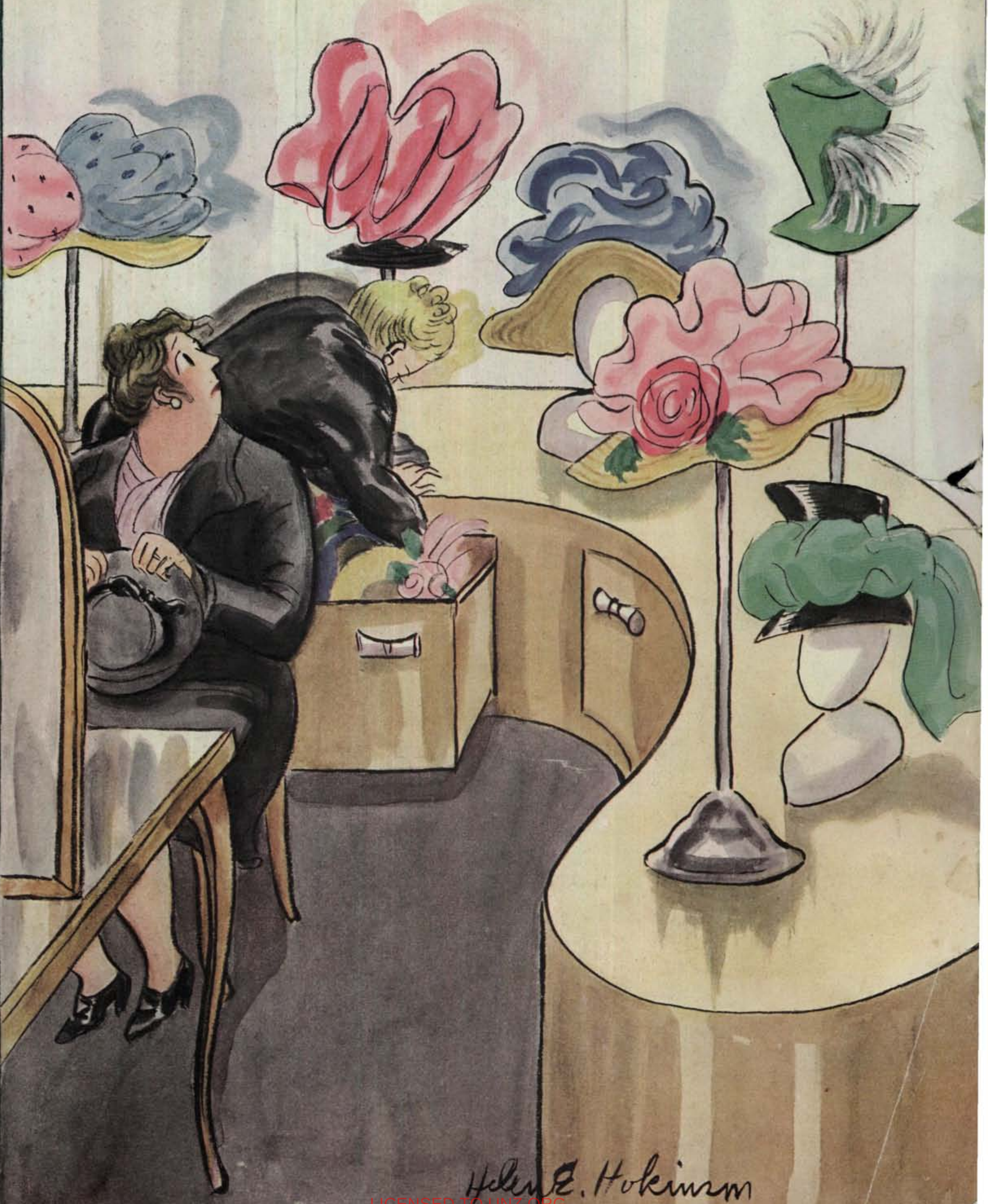
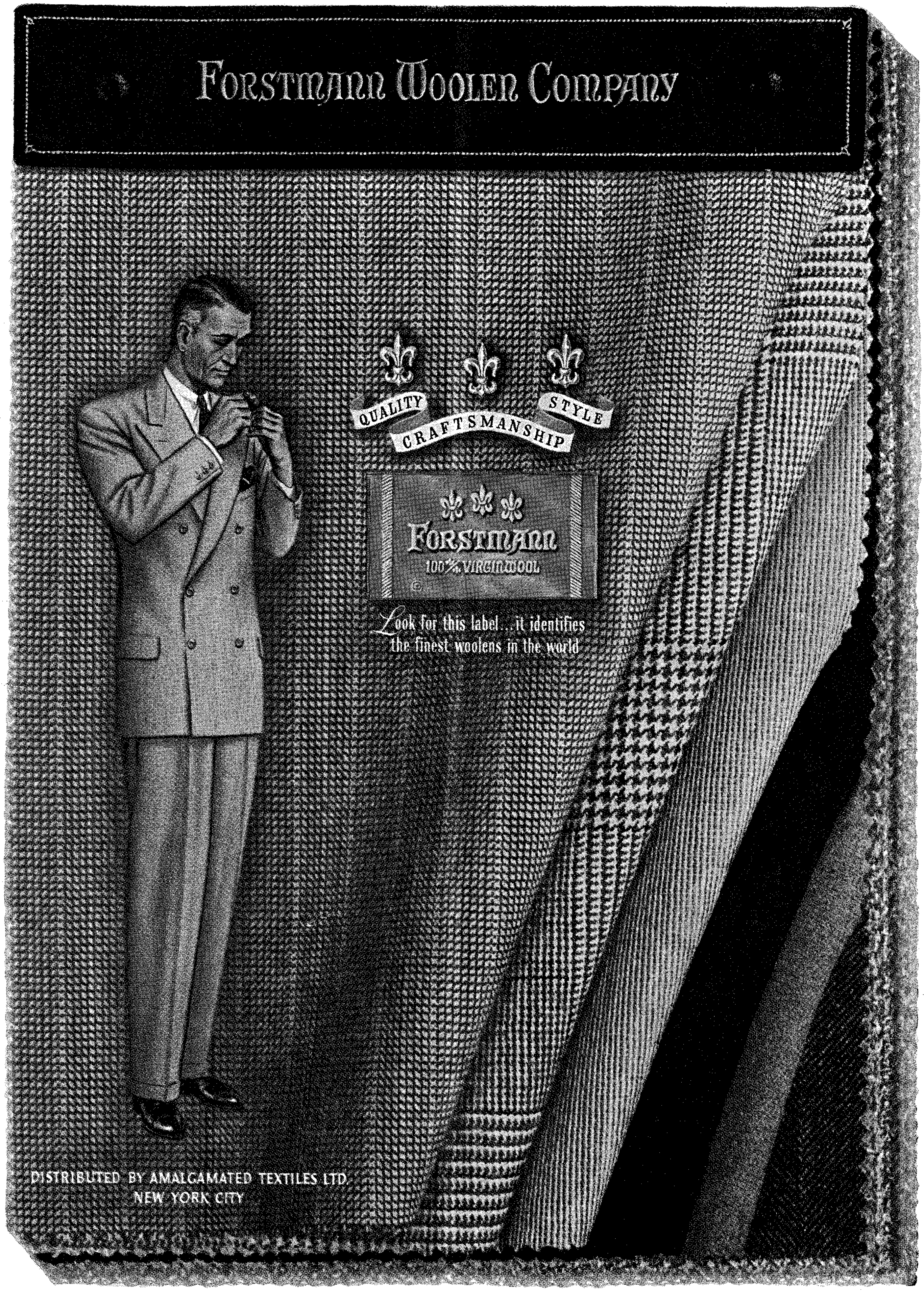
THE NEW YORKER


Helen E. Hokinson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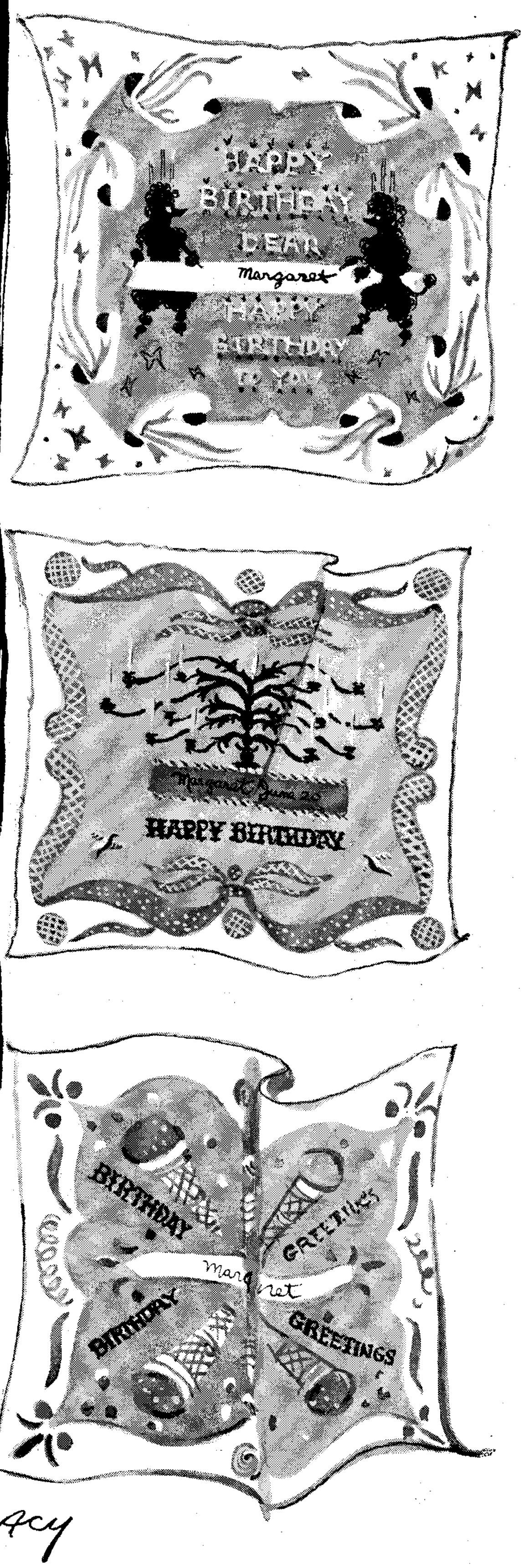
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR
Margaret
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
Margaret June 20
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
BIRTHDAY
GREETINGS
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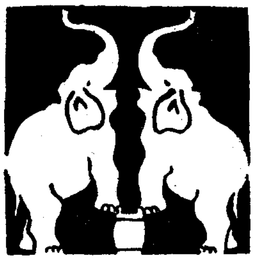
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Command Decision—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

For Love or Money—Young June Lockhart's really exemplary performance is all the important news about this comedy. John Loder and Vicki Cummings assist her with the silly plot. (Henry Miller, 43rd St. E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's resourceful direction, have turned the Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy to the World—Lively staging is not quite enough to save this rather untidy mixture of Hollywood humor and political argument. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt are very decorative in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Macbeth—A handsome and often ingenious production, made somewhat disappointing by the performances of Michael Redgrave and Flora Robson. Also with Russell Collins, Geoffrey Toone, Whitfield Connor, and Beatrice Straight. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Man and Superman—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been accorded a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it still shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Molly—The Goldberg family of radio fame comes to something that is well short of life but intermittently amusing. With Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Medea—Judith Anderson giving what may easily be a historic performance in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the tragedy. She is respectfully abetted by Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mister Roberts—One of the best books about the war turned into one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several seasons. Henry Fonda, Robert Keith, David Wayne, and William Harrigan lead an excellent cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Meg Mundy gives a very touching performance in Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama about the race problem. "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Strange Bedfellows—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. With Joan Tetzel and John Archer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' tremendously compelling and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter head the superb cast. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, April 18.)

The Winslow Boy—Terence Rattigan has gone to a British *cause célèbre* for this good, moving play having to do with a naval cadet and his suit against the Crown. The company, brought over from England, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Never Can Tell—Leo G. Carroll, Faith Brook, Tom Helmore, Ralph Forbes, and Frieda Inescort in Shaw's play about love among the Feminists. The jokes are a little archaic but the production is charming. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 17.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Long Runs—**born yesterday**: Paul Douglas and *Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving* junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, April 18.) . . . **harvey**: James Stewart, Josephine Hull, and that rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—An elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are below standard. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other sketches are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, both old favorites, and a fine company. "The Mikado" will run through Saturday, April 24, the end of the troupe's engagement here. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' preposterous Mack Sennett ballet are the high points here, but it is all quite good sport. With Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—The ballet is the butt of most of the jokes in this comedy, and Nancy Walker delivers them hilariously. Jerome Robbins has arranged a couple of nice dances, though by no means his best; Hugh Martin is responsible for the songs; and in the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—This revue offers at least two superlatively funny numbers and some others that are funny enough. David Burns and Sid Caesar are the leading comics, Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Lewine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun**: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **brigadoon**: Melodic Scottish whimsey. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **finian's rainbow**: A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!**: Grandpa himself. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Rats of Norway—A revival of the play by

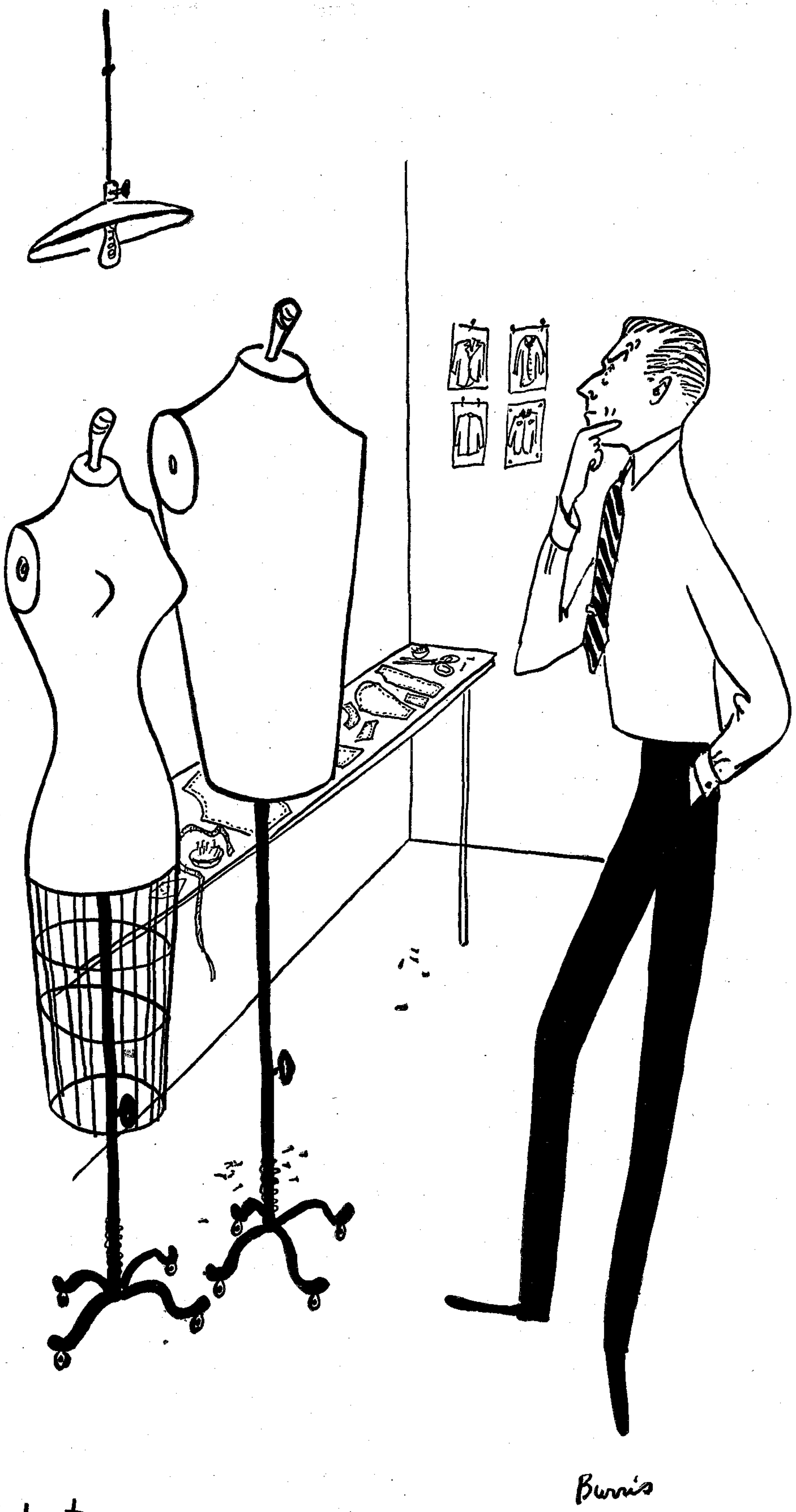
The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIV, No. 8, April 17, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippine Is., Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

This is our Mr. Volli

Mr. Volli, a leisurely husband and tailor, was born in the north of Italy, where they don't eat spaghetti. After a decent interval he came to this country, where spaghetti is a staple of the diet, and the natives like to hurry. Volli thinks it's quaint. He's now designing Saks Fifth Avenue's Basile suits for both genders, taking his own sweet time, and avoiding indigestible dishes like sp-gh--ti.

For the past two years, he's been working on something he calls the ideal suit shoulder, and month after month Saks' merchandise manager would say hopefully, "Well, Volli, nearly finished with that design?" Each time, Mr. V. would give the Italian synonym for Mañana, which is quite a hearty mouthful, and then retire to brood again. You can imagine the traumatic shock that ensued when he finally turned up with not only the blueprint, but the shoulder already made up in Basile suits. The merchandise manager was speechless, although he managed to convey to us in wheezes and grunts that it's the greatest non-sag, non-droop, two-sex suit shoulder ever invented. We replied coldly, "What you say may be true, but it sounds too commercial for the leedle human-interest essay we had in mind."

On Mr. Volli's last birthday, his wife gave him a fancy calendar watch that tells the day, month, and year. It's been sort of a boomerang gift, because now when she says to him huffily, "You're so absentminded you don't even know what day it is," Mr. Volli just glances at his watch and gives a snappy, lucid comeback like "Tuesday."



Oh Mr. Volli — where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Keith Winter. The cast is headed by John Ireland and Colin Keith-Johnston. Produced by James S. Elliott and Carl Schreuer, and directed by Mr. Elliott. Opens Thursday, April 15. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE CUP OF TREMBLING—Elisabeth Bergner in Louis Paul's adaptation of his novel "Breakdown." The cast, directed by Paul Czinner, includes Beverly Bayne, John Carradine, Hope Emerson, and Arlene Francis. Produced by Mr. Czinner and C. P. Jaeger. Opens Tuesday, April 20. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Surprised? (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Performances daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. The doors open at 1:30 and 7 for the benefit of those who like to amble around among the sideshows in the basement.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida;" a benefit for the Lenox Hill Hospital. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Friday evenings, April 21-23, at 8:45. For tickets, call SA 2-8338.)

VAUDEVILLE SHOW—Willie Howard, Luba Malina, Myron Cohen, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday evening, April 24, at 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET THEATRE—Thursday evening, April 15: "Giselle" and "Tally-Ho." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," and "On Stage!" . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 17: "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," and "On Stage!" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "Les Patineurs," "Pas de Deux," "Tally-Ho," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 18: "Princess Aurora," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 18: "Swan Lake," "Shadow of the Wind," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 20: "Theme and Variations," "Shadow of the Wind," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 21: "Billy the Kid," "Apollo," and "Pillar of Fire." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 22: "Swan Lake," "Fall River Legend" (première), and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "Six Waltzes," "Facsimile," and "Shadow of the Wind." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 24: "Six Waltzes," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "Billy the Kid," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "Gala Performance." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

CHARLES WEIDMAN—With his company, in a week's engagement. Nadine Gae and Peter Hamilton will help out at the first three performances. (Mansfield Theatre, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Sunday evening, April 18, through Saturday evening, April 24, at 8:45. Matinée Saturday, April 24, at 2:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every night, unless otherwise indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the perennial Lary Siry, practically the inventor of the coming-out party, heads up a dance orchestra. No dancing on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room has Carlos Molina's rumba band and Harold Nagel's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Several dozen violins playing their way through a repertoire that should win the Corn-Husking Championship of 1948. Matters are helped, though, by the comic dancing of Mata and Hari, and the tidy dance music of Billy Banks' band.

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DIRECTOIRE, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Rapid-fire calisthenics by Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers, with words and music to match. Other points of interest: Ted Straeter's piano and orchestra, Gao's rumba band, and a stage that ebbs and flows at will.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Many a Yale football game has been won on the playing fields of this ornate establishment. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this. Cocktail and dinnertime piano by Peter Walters; dance music, later, by Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The service, cuisine, and music are a lot better than you get around the Stock Exchange, but the company is, of course, just about the same. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—An unpretentious show in the Cotillion Room, which also has Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Florence Desmond, at her inimitable imitations, supported (in a manner to which any comedienne would like to become accustomed) by Stuart Ross at the piano. Mark Monte's and Florian ZaBach's orchestras for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a sumptuous arrangement of colorfully upholstered waiters, banquettes, and musicians, is the place for those who are fond of sparkling wines and dancing. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

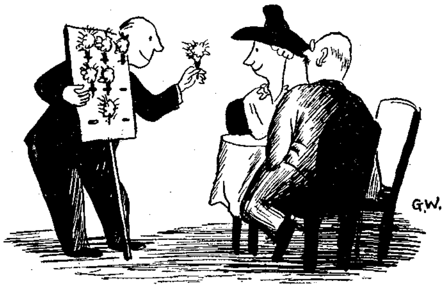
RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's string orchestra turns out circumspect dinner music in the lavish Oval Room; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Upstairs, in the Iridium Room, which is fairly regal, Johnny Guarnieri's bustling and unregal trio, plus the more sedate Hal Saunders' orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under, in the good-looking Maisonette, Frances Maddux is around once again, with some brand-new slyboots ditties. Plenty of dance music, too. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, rustling up rococo music in the plushy Café Lounge; also, a small and not especially memorable show. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Square dancing, balloon bursting, and other indoor sports favored by the young folks of all ages. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Brisson, presenting his annual series of gentlemanly vocal recitals. Dance music after nine by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.



WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tito Guizar, that most implausible ingredient of Western movies, is now performing in more seemly surroundings; i.e., the Sert Room at suppertime. Emil Coleman's orchestra all evening, plus Mischa Borr's rumba band at supper. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Except on Sundays, glossy piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and a trio perform for dancing (after eight-thirty) in this amiable standby. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley's piano (after eight-thirty, except Sundays) makes this one of the town's best music boxes. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty in this ancient grotto. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox's piano music (except Sundays), for people who hate to get out of those overstuffed chairs after dinner. . . . **PENTHOUSE**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Maxine Sullivan, that chipper hummingbird, offering a largely new repertoire in this tiny treetop after ten-thirty every night except Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A cosy throwback to the twenties, with gypsy-prowler music at dinner and the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, operating a personally conducted tour through a lively segment of prewar Paris night life. Garland Wilson, Norene Tate, and Mae Barnes all help to make it a success. Closed Mondays. . . . **PERROQUET**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): After dinner is over (every night except Mondays), Julius Monk and Hugh Shannon play piano right in the middle of the dining room, and Mr. Shannon does some of his the-world-is-well-lost songs. . . . **CAFÉ JAMES**, 42 E. 50th St. (PL 9-3696): Betty Lou Barto, a fledgling singer, plus Daphne Hellman, decorating her golden harp. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A comfortable oasis, with Bunty Pendleton, at cocktail time, and Harry Taylor, after nine, both stroking a baby grand. Closed Sundays. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): A calm little glade, with Roger Stearns at the piano all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): *Opéra-bouffe* Russia served up with nostalgia and hot or cold borsch; dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian hubbub in a jovial cellarette; dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright, lampooning a few celebrities, and Tony Craig, singing a few sentimentalities. No show Sundays.

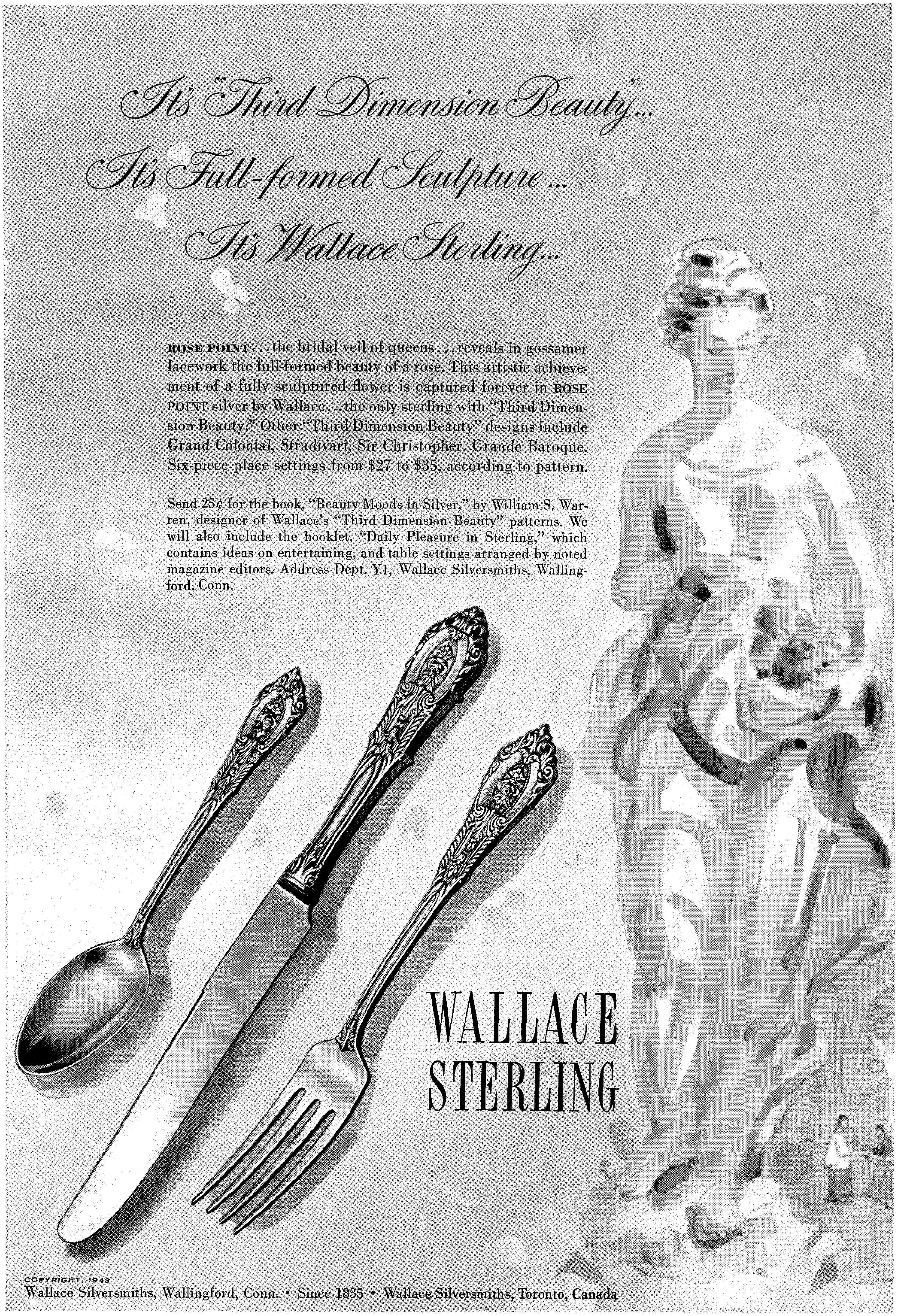
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, working within a reasonably rewarding Broadway frame of reference, plus Vivian Blaine, a fairly handsome work of art. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce and Irwin Corey, two of our leading fourth-dimensional humorists. Monica Boyar and the Ellis Larkin Trio are also on hand. On Monday, April 19, Phil Gordon will be added to the cast. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Pete Seeger's long banjo and a flock of folk songs; blues by Melrose Colbert; humor by Mary McCarty; dance music by the Ram Ramirez Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Paula Drake is the bright star here, and funny, to boot. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A boisterous show involving Timmie Rogers, Ginnie Pow-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ell, and Gene Rodgers. Ed Hall's masterly dance band and Cliff Jackson's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy's *fin-de-siècle* songs. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, by night a pillar of fire, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. In between, the unique Joe Sullivan at the piano. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of eminent visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Freddie Ohms, and Billy Butterfield, all merrily rattling the windowpanes. Visiting performers drop in here on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Johnny Blowers' new trio, and songs by Laura Leeds. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon. Dancing. . . . CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): This big Spanish wine cellar is enlivened by the muted but turbulent rhythms of Wilbur de Paris's dance band, which includes Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. No music on Mondays. . . . ROYAL ROOST, Broadway at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): One of those big Broadway cellars, but you'll find the Three Flames up to their frenetic antics. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): The return of the eminent Errol Garner, heading a new trio.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Through Sunday, April 18, Buddy Moreno's orchestra. Woody Herman's band opens on Tuesday, April 20. Monday nights, when there is dancing only until nine, a fill-in band does the honors. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays and only after ten on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. . . . NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): An ice show, and Shep Fields' orchestra. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Dick Jurgens' orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GIFFORD BEAL—New paintings, conventional in theme and showing proficiency in technique and composition. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

TURE BENGTZ—Observant genre paintings by the winner of a contest for New England artists held recently at the Stuart Gallery in Boston. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

HYMAN BLOOM—Emotional and effective oils, most of them macabre, done in the last two years. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD—New paintings, ranging in subject from vociferous social commentary to wholly delightful wry fantasy. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract paintings, pleasantly patterned, if at times a little devious in their expression. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG—Oils and water colors, mainly of landscapes here and abroad—crisp, expert, and slightly routine. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Oils and color prints that sometimes convey considerable tension, by a Uruguayan artist. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through April 15.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Boldly painted, well-organized canvases, chiefly of Maine-coast subjects. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through April 24.)

FRENCH—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: A new show of paintings and drawings by Utrillo, Dufy, Matisse, and others; through April 24. . . . MARQUIÉ, 16 W. 57th St.: A group of paintings by some lesser-known contemporary French artists, plus small works by Corot and Pissarro; through April 24.

RAPHAEL GLEITSMANN—Sombre, reticently painted oils of war ruins in Europe. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

GROUP SHOW—New work by Carl Holty, Robert Motherwell, and other abstractionists. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Fourteen paintings, all dated before 1932, showing some of the influences that affected him before he evolved his own final style. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN—Non-objective paintings, unusually handsome in their color and integration. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through May 1.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—New sculptures, more compact in organization than his previous works, balanced by a nice group of his early Cubist pieces. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

MIRÓ—Paintings, 1923 to 1946, in a showing that reveals his animated fancy at just about its best. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

ELLIOT ORR—Expressionist paintings in large, simple patterns, occasionally garish in color. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

PAINTINGS OF SHIPS—Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, and other Impressionists, in a series of ingratiating marine studies. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

JOHN C. PELLEW—Railroad yards, bridges, and other grimy parts of New York, ably interpreted in tones of brown and black. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St.; through April 16.)

PICASSO—A stylish display of paintings, drawings, and gouaches in a sort of casual retrospective, which centers on his work during the nineteen-twenties and thirties. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

POST-IMPRESSIONISTS—Large, carefully selected loan show of works by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Rousseau, for the benefit of the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through May 8.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Fluent and frequently eloquent symbolic abstractions. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

ALEX REDEIN—Gouache landscapes and still-lifes, fresh in color, and deft and delicate in line. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St. Weekdays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 17.)

MORRIS SHULMAN—Figure pieces, expressively done in encaustic. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Wednesday evenings until 9; through April 23.)

GIANFILIPPO USELLINI—Adroitly humorous little Surrealist fantasies by an Italian painter new to this country. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

MAURICE UTRILLO—Work done in the last ten years. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

VAN GOGH—An impressive loan show, for the benefit of the Home for the Destitute Blind. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

VLAMINCK—Eighteen oils and a couple of water colors, some early, some recent, and all of them rewarding. (Lilienfeld, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 1.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: George Grosz; through May 1. . . . WILLARD, 32 E. 57th St.: Richard Lippold; through May 8. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: William Harnett; through May 1.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's second annual show of prints. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective showing of non-objective sculptures by Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner; through April 25. . . . ¶ A show by eighty con-

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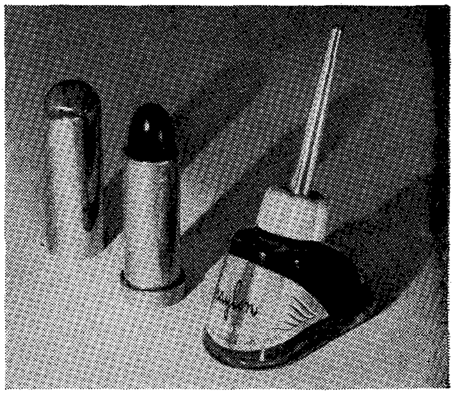

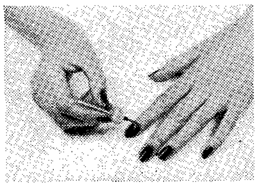

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

temporary photographers; through July 11. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Kandinsky, Hilla Rebay, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum has inaugurated a policy of occasional one-man showings by contemporary artists with an excellently organized retrospective of works by Yasuo Kuniyoshi. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, April 15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 18: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 18: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amelia Goes to the Ball." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 21: "Pelléas and Mélisande," with Maggie Teyte. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 22: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amelia Goes to the Ball." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée at 2:30.)

San Carlo Opera Company—Thursday evening, April 15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 17: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 18: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 18: "La Tosca." . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 19: "Faust." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 21: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 22: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 24: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "La Bohème." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Nightly at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sunday at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting the final performances of the season: Thursday evening, April 15, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, April 16, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, April 18, at 3 (all with Eleanor Steber, soprano; William Hain, tenor; the Westminster Choir; and others).

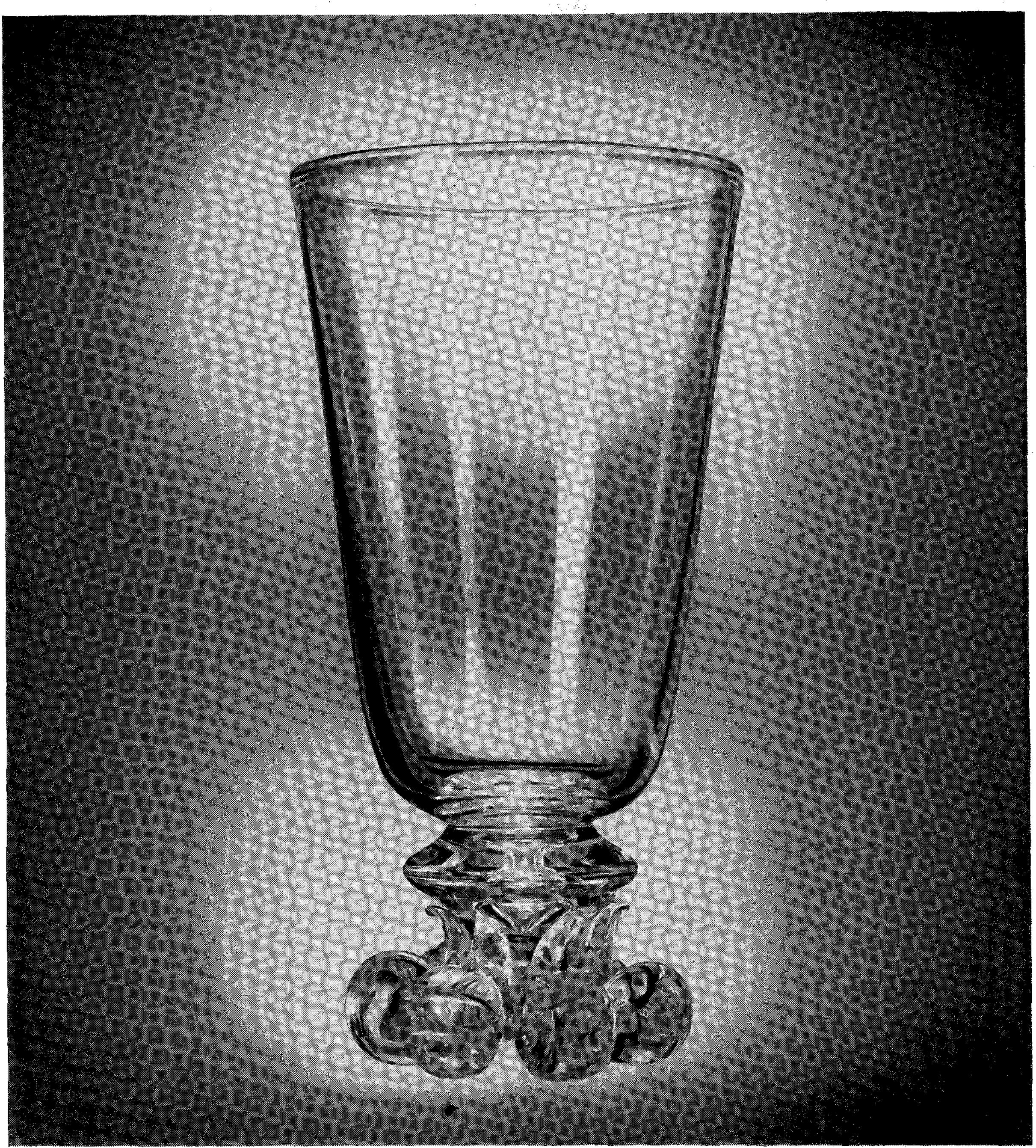
Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, April 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, April 17, at 2:30.)

National Orchestral Association—Carnegie Hall—Leon Barzin conducting: Monday evening, April 19, at 8:45 (with Stanley Weiner, violin; the Princeton University Chapel Choir; and others). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 21, at 8:30 (Mr. Barzin conducting former members of the Association, with Helen Penn, soprano, and George Roth, piano). . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 23, at 8:45 (a performance of Haydn's "The Creation," with the Dessoff Choirs, Paul Boepple directing). For tickets to the Monday and Friday performances, call CI 7-1228.

Glee Clubs—Columbia University and Barnard College, with the Columbia University Chamber Orchestra, all directed by Jacob Avshalomoff. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday evening, April 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Marymount College, Dr. Giovanni Camajari directing. (Town Hall. Friday evening, April 23, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Choral Ensemble—James Fleetwood directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday evening, April 17, at 8:30.)

Paulist Choristers—Father Joseph R. Foley di-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recting. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, April 18, at 8:30.)

UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CHORUS—Morris Watkins directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, April 23, at 8:45. For tickets, call WA 3-8057.)

RECITALS

ROLAND GUNDRY AND GRANT JOHANNESEN—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, April 15, at 8:30.)

LUTHER SAXON—Tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, April 18, at 3.)

THE MUSICIANS' GUILD—The Kroll Quartet; Leo Smit, piano; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and others, in a program of chamber music. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Monday evening, April 19, at 8:45.)

LESLIE FRICK—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday evening, April 21, at 8:30.)

KRAEUTER TRIO—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, April 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—Carnegie Hall—Billie Holliday and others. (Saturday evening, April 17, at 11:30.) . . . ¶ Count Basie and his band. (Saturday evening, April 24, at 11:30.)

GEORGE GERSHWIN MEMORIAL CONCERT—Ray Bloch directing an orchestra and choir, with Genevieve Rowe, soprano; Stanley Freeman, piano; and others, in a program for the benefit of B'nai Brith. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday evening, April 22, at 8:30.)

FOLK-MUSIC CONCERT—Pete Seeger and Hally Wood. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, April 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Montreal, exhibition game, Thursday, April 15, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Yankees, exhibition games, Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 2 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Tuesday through Thursday, April 20-22, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, April 23, at 2:30 P.M., and Saturday, April 24, at 2 P.M.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club. (Scarsdale, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25.)

HUNT RACING—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, April 17.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 17.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 24.)

INDOOR POLO—Last games of the season—Red Bank vs. Squadron A Regulars, and Squadron A Falcons vs. Squadron A Freebooters. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30 P.M.)

RACING—At Jamaica—Weekdays at 1:30 P.M. The Excelsior Handicap, April 17; the Wood Memorial, April 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—Children's World Theatre: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, and Saturday, April 24, all at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) . . . ¶ Junior Dramatic Workshop of the Walt Whitman School: "Midsummer Night's Dream Interlude," directed by Maria Ley-Piscator. (Walt Whitman School, 25 E. 78th St. Sunday, April 18, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call RE 4-0004, Ext. 11.)

CONCERT—Wheeler Beckett conducting sixty-five members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, with Reah Sadowsky, piano, in a program for young people. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Wednesday, April 21, at 3:30 P.M.)

MOVIES—Films of interest to small fry are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison

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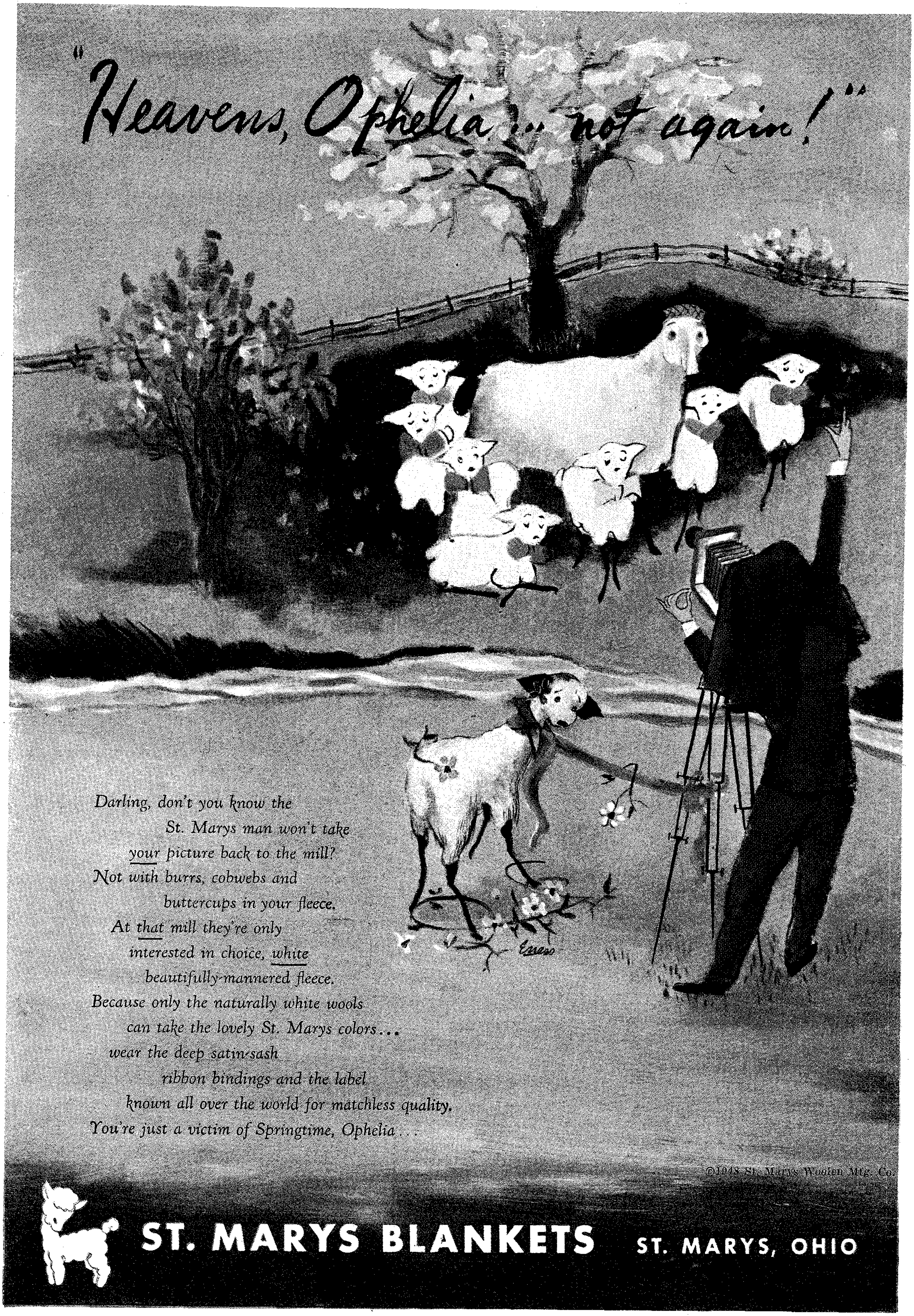
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) . . . ¶ The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films every Saturday from noon to 5 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty may attend the open meetings of the committees of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success. . . . ¶ A special session of the General Assembly, to discuss the Palestine question, will convene on Friday, April 16, at Flushing Meadow. For information concerning admission, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92.

Flower Show—The annual exhibition of narcissus. (Horticultural Society of New York, 598 Madison Ave., at 57th St., 16th floor. Wednesday, April 21, from 2 to 10 P.M.; Thursday, April 22, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Spring Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—English and American eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century furniture and objects of art, from the collections of Jouett Ross Todd and others. (Auction, Thursday, April 15, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ French and English color etchings and engravings of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, collected by M. H. Kimball. (Auction, Thursday, April 15, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ French eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art, collected by Prince Hilarion Woronzov-Daschkov and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, April 15, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sunday, April 18, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, April 20, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Saturday, April 17, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Valter Poole conducting, Sunday, April 18, at 7 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Budapest String Quartet, Saturday, April 17, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, Monday, April 19, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Drama—Ingrid Bergman in "Anna Karenina," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, April 18, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

Sports—Racing: The Excelsior Handicap, from Jamaica, Saturday, April 17, at 4 P.M., WOR, WCBS.

Television—Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, April 18, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Scenes from and backstage views of "High Button Shoes," Tuesday, April 20, at 7 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ The Circus, Sunday, April 18, at 2 P.M., and Wednesday, April 21, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Baseball: Dodgers vs. Yankees, exhibition games, Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, both at 1:50 P.M., WCBS; Yankees vs. Washington (the season's opening game), Monday, April 19, at 2 P.M., WABD; Giants vs. Dodgers, Tuesday through Thursday, April 20-22, all at 2:25 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Racing: The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 17, at 4 P.M., WCBS.

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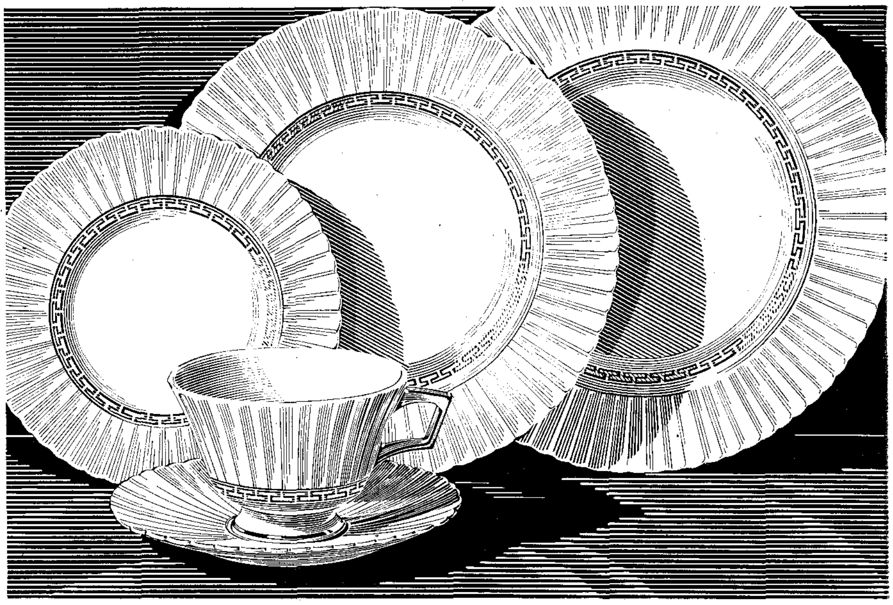

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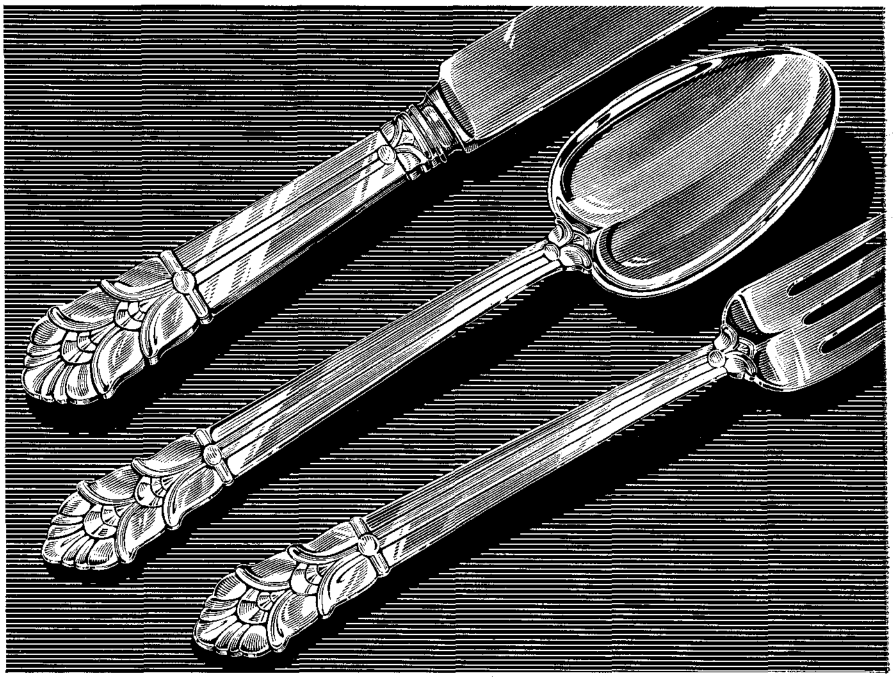

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

All My Sons—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play about an industrialist whose wartime practices get him and his family into a fierce emotional jam. Ponderous, but it does have exciting moments. With Mady Christians, Edward G. Robinson, and Burt Lancaster. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839.)

Call Northside 777—How a reporter gets a scrubwoman's son out of the penitentiary, into which he has been unjustly flung. This pseudo-documentary film is quite leisurely, but there are spurts of solid melodrama. With Richard Conte, James Stewart, Lee J. Cobb, and Betty Garde. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 20.)

Captain Boycott—A lively British account of the way the folk in County Mayo solved their rent problem in the eighteen-thirties and forced the name of their landlord into the language. The accomplished Anglo-Irish cast is headed by Stewart Granger and Kathleen Ryan. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; April 16-19.)

Farrebique—A French piece about life on a farm that is realistic, moving, and pictorially beautiful. The actors are genuine French peasants, who lack any trace of self-consciousness under the camera's stare. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Fugitive—There is some excellent photography in this adaptation of Graham Greene's novel "The Labyrinthine Ways," but the story, which concerns a priest badgered by the agents of a Central American government, has been almost entirely whittled away. John Ford's direction is somewhat cumbersome, and so is the screen play provided by Dudley Nichols. With Henry Fonda, Dolores Del Rio, and J. Carroll Naish. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 21.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attempt to deal with the problem of anti-Semitism, and not much of an improvement on the novel. With John Garfield, Gregory Peck, and Dorothy McGuire. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—Mildly diverting fun involving architectural difficulties in town and country. Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, and Melvyn Douglas figure pleasantly in the proceedings. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Nicholas Nickleby—The Dickens novel, which runs to almost half a million words, provides a stimulating hour and a half on the screen, because of an ingenious adaptation and some all-around good acting. An English picture, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, Bernard Miles, and Alfred Drayton. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 21.)

Paisan—An Italian piece, directed by Roberto Rossellini, who created "Open City." It strings together six episodes showing how the Italian people reacted to the Germans, English, and Americans during World War II, and demonstrates once again that Italy is supplying just about the best films visible today. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Pearl—A reworking of the Steinbeck story about a fisherman who strikes it rich by discovering a pearl. Photographically superb but fairly languid dramatically. The Mexican cast, which speaks English throughout, is impressively sincere. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Search—An examination of some of the more horrifying effects of war upon the lives of children in Europe. The cast is led by a nine-year-old boy named Ivan Jandl, whose first-rate performance is matched by that of another youngster, Leopold Borkowski. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

Shoe-Shine—A restrained and memorable tragedy of street children in postwar Rome. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre—The extraordinary acting of Walter Huston redeems this rather trite story of fortune hunters who come to a bad end looking for gold in Mexico. With Humphrey Bogart. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; April 15.)

Volpone—A wonderfully funny French kicking-about of the Ben Jonson farce concerning a miser. Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet demonstrate what a pair of good actors can do with a good theme when they have enough room to turn around in. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting April 21.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738.)

A Cage of Nightingales (1947)—A French story of a schoolteacher who transforms a gang of juvenile hoodlums into lyrical cherubs. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting April 21.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 16-19.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 16-19.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Prison Without Bars (1939)—A Korda piece about French lady convicts. With Edna Best. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 18-19.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 19-21.)

Tawny Pipit (1947)—An English piece that deals with bird watchers. With Bernard Miles. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 15.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 19-21.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu in the French comedy having to do with a village seduction. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through April 18: "King Kong" (1933), with Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Starting April 19: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Naked City," Barry Fitzgerald.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
ALL MY SONS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Through April 18: "Close-up," Alan Baxter, Virginia Gilmore.
From April 19, at 9 P.M.: "Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer. (Opening night will be a benefit for American Overseas Aid-United Nations Appeal for Children. For tickets, call CO 5-6324.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"I Remember Mama," Irene Dunne, Barbara Bel Geddes, Oscar Homolka.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Farmer's Daughter," revival, Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through April 20: "Saigon," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake.
From April 21: "The Big Clock," Ray Milland, Charles Laughton.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Miracle of the Bells," Fred MacMurray, Valli, Frank Sinatra.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!," June Haver, Lon McCallister.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through April 20: "Here Comes Trouble," William Tracy; and "Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten.
From April 21: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
April 15: "April Showers," Jack Carson, Ann Sothern, Robert Alda.
From April 16: "To the Victor," Viveca Lindfors, Dennis Morgan.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
THE SEARCH.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Winter Meeting," Bette Davis.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Are You With It?," Donald O'Connor, Olga San Juan.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
FARREBIQUE.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"The October Man," John Mills, Joan Greenwood.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"Antoine and Antoinette" (in French), Roger Pigaut, Claire Maffei.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER, revival; and **TAWNY PIPIT**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Die Fledermaus" (in German).

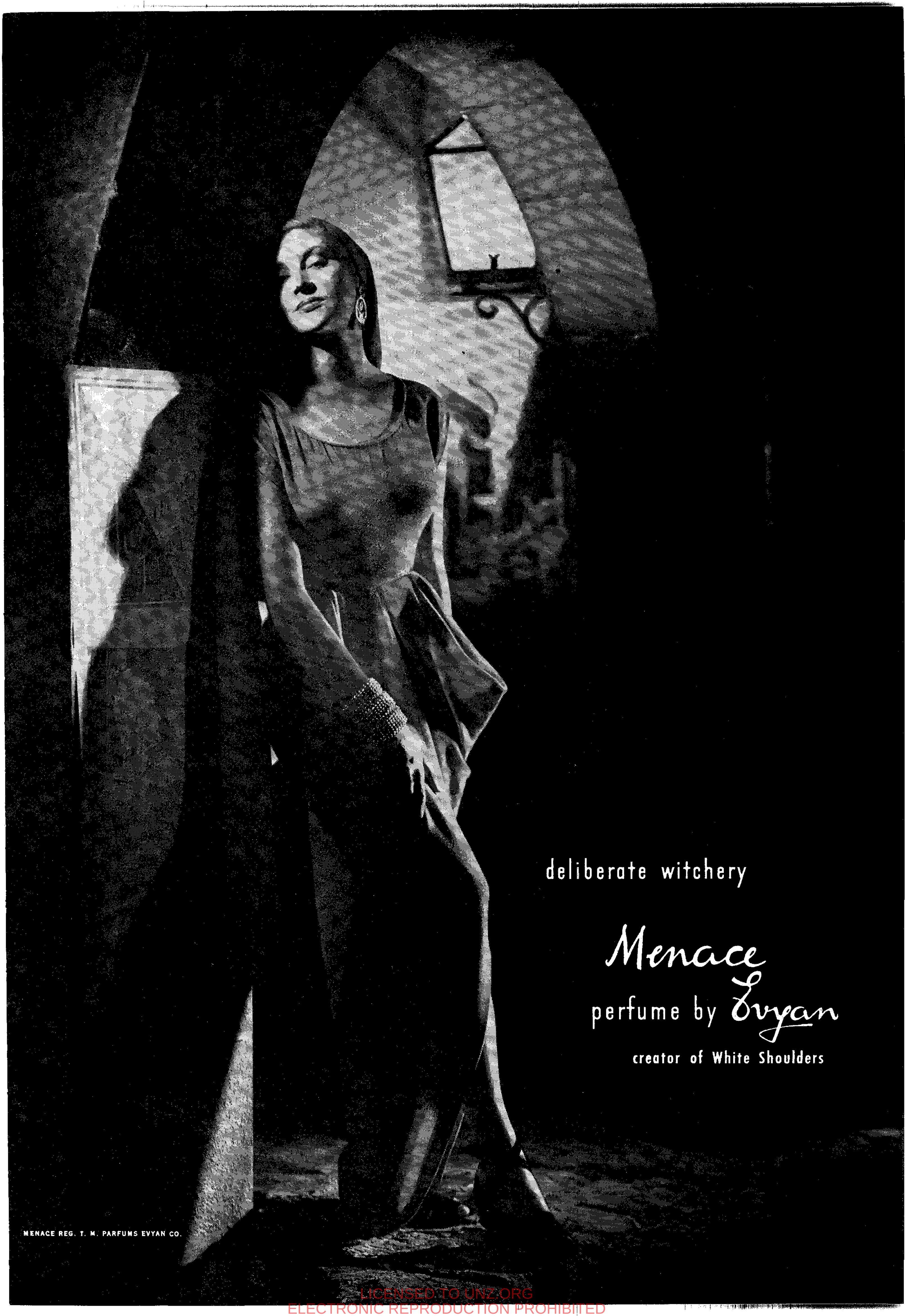
Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Lost One" (in Italian), Nelly Corradi, Gino Mattera.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through April 16: "Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.
From April 17: "This Wine of Love" (in Italian).

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE MIKADO, revival.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE PEARL.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.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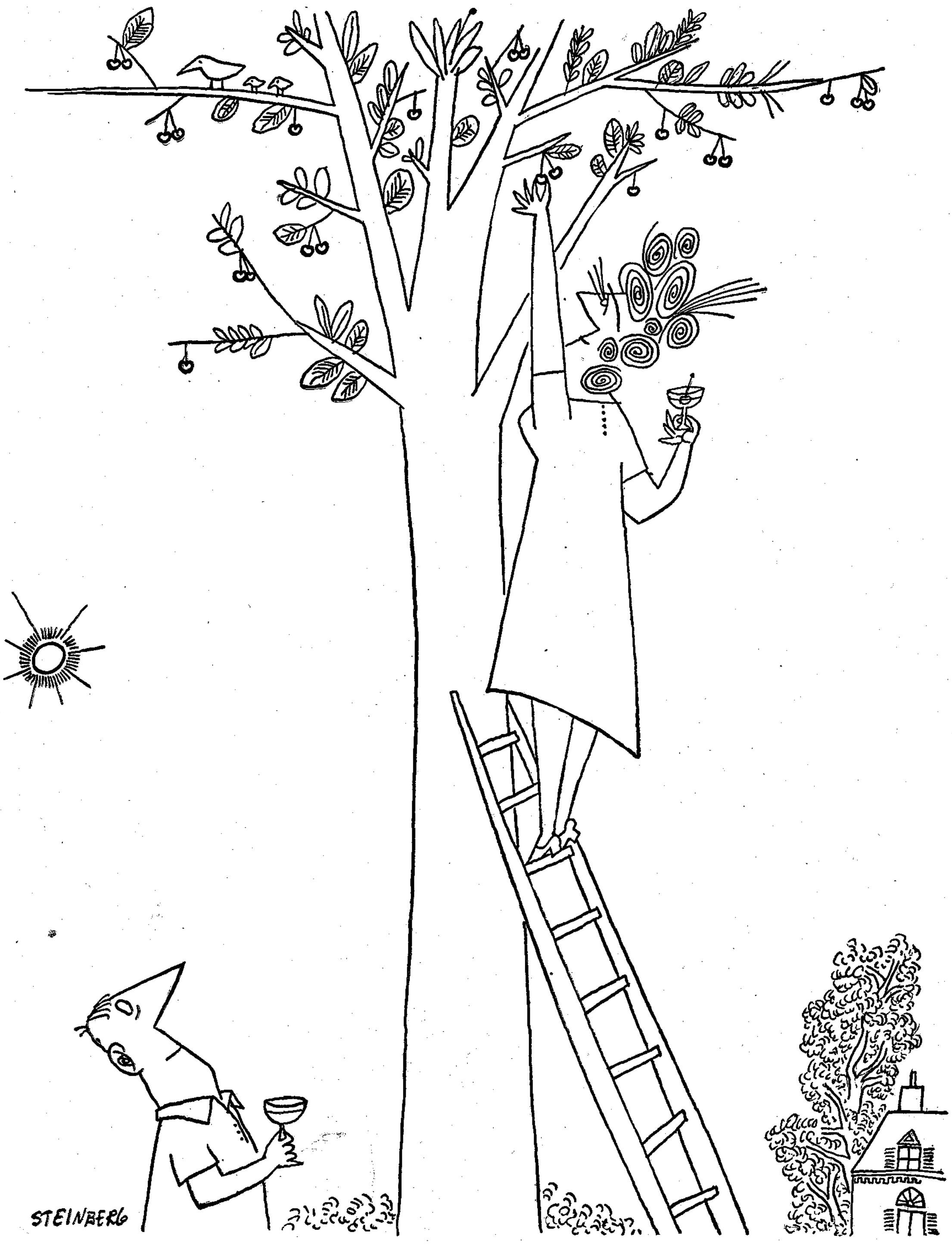

for the House-Proud

House & Garden

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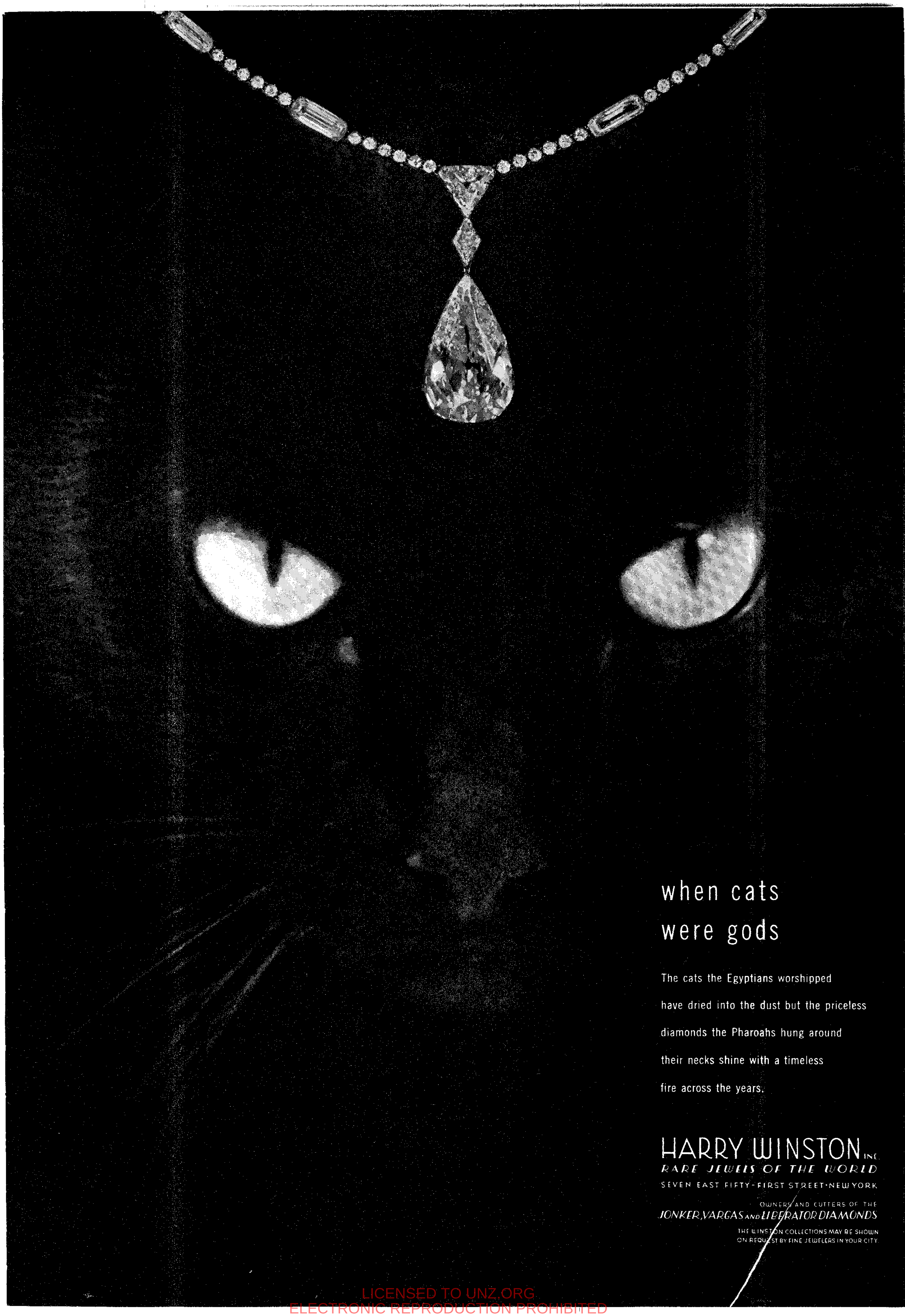

when cats were gods

The cats the Egyptians worshipped have dried into the dust but the priceless diamonds the Pharoahs hung around their necks shine with a timeless fire across the years.

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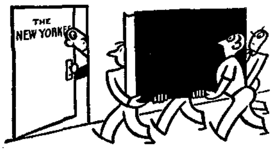
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THUMBING through some old poultry journals the other night, catching up with springtime, we stumbled on a curious example of Jim Crow among birds. It seems that at the Texas State Fair last fall the exhibits included "a monster rabbit show, a fine Junior Poultry Show, and a Junior Negro Poultry Show." Down in the Lone Star State, apparently, high-class bantams don't have to risk associating with birds owned by the no-account fancy.

TIME magazine has sent its advertisers a book to tone them up. A copy found its way to us, as so many queer things do. The book is huge—about the size of a train-arrival board in a railroad station. It is rumored to have cost twenty-five thousand dollars to print, and in a small office like ours has a certain nuisance value, if nothing else. The subject of the book is heraldry. A note at the beginning explains that outstanding men of old received grants of coat armor to show that they were "nobiles" or "known-men." Because so many Timereaders are known-men and yet have no crest, shield, or anything but a laundry mark, *Time* has attempted to step in and depict what arms a Timereader would have borne had he lived before the science of heraldry fell into disuse. The book starts off with *Time's* own arms (BREVIS—LUCIDUS—INTEGER). The crest includes a white swan (for purity of intent), a sphinx (for woman's wisdom), and a lion (for man's force). *Time's* arms, or Tarms, if we may coin a crest, also contain shields symbolizing reader groups: Business Executives (three bees volant), Women (mermaid with two tails), Home Owners (castle with three towers), High Income Groups (the sun in its splendor), and so on. Each is beautifully engraved in color. To its advertisers, *Time* says, "Your own shield would almost certainly contain not just one but several of the quarterings shown in this book—for modern man has many sides." The book was lent us by a woman (mermaid) who thinks *Time's* grandiose conception of many-sided modern man is annoying and not at all modern. She says she and her known-husband (a veteran in the non-high income group) are not interested in bees volant or the sun in its splendor. They are hunting a simple, untowered castle with three rooms and bath.



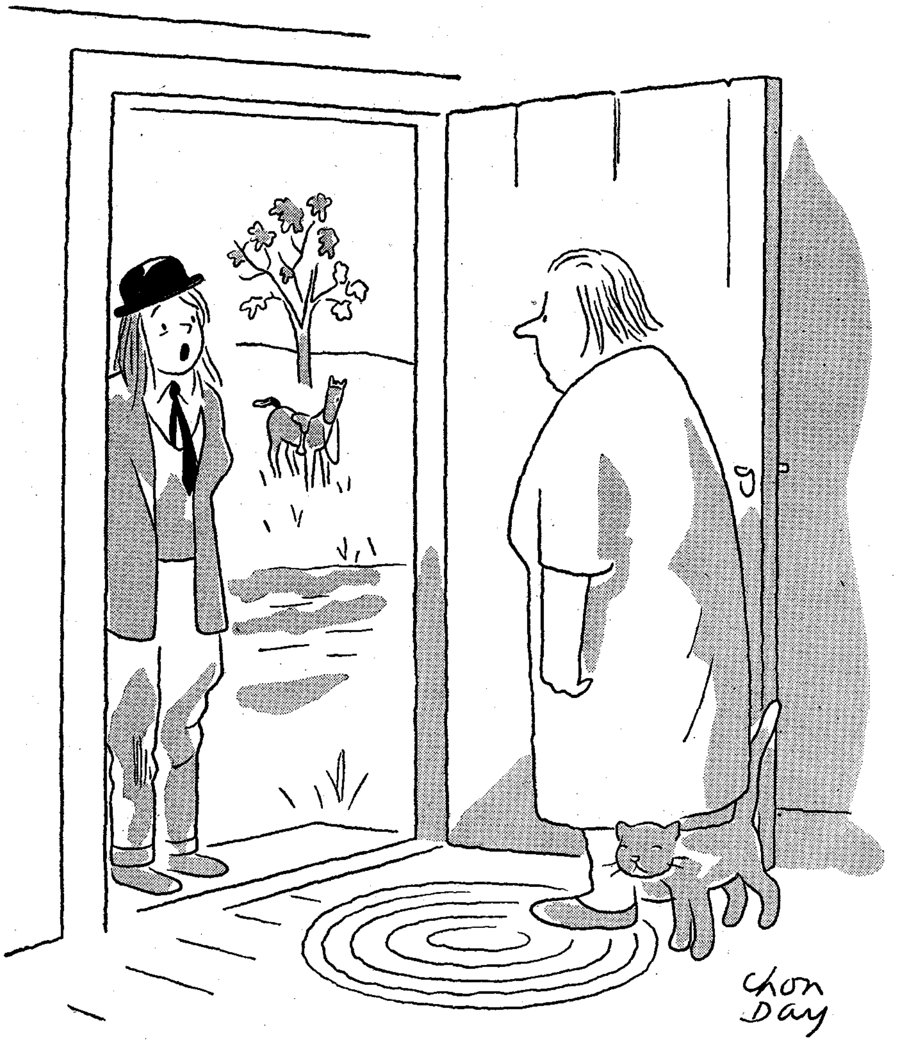
SPEAKING of heraldry, the most modern device we have come across lately is the coat of arms of the Rumanian Popular Republic: one tractor, three blast furnaces, and some sheaves of wheat, all nicely tied with ribbon. Looks like Rumania knows what it's doing—or knows somebody who knows.

"I GAVE a little party Monday night," Elsa Maxwell reported in the *Post* the other Friday. ". . . Doug and Mary Lee Fairbanks, Nicholas Lawford of the U.N., Margaret Case, Johnny McClain, who sports a good news column; the Gilbert Millers, lovely Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley, her pilot husband; Terence Philip, Millicent Hearst, the Angie Dukes . . . and last, but not least, Clark Gable and Dolly Dorelis, looking more beautiful and younger than ever."

"To early dinner at Bismarck restaurant," John McClain wrote that day, of the same evening, in a column called "Man About Manhattan," in the *Sun*. "Elsa Maxwell, the Gilbert Millers, Tony Bartleys (Deborah Kerr), Margaret Case, Camillo Aldao, others. . . . To Morocco and joined Gable and Dolly Dorelis."

Two columnists, each mentioning the other in his or her report, two disparate readerships united in interest—how satisfying the occasion that permits such a felicitous accomplishment! We can hardly wait for Mr. McClain to have Miss Maxwell back. We suggest that he include among his guests Danton Walker, Walter Lippmann, Eleanor Roosevelt, Joe Alsop, and Westbrook Pegler, looking more beautiful and younger than ever. A gavotte at El Morocco and a nightcap at the bar, and then everybody home for a brief whirl at the typewriter.

SPRING having turned our fancy to thoughts of automobiles and the open, or clogged, road, we decided to look into the Automobile Club of New York. Well, its president, Mr. William J. Gottlieb, tells us it has 145,000 members, or 144,550 more than the Knickerbocker. It occupies the old McKim, Mead & White five-story Philip A. Rollins house, at 28 East Seventy-eighth Street, and it has a red-carpeted conference room lined with books on travel, a room (full of information clerks) lined with panelling for which the club has been offered four thousand dollars, a staircase with balustrade and newel posts designed by Gutzon Borglum, and a fifteen-telephone disabled-car service, in the basement, which handles twelve hundred calls for help on a normal day and up to four thousand on a stormy day. "Our position on the traffic snarl is plain," said President Gottlieb, a thickset man with bushy eyebrows and a swirly red-and-blue



"I wonder if I might borrow a cube of sugar?"

tie. "The city should have a Traffic Authority. The lost man-hours! It's appalling. Outside the city, through the New York State Automobile Association, with which we're affiliated, we advocate a thirteen-year, two-billion-dollar state-highway modernization program; removal of tolls on the Bear Mountain, Mid-Hudson, and Rip Van Winkle Bridges, as well as on the Hutchinson River and Saw Mill River Parkways; a ten-dollar registration fee for passenger cars of all weights; permanent license plates, made of more attractive materials than the present ones; periodic inspection of motor vehicles; and the elimination of such roadside distractions as ugly advertising displays and shacks." Mr. Gottlieb, who lives in Great Neck, called our attention to a king mackerel (stuffed) that he caught off Fort Lauderdale, where he also has a place, and to a Florida seascape, which he painted himself. "I came to the club, as a paid member of its Membership Committee, in 1925," he said. "During my twenty-three years with this organization, nothing has been done locally about traffic, despite our constant recommendations. Nothing!"

Mr. Gottlieb was in the taxicab business before he became associated with the club. "I had three cabs when I made the change," he said, rolling backward in his recollections. "I had six originally, but I had no control over the drivers. They'd abandon the cars and go off with the receipts. I got interested in cars more or less as a result of trying to teach one of my uncles how to take care of an Owen Magnetic he owned. It worked on the controller principle, which I understood, as I'd been an electrician in the Navy during the first World War. My uncle couldn't seem to get the hang of it, so I broke in a chauffeur for him." The Automobile Club had fewer than two thousand members when Gottlieb began to push it. In 1938, when he became president, it had thirty-three thousand; it counts on having a hundred and seventy-five thousand by the end of the year. It has two hundred and fifty-two employees, including a corps of motorized fieldmen, who, working in liaison with four hundred and sixty service stations in the metropolitan area, answer telephone-relayed calls for help, and road scouts, who check and recheck hotel accommodations as far away as Bermuda. Its library contains nine hundred and ninety maps, showing every road in the country. "We get theatre tickets and hotel reservations for our members," Mr. Gottlieb said, "and if a member is arrested—on a motor-law violation, that is—we secure bail for him up to five thousand dollars. During last December's blizzard, we carried pregnant women to hospitals in our tow trucks. Only members, of course."

A high-school automobile-driving course was initiated last October by the club at the Brooklyn High School of Automotive Trades. Students are trained in a dual-control Pontiac that the club persuaded the Pontiac people to lend for this purpose. Mr. Gottlieb hopes that the Board of Education will soon establish such classes in other schools in the city. His outfit also sponsors an adult-driver training course, open to members. "In the case of some of our older members," he said, "if we think they can't get the knack of it and are a hazard on the road, we sell them on the idea of never driving again." A disinterested recommendation, if ever we heard one.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A local meat firm has invited a select list of prospects to become members of a Kosher-Salami-of-the-Month Club.

A sign over in Jersey, a few miles outside Dover, advertises the "Airport Inn, Established 1807."

Safe

THE winners in Lewis & Conger's third annual home-safety contest were given their awards at a dinner at the Waldorf last Tuesday evening, and in anticipation of this happy event we went over to Lewis & Conger and discussed it with them. This year, the first prize, an enormous bronze plaque that itself seemed to us a fairly risky object to have around, was won by the Grand Home Appliance Company, of Cleveland, for a device known as the Safe-Tee-Kee. (The rules of the contest do not stipulate that entries must have names made up of garbled bits and pieces of words; baby talk happens to be epidemic among gadget manufacturers.) The Safe-Tee-Kee, which is now standard equipment on all gas ranges put out by the Grand Home Appliance Company, is a knob by means of which a housewife can cut off the flow of gas to all the burners of her range. Removing the knob, she drops it into her purse and goes off to market, secure in the knowledge that, no matter how enterprising and resourceful her little ones are, she has greatly lessened the chance of their blowing up the house in her absence.

Last October, Lewis & Conger sent word of the contest to some five thousand manufacturers and invited them to send along any product conducive to home safety that was either brand-new or substantially improved and that had been put on the market in 1947. Entries started arriving in January, and were unpacked and spread out on the fifth floor of the store for the inspection of the five judges, all of them big figures in the accident-in-the-home field. Many of the entries bore names like Plas-Tile Nu-Clear and Ka-Bar Tel-A-Vew Knife Set, but the judges soon grew hardened to them. As in the two previous years of the competition, the most numerous entries were slip-proof floor paints and waxes, followed by improved electric heaters, step-stools and ladders, devices to keep rugs from slipping, knife sharpeners, can openers, and pressure cookers. The manufacturer of a bathtub with ridges on the bottom to prevent slipping was disqualified, on the ground that his entry wasn't brand-new. Magic-Mirror Associates, which won an honorable mention last year for a device that is set into a door and enables a householder to peer out and see who is ringing his bell (it looks like a small mirror to the ringer), submitted an improved model this year, but the judges ruled it out as being improved in appearance rather than in basic design.

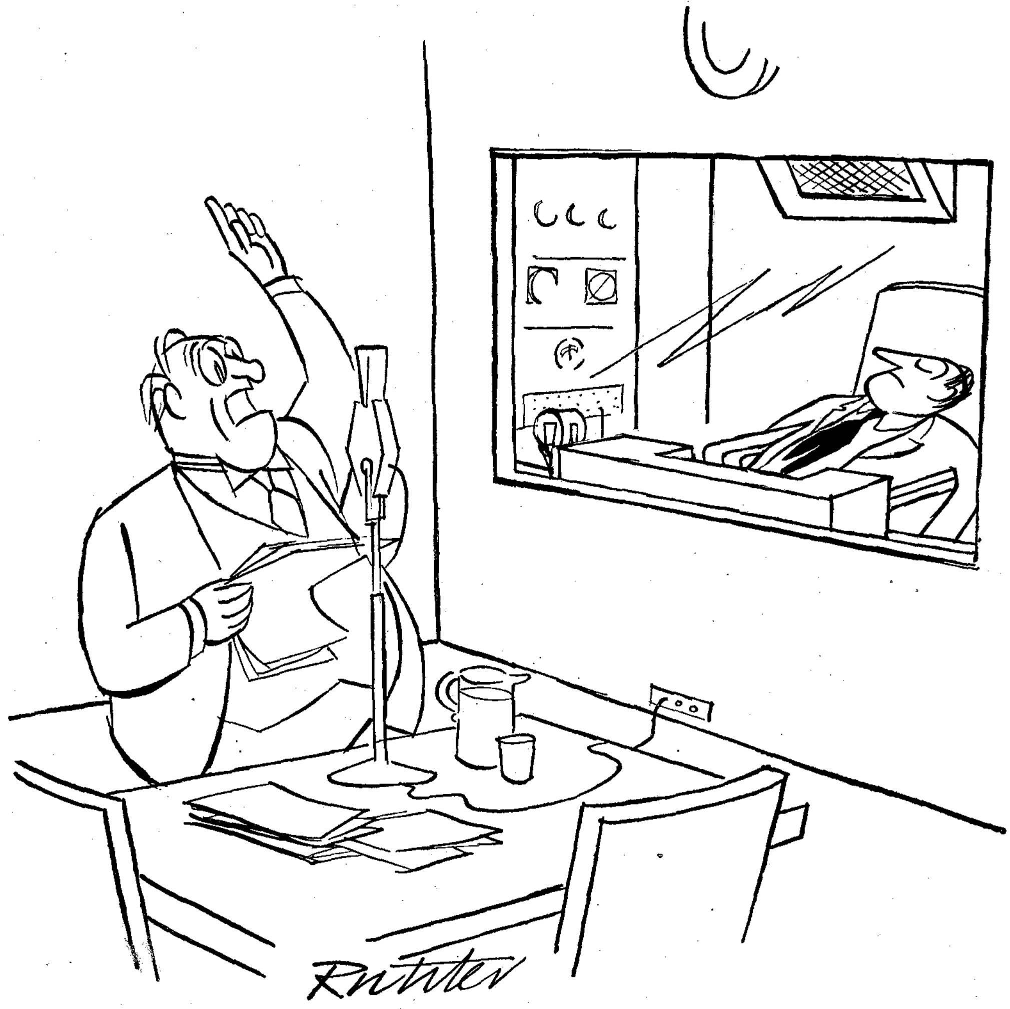
The judges took some of the entries home for road trials. A new plastic teakettle handle that was supposed to keep as cool as a popsicle didn't, and a supposedly nonexplosive pressure cooker exploded. (The judge's life was spared.) The Safe-Tee-Kee was the unanimous choice of the judges for first place, out of several hundred entries. After this had been decided, six products were selected for honorable mention: the Non-Shock Safety Socket, from which it's impossible to get a shock; Rug Safe, a powder that makes scatter rugs skidproof; the Hotlifter, metal tongs for picking up baked potatoes and the like; the Tupper Plastic Tumbler, which doesn't chip, crack, or break, and, as a matter of novel fact, is highly flexible; Signalite, a fuse plug with a neon tube in it that lights up when the fuse blows (that's *our* favorite, no two ways about it); and the Smoker's Robot, a miniature hookah, minus water filter, designed to be set on a table beside a bed and thus enable one to smoke in bed without running the risk of going to sleep and setting the place on fire. The judges were reluctant to give the Robot an honorable mention, figuring that they might seem to be putting their stamp of approval on smoking in bed, a custom that deserves only the severest censure. In the end, however, they decided that since people *will* smoke in bed, the best thing to do is try to make it safe.

Definition

ONE of our upper East Side agents reports that the other night he took in a movie that was preceded by an animated cartoon in which a fox, the villain of the piece, cornered a small chicken, the protagonist, after a long chase. "*Now* I've got you behind the eight ball," the fox croaked. Two dowagerlike ladies were seated in front of our man, and one of them asked her companion, "What does 'behind the eight ball' mean, Bella?" Bella, evidently a woman of the world, did not even have to turn the question over in her mind. "It's something men do to each other in the market," she explained.

Royal Anthropologist

WHAT grandson of King George I of Greece, great-grandson of Christian IX of Denmark, great-grandnephew of Queen Alexandra and of the wife of Alexander III of Russia, and great-great-great-grandnephew of Napoleon is a thirty-nine-year-old anthropologist specializing in polyandry and currently living at the Carlyle? Answer: Prince Peter of Greece. The Prince has studied polyandry in three localities where it is intensively practiced—western Tibet, where ninety-five per cent of the population is polyandrous; the Madras Presidency, in southern India, where the members of a tribe known as Todas practice polyandry; and Malabar, a district of Madras on the southwest coast of India, which is populated by Tiyas, another polyandrous bunch. We have had a talk with Peter and found him to be a serious, well-tailored, silk-shirted man with curly brown hair and a generous mustache. He thinks he may have inherited scientific leanings from his maternal



grandfather, Roland Bonaparte, in whose Paris home he was born. Bonaparte was a well-known botanist who specialized in ferns and was once president of the French Geographical Society. "I was always deeply interested in how people in other parts live," Prince Peter told us, "but my father, Prince George of Greece, wanted me to study law, so I took a law degree at the University of Paris in 1932. My mother, Marie Bonaparte, is a psychoanalyst, a former pupil of Freud. She helped take him to England from Austria when the Nazis came. While I was at law school, she influenced me to study psychoanalysis under Dr. Rudolph Loewenstein, who is now in New York. I wanted to apply the psychoanalytical method to cultural anthropology, and in 1935 and 1936 studied under the late Bronislaw Malinowski, professor of anthropology at the University of London."

In 1937, after a brief period of service with the Greek Army, Peter, who had married a Russian émigrée in Paris two years before, set out with his wife to inspect polyandry *in situ*. He chose this particular subject because of its psychological interest and because it had been largely ignored by other scientists. He travelled in a Canadian-built Ford V-8. After stopping off for a few months in Persia and in India, where he investigated some avuncular matriarchies—societies in which surnames and property are inherited through maternal uncles—he pushed on, past the Punjab, to the western Tibetan plateau. By this time, he had switched from the Ford to a caravan of twenty-five horses and a retinue of Tibetan gypsies. He describes the Tibetan polyandrous setup as one in which a woman marries a set of brothers. "One brother takes the initiative in marrying," he told us, "and his younger brothers have to marry the woman also. Sometimes a two-year-old boy becomes a bridegroom. Relations are promiscuous, especially in winter, when everyone lives in one room, because of the scarcity of fuel. A child never knows who its father is. Since the sexes are fairly evenly divided, the system makes for many single women, most of whom become Buddhist nuns." Male marital infidelity is condoned only when one brother goes away on a long commercial trip. Such trips, we gathered, are frequent. "Occasionally, a man comes back from a trip with another wife," Prince Peter said, "and all the brothers then share two women. Interesting combination of polyandry and polygamy. They seem to have the same complexes we have—Oedipus, castration, and so forth." Jealousy, Peter said, is regarded as such a heinous crime in Tibet that it rarely raises its ugly head.

According to Peter, polyandry is motivated primarily by economic considerations. It permits the males of a family to hang on to their property rather than divide it. "The Tibetans asked me how one could prosper without it," he said. "They believe monogamy has driven Europeans to colonization." In the fall of 1938, Peter got back to India and visited the Todas—same type of fraternal polyandry, plus female infanticide. "They kill off many newborn daughters by letting buffaloes trample them to death," Peter said. "Probably because they have no convents for surplus women. Most of the Todas live on the golf course of the Ootacamund Sporting Club, in the Nilgiri Hills. A lot of them are caddies."

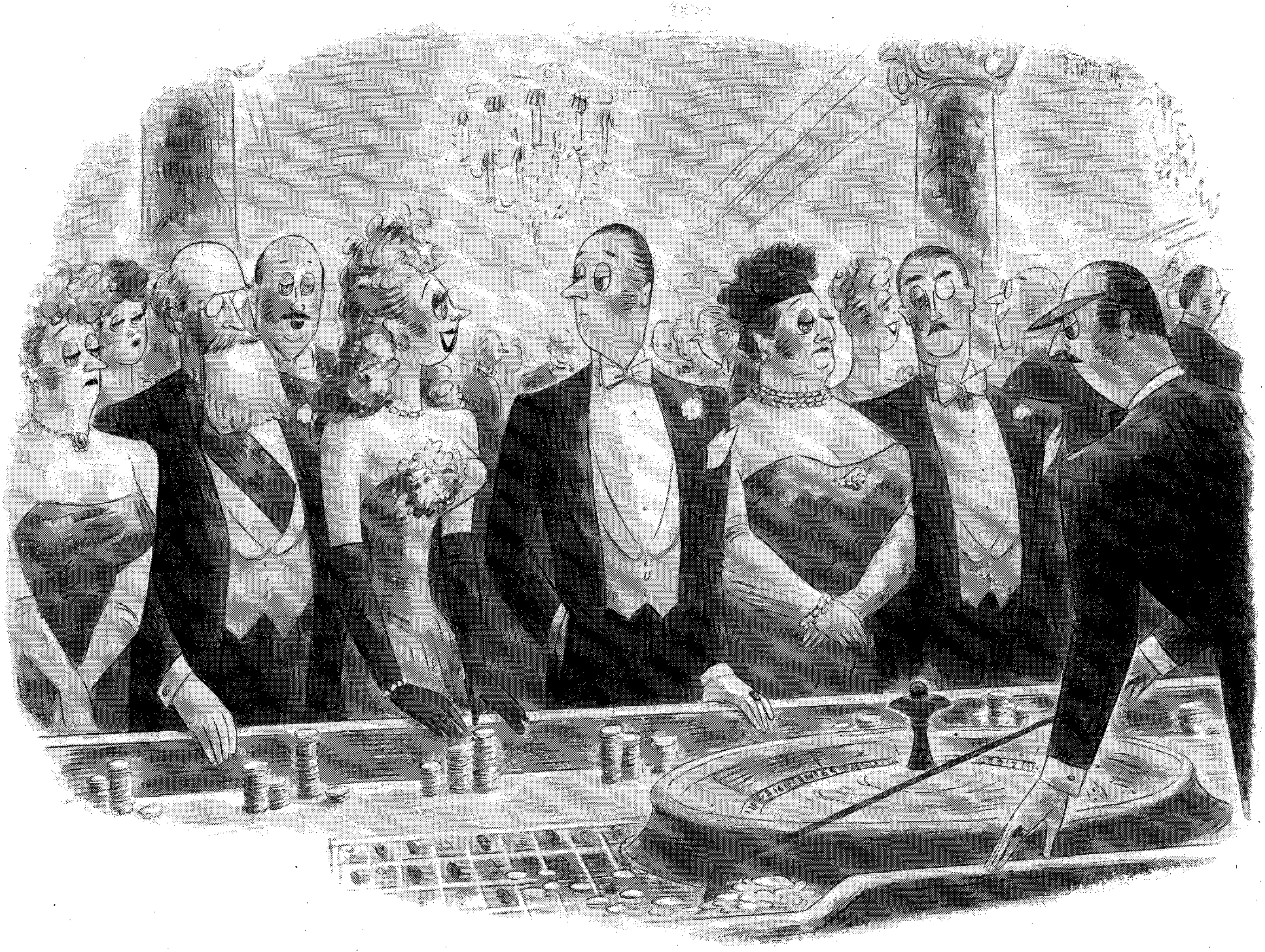
Prince Peter was deep in his study of the Tiyas, in Malabar, when the war brought him back to Europe. He joined the Greek infantry in early 1940 and was demobilized a year ago. He is a major in the reserve. He and his wife are going to return to Malabar next fall, and he came here a couple of months ago to buy the necessary equipment—a couple of Ford trucks, color film, movie cameras with sound tracks, etc. He needs American dollars, so he has lectured—sometimes on polyandry, more often on conditions in Greece—in a number of American cities. After finishing up his study of the Tiyas, he is booked to revisit Tibet in the spring of 1949, as a member of the third Danish Central Asian Expedition, under the auspices of the Copenhagen Museum. He then plans to submit a Ph.D. thesis on the comparative study of polyandry to the University of London and, subsequently, to teach anthropology, either in Europe or here. He has no Greek blood. He is a prince of Denmark, through his paternal grandfather, George I, who was Prince William of Denmark before he was called to the Greek throne, in 1863. "You can't translate 'William' into Greek," Prince Peter told us, "so he used George, one of his other names." Peter walks around town bareheaded and in an old trench coat, and has just been elected to the Explorers Club.

Limitation

A Five-Year-Old of whom we've been told accompanied his mother to the doctor's one afternoon recently, and when the mother went into the doctor's private office, the secretary in the waiting room asked him if he'd like to look at a magazine. "No, thank you," he said. "I don't care much for magazines." Then he added politely, "Besides, I don't read."

Skin Deep

In the course of a visit to the International Beauty Show, held last week at Grand Central Palace, we found ourself at the corner of Permanent Plaza and Fashion Boulevard, staring down Cosmetic Lane toward a section labelled Shampoo Row (plainly the wrong side of the tracks). What we were looking for, even in Shampoo Row, was beauty, international or local, but all we could make out above the bobbing heads of the crowd was rows of exhibits of glittering objects and articles, which conscientious beauty-shop operators from all parts of the country had come to the Palace to appraise and, if they wished, order for the transfiguration of their ever-hopeful clientele. Among the exhibits were machines resembling guided missiles that appeared to be able simultaneously to curl hair, tan skin, and melt fat, and on every side sparkled jars and bottles by the thousand, whose contents we watched the visiting operators reverently touch, taste, sniff, pinch, rub into their scalps, and put to other tests. The point of the Show, however, was not beauty but the means by which beauty can be rubbed into the cheekbones with a strong rotary motion, and we felt inclined to agree with a house electrician who, spotting us as a fellow-outsider among such rites, said, "You know what people claim—that beauty is only skin-deep? Well, what I want to know is what do they mean 'only'? I never saw so many oils, paints, dyes, stains, lacquers, and enamels in my life. If there's a housing shortage, one of the reasons is the women are carrying so much of the building materials around on them."



"Isn't it wonderful that the price of chips hasn't gone up at all?"

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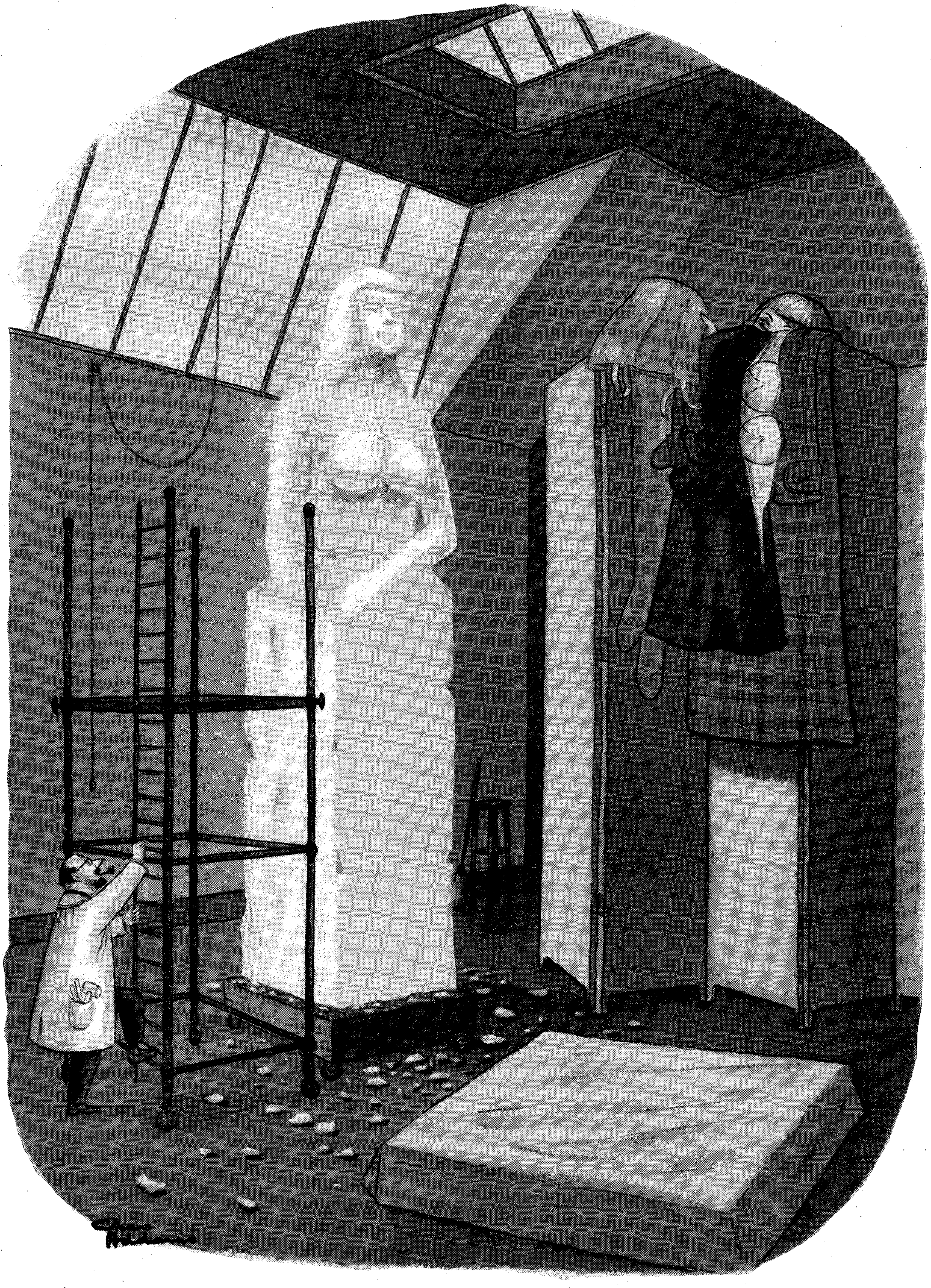
The electrician informed us that a small section of the Show was devoted to barbers—plain, old-fashioned, male barbers—and directed us to proceed along Manicure Lane and thence up a stairway leading to the second floor, which we gratefully did. There, in a partitioned-off space grandly entitled South Auditorium, a group of fifty or sixty rather frightened-looking men, mostly middle-aged, were being harangued by a large woman in a dress with red, green, and blue sequins. "What's the matter with you barbers?" she demanded sharply. "Why aren't you going forward? I'll tell you why. Because you're going backward. You let beauty-salon operators like me take your business away from you. Men are sneaking into my shop instead of going to your barbershops because they like what I can give them—privacy, comfort, relaxation. Why does a barbershop have to be like a goldfish bowl? Why not have booths, the way we do? Then a man wouldn't be so self-conscious about asking for extras, like mud packs and facials and maybe touching up his mustache a bit to match his eyebrows."

An old barber in the second row got to his feet. "Mud packs!" he shouted. "Dyeing mustaches!" He rocked back and forth, holding his grizzled head in his hands. "Isn't it enough the whole profession is up and arms over the clipper question without dyeing mustaches?"

The mention of clippers launched a general debate, during which it became clear to us that some of the younger barbers present claimed to be able to give a cheap, fast, and satisfactory haircut using nothing but clippers. Several older men insisted vehemently that a first-rate haircut can be administered only with scissors and comb. After several minutes, the clippers faction was outshouted, order was restored, and the lady, who, we understand, was acting out of simple altruism, continued her discussion of how to turn barbershops into male beauty salons. One of her suggestions received some grudging approval—that men should be given shampoos as women are, lying back in a chair, with their necks resting on the edge of a sink behind them, instead of bending over a sink in front of them, with their blood pounding and water running unpleasantly down their necks. When the lady finished, there was a scarcely audible patter of applause, and the old barber again arose. "I can remember the day when half my customers were women," he said. "Now I got no women customers at all. You think I'm sorry? I'm glad! I'm glad if I never see another woman in my place as long as I live. All women want is fuss, fuss, fuss. Let them go to their beauty parlors with all that fuss and let them take their fussy husbands with them!" The Palace rang with cheers.

Fin de Siècle

NOT much question about it, the props are beginning to give way. Chap dropped into Brooks Brothers last Friday for a couple of items of spring finery and acquired them with the assistance of a cordial clerk. He murmured a conventional word of thanks as he left. "Okey-doke," replied the clerk.


Chas Addams

MANY A SLIP

Pierre Balmain's Polkadot Petticoat Parisiennes. We're as excited as a Broadway producer on opening night! For curtain's going up on our latest translation from the French—our play of petticoats with soft-gleaming rayon tissue faille! Advance notices are *rave*—we even have sell-out booking for our first order! It looks as if we've a hit on our hands with Balmain's leading lady of the fan-pleat ruffle and double-bowing—his ingenue of the cummerbund cinch and snow-dot showing! . . . [*Und so weiter.*]—*Russeks advertisement.*

Scene: A hotel room in Wilmington, Delaware. It is in a state of some disorder as the curtain rises—newspapers strewn about, service trays cluttered with coffee cups and half-eaten chicken sandwiches, several partially empty Scotch bottles and glasses, ashtrays heaped with cigarette butts. On the davenport at left, hands interlaced behind his head and his eyes fixed unwinkingly on the ceiling, lies Costain, senior partner of Costain & Nudelman, lingerie manufacturers and sponsors of Cost-Nudel Creations. A day-old beard darkens his dyspeptic cheeks, and his nose is pinched with fatigue. Nudelman, his bald, hard-bitten associate, teeth clamped on a cigar, stands moodily staring out the window at a neon sign blinking on and off—an effect achieved by a stagehand with an electric torch, concealed in the wings. Over the room hangs the unmistakable air of apprehensiveness typical of an out-of-town tryout. (Note: This last effect may be a trifle more difficult to achieve, but a good stage manager can do anything.)

Nudelman (*whirling around*): Holy cats, quit pacing up and down, can't you?

Costain: Who's pacing? I've been lying on this sofa the last ten minutes!

Nudelman: Well, get off it. Pace up and down—do something, only stop looking like Svengali or Trilby or whoever it was. It's enough to turn a man's hair gray.

Costain: You should worry, with that billiard ball *you've* got.

Nudelman (*darkly*): Now, look here, Costain, one more insinuendo about my scalp—

Costain: All right, all right, skip it. We're both a little high-strung, I guess.

Nudelman: These tryouts are nothing but aggravation. The next underskirt I produce, we open cold in New York.

Costain: Ah, that's what you always say. How can you find out what's wrong if you don't see it before an audience?

Nudelman: You call this bunch of rhubarbs down here an audience?

Costain: Well, they wear underwear, too. We're bound to get reactions.

Nudelman: Yeah, and strictly corny. They don't know from sophistication—the flounces, the eyelet embroidery, all the clever touches we beat our brains out to get into the script.

Costain: Listen, that Noel Coward stuff never yet made a petticoat a smash. It's O.K. for the first-nighters in New York, but if you ask me, it's the meat-and-potatoes appeal—the old pull at the heartstrings—that'll put us over at the box office.

Nudelman (*gloomily*): Well, I wouldn't make book on these farmers. When our model gives with the prattfall on the dance floor and flashes her petticoat, they might figure it's an accident and yell.

Costain: Just what we want—soften 'em up with some good rowdy slapstick. I remember I once broke in a pair of rompers in Cleveland—

Nudelman: Infants' wear is different. Young people go for low comedy.

Costain: You can't be too broad. Look at Milady Underthins. They previewed three rayon slips in a row here in the Caprice Room and every one wowed the critics.

Nudelman: Theirs were all native-American folk slips—earthy, if you know what I mean. With an adaptation from the Hungarian, like ours, we should have opened in a more metropolitan pitch—Philly or New Haven.

Costain (*hooting*): And have the whole wise mob from the needle trades there with their knives out? Those buzzards'd run right back to the Garment Center and spread the word we had a flop.

Nudelman (*consulting his watch*): I wish young Nirdlinger would get back here. I sent him downstairs to kind of mingle with the press and smell out how things are going.

Costain: Say, I meant to speak to you about that boy. What makes him a press agent except the fact he's your nephew?

Nudelman: Just because the kid is only fifteen and wears knee pants—

Costain: Oh, I know he's big for his age and all that—

Nudelman: You're damn right he is. He's been shaving for over two years.

Costain: Still, it's a hundred and fifty a week on the payroll, and some of the backers are beginning to talk.

Nudelman: Let me ask you a question. Have you ever done the night spots with Teddy—the Stork, the Copa, the El Morocco?

Costain: No, I can't say I have.

Nudelman: Well, if you want to see men fall all over theirselves, you just watch Lyons and Earl Wilson around Teddy. They're tongue-tied when he breezes in. He's like a god to them.

Costain: Why?

Nudelman: Search me. Sheer personality, I suppose. All I know is, you never see little digs at Costain & Nudelman in their column, and to me that's worth the peanuts we pay him. Besides, show me another press agent who'll push a delivery truck in his spare time. I tell you, he's one in a million.

Costain (*ungraciously*): Well, I wish somebody would tip him off that Edward Bernays don't wipe his nose on his sleeve. After all, how does it look for Cost-Nudel Creations—

Nudelman: That reminds me—I've been meaning to speak to you about something. Now, answer me honestly, Chick. Have I ever been unreasonable in my demands?

Costain: I know that expression on your face. What are you driving at?

Nudelman: Time and again, I've given in to you, on the director, on casting—

Costain: Come on, never mind the schmalz. Spit it out.

Nudelman: It's the producing credit. I've had my ear to the ground lately and there's a definite resistance on the public's part to the name of the firm.

Costain (*dangerously*): So you were wondering if it wouldn't have more bite, maybe, if we switched it to Nudel-Cost Creations—is that it?

Nudelman (*taken aback*): How did you know?

Costain: I've been making a study of weasels ever since our first bankruptcy.

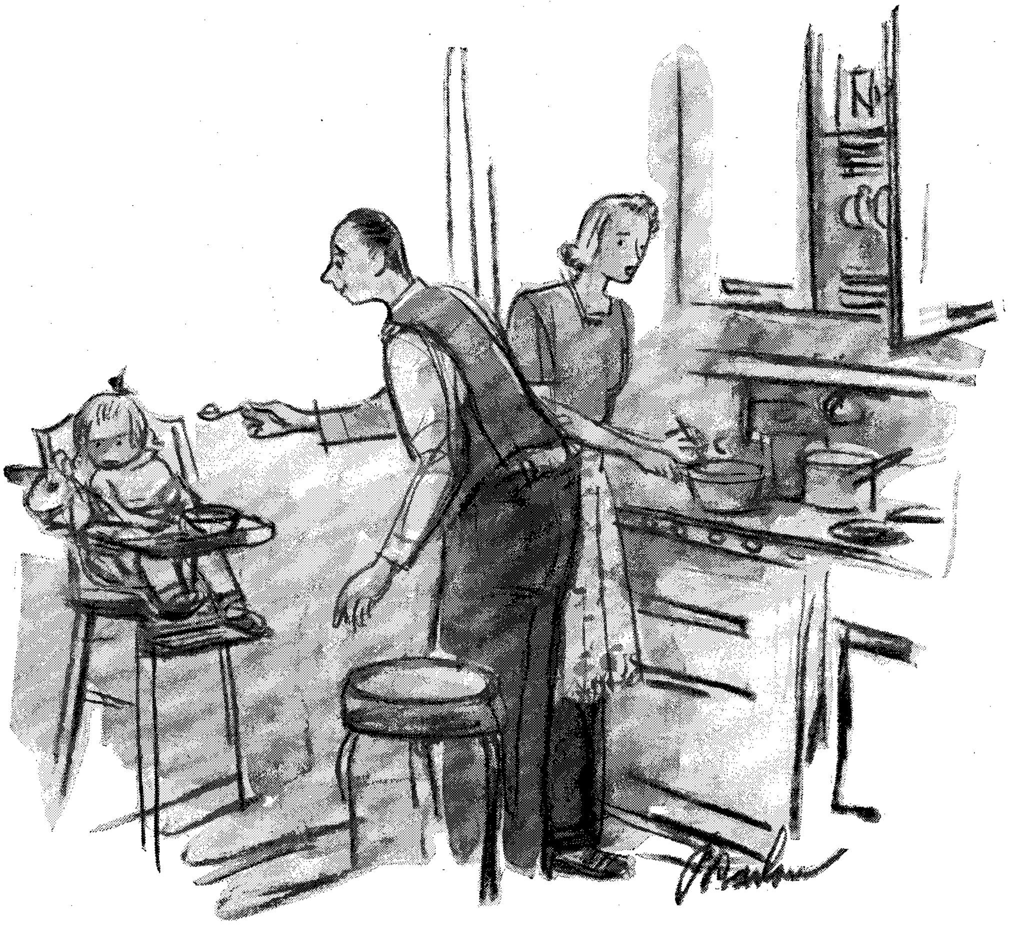
Nudelman: I don't get you. We're not in the fur business.

Costain: O.K., I'll blueprint it for you. Someone was writing "Nudel-Cost," "Nost-Cudel," "Nude-Costel," and a lot of other variations on that blotter over there.

Nudelman (*quickly*): It wasn't me.

Costain: No, probably the woman who cleans up. (*The telephone rings. Nudelman springs to it. The eager expectancy on his face turns sour as he listens.*)

Nudelman (*banging down the re-*



"Don't overdo that 'yum yum' stuff. She gets suspicious."

• •

ceiver): The desk. The designer's on his way up.

Costain: After the way he carried on at rehearsal about changing the buttons to a zipper, you'd think he'd be ashamed to show himself.

Nudelman: Chick, we might as well face it. Anspacher can handle a camisole or a frilly nightgown, but a petticoat's over his head.

Costain: What we need is a fresh slant. He's too close to it.

Nudelman: Mind you, I'm no writer, but I see a hundred places where it could stand brightening up—over the yoke, around the waistband, in the seams . . .

Costain: I hate to call in somebody to doctor it, though. Once the news gets around Sardi's you're in trouble, you're practically in the hands of the jobbers.

Nudelman: I don't mean anyone with a big rep—I'd like to give some unknown with promise a chance. (*Casually.*) For instance, I heard of a brilliant kid up on the West Side. So far, he's only fooled around with panties, and I bet we could get him for tinfoil.

Costain (*suspiciously*): What's his name?

Nudelman: What difference does that make? Rukeyser, I think—I don't recall exactly . . .

Costain: Seems to me your wife has a nephew by that name.

Nudelman: Why—er—I believe there *is* a Rukeyser who's a distant relative. Just a coincidence.

Costain: Have you ever thought of adopting me as your nephew? Then it would all be in the family. (*A knock at the door. Anspacher, the designer, enters excitedly. A slight unsteadiness hints that he has taken a dram or two.*)

Nudelman (*anxiously*): What's happened? Any news?

Anspacher: But colossal! It's the biggest thing that ever hit Wilmington!

Costain: You're kidding!

Anspacher: You never saw such an uproar. The scouts from Rochester are using words like "Kuppenheimer." The hotel even had to call the police!

Nudelman (*paling*): The police? What for?

Anspacher: Why, to take our leading lady to the cooler; they're booking her now. Oh, that girl's a sweetheart! She played it to the hilt—she got values I never dreamt existed!

Costain: For God's sake, take the mush out of your mouth! We didn't figure on the cops!

Anspacher: Darn right you didn't. (*Preening himself.*) That took imagination. Once I stumbled on the gimmick, everything fell into place.

Nudelman (*outraged*): You deliberately stuck in a new piece of business without consulting us?

Anspacher: Yes, sirree, and a dilly! I was knocking myself out for a twisteroo and it came to me in a flash before the performance—send her out in just the petticoat, with no dress at all!

Nudelman: It's madness! It violates every law of dramatic unity!

Costain: And Delaware, too!

Anspacher: Wipe your chin, both of you. You've made sartorial history tonight and you don't know it.

Nudelman (*wringing his hands*): But laying it right in their laps like that . . . Where are the halftones, the shading, the Continental *soupçons* we're famous for?

Anspacher: Who cares? This is red-blooded, boffo entertainment for both sexes. You should have seen the men climbing on chairs to get a better view.

Costain (*uneasily*): You—you say it really caused a sensation?

Anspacher: Terrific. You'll be all over the front page tomorrow, I guarantee you.

Costain (*extracting a hat from closet*): Well, if it's as big as you say, I better bail out—I mean, I better get back to New York right away.

Anspacher: What for?

Costain: To—to arrange additional financing. You know, for exploitation.

Nudelman (*following him to door*): Me, too. We don't want to get caught flat-footed with no exploitation.

Anspacher: But what am I supposed to do here?

Nudelman: You keep your eye on the creative angles. We'll tend to the business end.

Anspacher: Aren't you even going to wait for the reviews?

Costain: No, no, you can phone 'em to us. Abba-dabba! (*They scurry out. Anspacher stares after them, then runs to door.*)

Anspacher: Hey! You forgot your suitcases! (*A pause. He turns back into room, pours himself a drink, and shrugs.*) Businessmen—huh!

Curtain

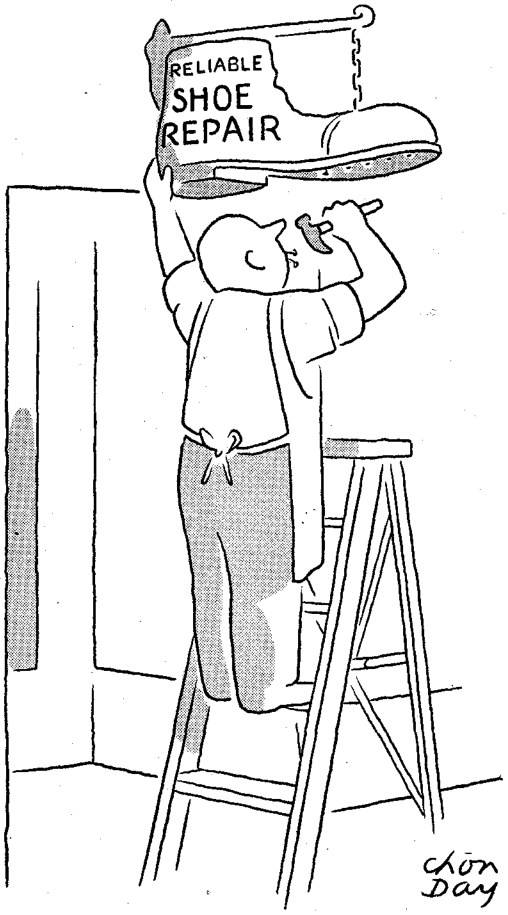
—S. J. Perelman

WELCOME HOME

IN the damp, cold spring night, the street and the sidewalks shone under the drizzling rain, and as the taxi stopped in front of her house, Virginia saw that the last piece of a snowbank was lying gray on the wet ground under the privet hedge. The driver snapped up the flag and Philip said, clasping her arm against his side with his warm, husbandly elbow, "Well, darling, welcome home!" Then he opened the door and, doubling his long length over, stepped out into the mist. Virginia followed him and stood for a moment in the dank silence of the empty street, drawing herself into a tall, tight rigidity in the night air, even in the fur coat that Philip had brought with him when he had met her at the airport. It was an automatic stiffness she assumed, the old defense of a too thin frame against the hard New England weather, and she assumed it as naturally as though she had been familiar with it all along—which was not the case, since for nearly two months she had been among the summery scenes of a kindlier climate. Now, while the men began taking her bags from the taxi, she went slowly up the walk. In the darkness, her feet, so lately accustomed to sneakers and soft ground, moved tentatively in their high-heeled shoes up the curved flagged path between the low cedar trees, and though she looked down carefully for fear of catching her heel in a crack, she was conscious of the lights of the house blazing to greet her.

Every window, upstairs and down, across the front of the small, square brick house was lighted, shining out through the bare magnolia tree and the thin, slanting boughs of the hemlock. At the bottom of the three shallow stone steps going up to the porch with its squat wooden columns, she stopped again, looking at the green front door and the brass knocker and the brass plate with "Armstrong" engraved on it in Gothic lettering, and she raised her face to let the drops from the magnolia fall upon it. It was April, but there was no feeling of spring in the air; it might just as well have been a mild night in December. She had been longing for the smell of the earth and of wet tree bark, imagining it strong and ancient and moving after all the hot, dry dust of the tropical islands, and now that she was here, it was only a faint, cold smell, and beside the steps was another late-lying snowbank, granular and dirty in the bright electric light. Behind her she heard Philip and the taxi-driver bumping the three suitcases about, and the loose whirring of the engine; then their steps came quickly up the walk toward her and she turned to look at them. Philip's hat was tipped accidentally back on his head, and he leaned a little away from the weight of the suitcase he was carrying; he was beaming at her, his big-featured, quite homely face radiating love and happiness as he came rushing up to her out of the dark and into the light. Inside the house, their dog, Rufus, began to bark his unemotional spaniel's yap. Philip jumped jauntily up onto the porch, set down the suitcase with a bang, and, picking up the skirts of his overcoat, produced his key ring on its long chain, and Virginia heard—an echo of a life that had been hers, but very long ago—the silvery jingle as he shook the keys to find the right one for the door, found it, and put it in and turned the lock.

"I ought to carry you over the threshold, that's how I feel," he said, and Virginia detected in his voice the faint sentimental quaver that he always tried to hide. She gave the door a push and slipped in ahead of him and turned to smile at him in apology for not playing his little game. But this was the kind of thing she must be good about, she had been telling herself; he *was* sentimental, there was no reason why he shouldn't let his voice quaver. But she had not been good; she had not been carried over the threshold. Still, he did not seem to let himself mind.



The hall was very full of people, it seemed to her, with Philip and herself and the taxi-driver in it, and very hot, and Rufus was still barking shrilly, perfunctorily, standing in the living-room doorway and behaving as though they were all perfect strangers, unattractive though not dangerous. The men had put down the suitcases at the foot of the stairs, Philip had handed out change, and the driver, saying a benevolent "Good night," had gone, closing the door behind him with a rich, solid bang. Virginia was then aware of the house waiting, warm and bright, shining with cleanliness and smelling of wood smoke and of its own house-smell, characteristic but indefinable. Rufus had stopped barking and was regarding her with hostility, almost ready to admit he remembered her.

"Rufus," she said to him, "come and speak to me. Don't be so distant." He came slowly toward her, condescending. "He's a horrid dog," said Virginia, crouching down to pat him. "He doesn't like me and I don't really like him, and he's too fat. What in the world have you been feeding him, Philip?" Rufus stood there, submitting to her stroking of his back, and she had the feeling that he knew something more about her than she did herself and certainly disapproved of it. She jumped up. "Oh, Philip! It's good to be back!" She threw her hat on a chair. Philip was jerking off his coat and he threw it down, too, with his hat, on the chair, and then he snatched off Virginia's coat and tossed it on top of the other things and then flung his arms around her.

"Oh, my hat, Philip!" she cried, laughing. "You've squashed it under those wet things."

"To hell with your hat," Philip answered, hugging her furiously. "It's nothing. Get a new one. Come in to the fire now—I want to hear about everything."

He led her almost at a run into the living room, to the hearth, where the logs, burned in half, still flamed upended on the red coals. As she stood looking around the room, he deftly put the ends together and then laid on two new logs; the bark crackled fearsomely and the flames flared up and flashed on the silver, the glass, the polished furniture and floors and the soft colors of curtains and rugs. What a lot of things there are in here, Virginia thought in surprise—what a lot, and how heavy they all seem, how *thick* everything is. Do we need so much? How does one look after such a lot? I can't seem to remember. All this is mine, mine and Philip's, but somehow it's removed, as though I were seeing a reflection.

On the back of her left wrist was a scab on a cut she had got from a wire fence when she had been on a picnic two weeks before; it was loose, and she now began to pick at it. Philip, straightening up and dusting his hands together, saw the scab for the first time and asked her, "How did you ever give yourself such a cut? You didn't write me about that."

"Oh, I must have told you," she said, folding her hands behind her back. "Well, anyway, it was one of those stupid things. I cut it when I was on a picnic, crawling through a wire fence."

PHILOSOPHICAL POEM

The disease of civilization is not tools, Citizen.
Ignorance might be closer to it,
Politics closer. But only Money
Will hit the brass tacks everyone wants to get down to
Squarely on the head.

Above all, I have no case against human nature.
Whatever that is, I like it.
I like mechanics with wrenches,
Taxi-drivers' photos on licenses,
Drunks lighting cigarettes.
What the hell else is there to like
After you've kissed your wife and gone to sleep?

I like everything but important people being important
And academic people being academic.
What I like least is bookkeepers
Spending their human eyes on accounts receivable,
Interest receivable, payment due, balance on hand.
And columns of soldiers marching. —John Ciardi

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THE horses were tied under the mahogany trees, more or less out of the heat. Willy held down the barbed wire for her to creep through, and as she reached out for the wire herself, somehow he let it go and the strand flew back, cutting her across the wrist. "My God!" he cried. "Virginia!" He sounded as though he were summoning her to help someone else, as though it were not she at all who was hurt, and this for some reason did not surprise or offend her. She stood staring at the blood that was running out alarmingly fast and was already dripping to the ground. What if they couldn't stop it? How long did it take to bleed to death at this rate? For a tourniquet, all you need is a strip of cloth and some kind of stick. One of the horses behind her shook himself in the misery of the heat, and the saddle, with its loosened girth, flapped on his bony back. Two canaries flew in and out of the beach-grape trees that grew between the fence and the sea. The striped bathing bags lay on the dry grass. Willy's face, young and intense and frightened, was bent scowlingly down as he folded his handkerchief kitty-cornered and then lengthwise into a bandage, and she saw how thickly his hair grew in a bleached brown frame around his forehead and ears and the brown back of his neck.

"Look, that's a nasty one," he was saying, and now his voice accepted her as the injured one. "I'll tie it up and let's get out of here. I can go ahead and call up a doctor from that store we came by, back on the road."

"No," said Virginia. "Let's wait a minute. Maybe it'll stop if you can tie it up tight enough."

On the other side of the beach grapes, the sea rippled lazily in in sandy little waves, and, looking into the distance over Willy's head, between the crest of his hair and the wide brim of her coarse raffia hat, she saw a man on a white horse, solitary and small in the enormous landscape and the great glare of noon, riding slowly along a trail that led across the brown hillside.

"IT wasn't so bad," she said to Philip. "It looked awful, but it wasn't really bad. It didn't even have to be sewed up."

"Thank goodness for that," said Philip. He kissed her gently on the side of her forehead, and she leaned against his shoulder and thought, There isn't enough air in here.

"I'll get some ice and make us a highball," he said, but he did not move away from her. Then he said—and his voice had the controlled quaver in it—"I can't get over how brown you are. You look perfectly wonderful." He took up the hand with the scab and stared at it; it was, to Virginia, a hand almost indecently, affectedly brown here in the cold North, not nearly as suitable and handsome a color as it had been in the sunshine. Drawing it away, she patted him on the shoulder and said, "Do let's have a drink. It's just what I want."

He smiled at her and went off across the green carpet and out of the room. Virginia bowed her head in heaviness against the edge of the marble mantelpiece and said to herself, You *are* glad to be home, you know you are; you can't be footloose forever. Picking at the scab, she rubbed the side of her shoe up and down Rufus's solid, unresponsive, chestnut-colored back while the feeling of forlornness, of alarm, persisted as she stood looking down into the fire, seeing another homecoming, before there was any scab to pick at.

ON the little wharf, five hundred yards away across the water, stood the three men—Mr. Huntington, Dr. Cadieux, and Willy Saunders—and, looking at them there, talking together, their trouser legs fluttering in the wind, Virginia, sitting in the stern of the small boat that moved toward them, thought she had never in her life been as glad to see anyone as she was to see them, and she felt as light as air, as though relieved from some fearful oppression, at this homecoming in a strange land. She had been here only once before, for a few days, with Mr. Huntington's younger sister, whom she had known in the States and with whom she had flown South, stopping off at the island before going on with the trip they had planned. Then they had separated,

"But we couldn't have a modern house! Oh, no! Modern was too extreme for us!"

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and now she was returning alone to the island and the three men who had said to her in parting, "Come back to us."

That is my place, she had said to herself, I have to go back there. And here she was. It was a wonderfully clear scene that she looked at, sharp in the late-afternoon sun and the dying Trades. It was a landscape of bright, primitive blues and greens, set off here and there by glaring white, with the scattered buildings under the trees along the shore painted in the pink and green and yellow of children's crayons. A round, chalk-white life preserver hung on a post on the outer end of the wharf. The rowboat Virginia was in was white and solid, and it bobbed smartly along, rowed by a colored boatman all in white; she sat in the stern on a cushion covered with soft old white canvas, with her suitcases around her feet. The figures on the dock grew more distinct with each stroke of the oars; soon she could see the pipe in Dr. Cadieux's mouth, the thin blue stripes on Mr. Huntington's jersey, and the tuft of hair that, needing cutting, rose on the crown of young Willy Saunders' head.

Now one of the oars skimmed the top of a wave and a little shower of sea water blew down on Virginia's lap. The boatman shook his head in apology and laughed, and Virginia, laughing, too, said, "I don't mind—I like it."

The three on the wharf, waiting for her in friendliness and welcome, watching her come, although they were talking together, touched her to the heart. How nice they were, how good! Then, as the boat came alongside, they all smiled down at her and cried, one after another, "Hello! You're back! So you didn't forget us!" Forget them! She had come fleeing back to them like a swallow to its safe gray barn, and how could she ever forget them now, standing above her, their hatless, sunburned heads outlined high against the dark-blue sky, their brown hands coming out of their pockets to be ready to reach down to take her bags, to help her up? The boat slid gently in beside the round woven-rope fenders, and the voices were close over her.

"Ah, she looks tired! Give me the brown bag first, Alex—no, the big one. That's it. Well, she got here! She came back! She missed us!" Mr. Huntington's enormous hand steered her up the two steps to the landing. Beaming at her, his glasses flashing, his sparse hair flying, he released her, and then Dr. Cadieux seized her hand and wrung it. But Willy, who had hung back, suddenly took three strides forward, his thick sneakers silent and light on the planking, and, saying "Welcome home!," he held her tightly by the shoulders and kissed her hard on the cheek. As he drew back, she had a glimpse of his eyes, dark blue like the sky, laughing at her before she turned to the others.

"Come along," Mr. Huntington said. "We've got a wonderful dinner for you, and you've got the same windy room you had before." They all went off up the path, dusty under the rattling palms, toward Mr. Huntington's plain white house that stood on the rise above them. A Delco was running in a little pink building near the path, and the light smell of good tobacco from Dr. Cadieux's pipe trailed behind him as he preceded the others up the hill.

"Oh, Willy—" Virginia turned to look at him as he walked beside her, very casual, not going to give himself away, however he might be feeling. He did not say anything, but he gave her one of his entirely guileless smiles, and this seemed to her the best expression of his proud and carefully hidden warmth, and she did not care that he could not, just then, say anything to her. It was enough that he carried one of her suitcases up the hill, past the stuttering motor, under the clashing, long, dry palm leaves, up under the rattling pods of the leafless thibet tree that stood on the terrace above the brilliant little harbor. Here the men put the bags down inside the open door of the house and came back to Virginia, who had sat down on the terrace wall, where the plaster had peeled off to show the small, crumbling bricks under-neath. They stood around her protectively, watching her carefully, waiting for whatever she might choose to tell them, waiting to give her in their turn a chronicle of the days there since she had gone away, as though she were an old inhabitant and their favorite, their cosset lamb, home after strange and perhaps terrible adventures. Four exiles under the clear tropical sky, each of them at that moment felt at peace, loved, reassured; there was a refuge for each of them, provided for each by all the others, delicate yet definite, and this knowledge suddenly communicated itself to the four of them at the same moment, so that they felt strong and valuable and good, without actually thinking at all about it. From the warm dead leaves on the ground, a lizard flicked away and ran a little way up the thibet tree; the long pods rattled steadily over their heads.

"Now, then," said Willy, sitting down on the wall, too; curling up and clasping his knees with both arms, he rocked gently backwards and forwards, and he spoke for them all when he said, "Now, then, tell us about everything. And don't leave anything out. We want it *all.*"

"Yes," said Virginia, and she looked from the lizard, who hung palpitating against the pale-gray bark, to Willy, rocking on the crumbling wall. "I'll tell you everything. After I left here, I felt like a wanderer on the face of the earth, and . . ."

Philip's steps came swiftly down the hall and he appeared with a large tray covered with bottles, glasses, plates, an ice bucket, and enough sandwiches to feed half a dozen people. He put down the tray, and, measuring out whiskey and then soda, he neatly dropped ice cubes into the two glasses, and Virginia watched him in a dream.

"There," he said, and he brought her her glass and the plate of sandwiches, which were clammy from the icebox. "There. Now come and sit down and tell me about everything."

She sat down on the little pink sofa beside the fire. She had forgotten its contours, and it was so soft she sank into it further than she had expected to and she spilled some of her drink on the pink cushion and swept it off hastily with her hand.

Philip picked up his own glass, and, coming over to her, he sat down, leaning against her with a sigh of comfort and taking a long drink, and then he said again, "Darling, tell me about everything." He stared beyond her into the fire.

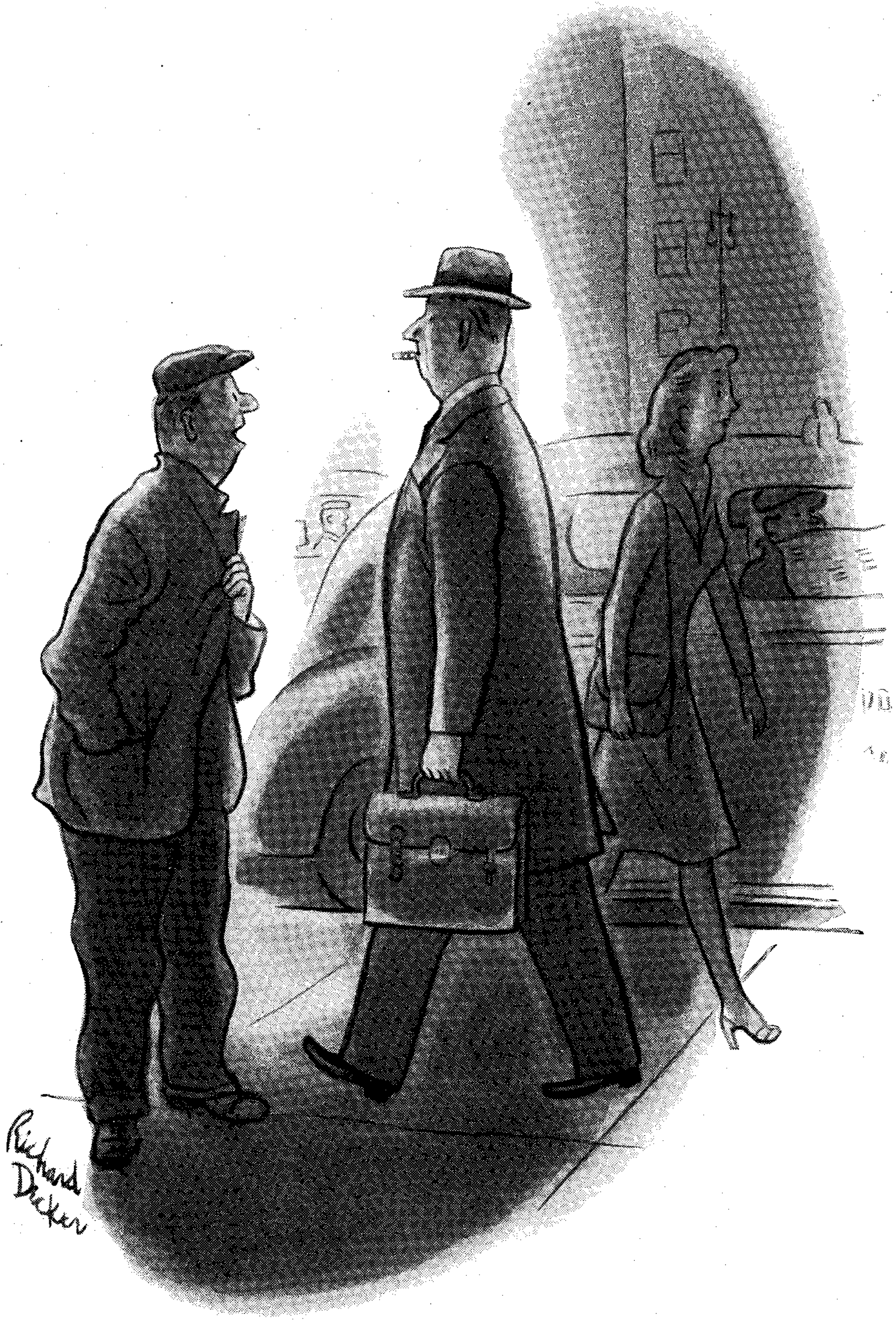
"Well—" She, too, looked into the fire, as though waiting for an opening sentence to appear in letters of flame. "There's so much, I don't know exactly where to start. And I've written you so much. I'll repeat myself."

"Forget about what you've written me, and start at the beginning," he suggested.

"After I left here—" she began, and hesitated again. She took a big swallow of whiskey. She could say, *There was a round, very white life preserver on a post on the end of a wharf. There was a lizard in some dead leaves. A Frenchman named Cadieux smoked very elegant tobacco, and a young man I knew needed a haircut. Travellers, having nothing, make up a home for themselves out of each other, and it's a better home than any you can imagine.*

Just then, Rufus interrupted. Rising from the hearth, he came to Philip and stood in front of him apprehensively.

"Wait a second, will you, darling?" said Philip. "Wait till I let the dog out." —Elizabeth Parsons



"Spare a quarter for vitamin pills, boss? I'm suffering from headaches, lack of energy, and nutritional deficiencies."

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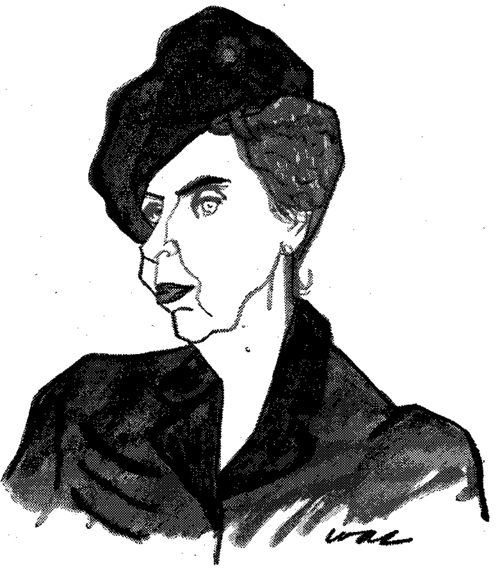
Mrs. J. F. W. asks: What would cause my daughter of 155 to have blue rings under her eyes?—*Chicago Times.*

What wouldn't?

PROFILES

OH, HAWK OF MERCY!



Rosalie Barrow Edge

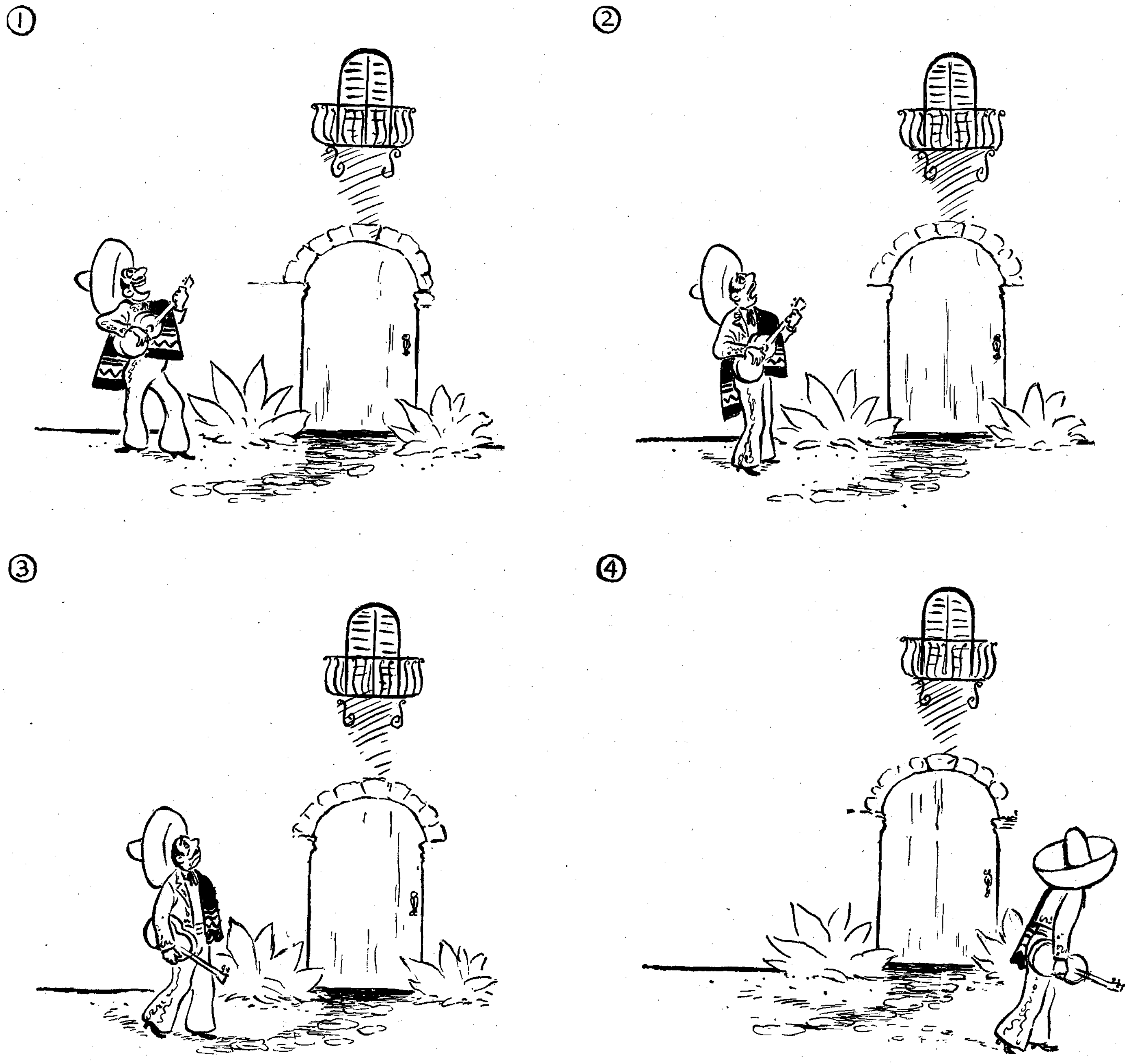
ROSALIE BARROW EDGE, an elderly, implacable widow, is the chairman of the Emergency Conservation Committee, an organization that favors conserving, in the wildlife line, everything. Mrs. Edge takes the view that all conservation movements except hers are limited and discriminatory, and she puts in her best licks for creatures that many naturalists wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Her exertions in behalf of the persecuted skunk have opened new vistas in skunk study, and her championship of snakes—all species—is believed to be unique. The sight of a coiled, antisocial rattler fills her with quiet benevolence, although, like ordinary conservationists, she will hop nimbly aside if the snake strikes. For twenty years, Mrs. Edge has striven, by means of pamphlets, letters, appearances before Congressional committees, and personal investigations of numerous kinds, to keep American nature in something resembling its pristine condition. The results of her labors are widespread and monumental. Among other accomplishments, she once forced the National Audubon Society to discontinue trapping muskrats on a game preserve it owns in Louisiana, and she is given the principal credit for establishing Olympic National Park, in the State of Washington. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, in a rare tribute to a non-native, once called her "the Paul Bunyan of conservation," and the *Sun* has described her, in a long feature article, as "hard-hitting, fearless, independent, and, withal, modest." Of the many public tributes to her zeal, she is fondest of a recent one in the Altoona, Pennsylvania, *Tribune*, in which she was referred to as "this glorious Joan of Arc of conservation." She cares least for a sworn statement of the Audubon Society that classified her, in court, as "a common scold."

Mrs. Edge's committee numbers, at the moment, one. In years past, she has listed as members various persons who have aided her in her work or contributed to its support, but lately she has rested on the streamlined membership, which she believes is the least unwieldy for parliamentary purposes. She has, however, built up a mailing list of sixteen thousand wildlife enthusiasts, in all parts of the country, and many of these send her small donations from time to time. Money has never been much of a problem to her; she is moderately wealthy, though not as wealthy as she was when she started conserving. "I have exhausted a large part of a once considerable fortune on this work," she said the other day, "and while I do not regret one cent of it, I am now in comparatively straitened circumstances. For example, I need a new coat, but I propose to spend that money on a pamphlet about coyotes." Mrs. Edge is a member of an old New York family and is listed in the *Social Register*, with the editors of which she is on a mildly quarrelsome footing. "They keep asking impertinent questions," she says. "The fact is they're downright snoopy." Some of her friends feel that the *Social Register* views her outdoor experiences in a rather grouchy spirit, possibly on the theory that the elect should consort with qualified human beings instead of muskrats, rattlesnakes, and skunks.

Mrs. Edge lives alone in a somewhat regal apartment at 1215 Fifth Avenue, her husband having died four years ago. From it, she emerges each day about noon and takes a cab to the committee's office, a small, dingy room on the sixth floor of 767 Lexington Avenue. She dresses with conservative elegance for office and for society, wearing black satin dresses, and hats with imposing superstructures compounded of things like bristles, fruit, bows, flowers, nets, and buckles. She is a little better than medium tall and is slightly stooped, a posture deficiency she attributes both to slumping at her typewriter and to bending over Audubon soil looking for traps. Mrs. Edge has sharp, restless blue eyes and graying hair, which she draws into a knot at the back of her head to keep stray ends from tangling up in creepers and low-hanging branches. Her presence is a confusing mixture of imperiousness and vigilance; it lies, perhaps, somewhere between that of Queen Mary and a suspicious pointer. "She is undoubtedly the most impressive office worker in New York, and possibly in the entire United States," one of her friends has said. None of her fellow-tenants at 767 Lexington know her personally, but they speak to her with pride, obviously feeling that she gives the building tone. She always replies courteously, in a rich, cultivated voice that sounds much like Mrs. Roosevelt's. For emphasis, she often spaces out words that strike her as exceptionally significant. Once arrived at her office, which is haphazardly crowded with filing boxes, pamphlets, papers, pictures, letters, and other material bearing on conservation, Mrs. Edge takes a broom from a small, dishevelled closet and sweeps up. "Oh, I've complained repeatedly, *repeatedly*, about the service in this building," she says. "The other tenants seem satisfied, but I most —definitely—am—not!" Each morning's mail brings in a number of letters from people with conservation problems, and a few envelopes contain a dollar bill or two, usually quite soiled. Mrs. Edge is likely to pick up an especially grimy offering between two pencils and place it gingerly in her cash drawer. "Our currency is a national disgrace," she says. "It's so filthy, the average greenback is nothing more than a Typhoid Mary. I may write a pamphlet on it."

During a normal day, Mrs. Edge will compose between five and ten indignant letters—to newspapers, government officials, conservation groups that she considers dangerously inadequate, and mischievous individuals. In a recent one to the *Herald Tribune*, she took note of an irresponsible statement by a Mr. Buchanan, who, in an earlier letter, had cast a slur on hawks, which she regards as among the noblest of birds. "Hawks in general," she pointed out, "are a benefit to the farmer because they are rodent eaters and will help to keep the farm free of rats and mice." Mrs. Edge is spectacularly primed with facts and figures on conservation, and she discharges them at ignoramuses with disconcerting accuracy. For a floundering group of *Times* readers, she once wrote in the "Letters" column, "We recommend that all interested in the wildfowl, whether to preserve them or to destroy them, for 'sport,' send five cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., and ask for Miscellaneous Publication No. 210, Status of Waterfowl in 1934." When writing peevish letters, Mrs. Edge has a habit of shaking her head to emphasize points, with the result that some of her best hats molt rather badly, the bristles, fruit, flowers, bows, nets, and buckles shaking off onto her desk or the floor. When she is composing, she hates to be disturbed, but door-to-door salesmen and others interrupt many of her most sulphurous humors. Not long ago, as she was settling into a defense of the garter snake, a fireman looked in, without knocking, and offered her a chance on a raffle. When she refused, he spotted her closet and raised the devil. His exact words were, she recalls, "Madam, you'll have to clean up around here. This joint's a regular fire hazard." She couldn't get her hand back in all afternoon.

In dispatching her letters to editors, Mrs. Edge is slightly partial to the *Times*. "I do not know Mr. Sulzberger personally," she says, "but I always write in to thank him for printing my letters. Usually, at the same time, I ask him to run an editorial about the subject, and occasionally he does it." The *Times* gave considerable space to her campaign for the Olympic National Park. "Oh, what a glorious old battle that was!" she cries. "And didn't we show up the lumber interests? Oh, no!" Mrs. Edge's original concern as a conservationist was neglected animal and bird life, but she later broadened her scope to include trees and other vegetation. Right now, the lumber interests strike her as being among the principal malefactors of the human race. The news that lumbermen were planning to cut thousands of acres of giant Sitka spruce on the Olympic Peninsula reached her in 1934. She lost no time. After directing several air-mail letters to her following in the big timber country, she jumped into her Ford coupé and drove West. "Oh, yes," she says. "One has to be on the scene. It's almost impossible to conduct a conservation fight *in absentia*." When she pulled up at the scene, she heard that the lumber interests were rallying to balk her, by means of scurrilous rumors. The most prevalent of these identified her as a New York hotel woman seeking concessions in case the area became a national park. Another was that she represented Canadian lumber groups, whose products would increase in price if American lumber production was curtailed. With



the kind of zeal that made Carry Nation so deadly with the hatchet, she awoke Washington to its peril. Her work was done mostly through the state's Chambers of Commerce, before which she made dozens of speeches. Aflame with oratory, Mrs. Edge is an inspiring sight, and many sources agree that she was at peak form in Washington. Sometimes weeping, often thrashing her arms wildly, and drawing liberally upon the best of arboreal literature, from "Woodman, Spare That Tree" to the well-known verses by Joyce Kilmer, she damned the ravening loggers. In the main, her arguments against the lumbermen are unequivocal; she takes the position that if they covet big trees, they should wait until the trees fall. When the lumbermen point out that in the case of most big trees this process would take approximately fifteen hundred years, Mrs. Edge generally replies, "Compose yourselves, gentlemen. If I can wait, you can." Almost entirely because of her efforts, Mon C. Wallgren, then a representative from Washington, introduced a bill in Congress to create the Olympic National Park, a public domain of eight hundred thousand acres. The lumbermen tried to block the bill, verifying Mrs. Edge's most uncharitable suspicions, but she persevered, dragging Wallgren along in the wake of her wrath. "The Emergency Conservation Committee is working vigorously to amend the bill," reported the magazine *Scholastic*, "and is urging voters to write letters of protest to their senators and representatives." The exhausted Wallgren eventually introduced a revised bill, and this one passed. It was signed by President Roosevelt on June 29, 1938.

A campaign of this kind by no means enervates Mrs. Edge. She is always mettlesome, and she sleeps, eats, and thinks best when the fray is hottest. The disgraceful affair of the Yellowstone National Park pelicans, a few years ago, is a case in point. For some time, she had been plagued by the uneasy feeling that all was not well with the white pelicans that nest in the Park, though she had nothing definite to go on. Then one of her keen-eyed followers came through with a brilliant piece of espionage, hinging on the interception of documents that pointed to wholesale destruction of the birds by rangers of the National Park Service. Mrs. Edge repaired to the scene and conducted an inquiry that witnesses regarded as comprehensive except for actual questioning of the pelicans. The Park officials, while admitting nothing, indicated rather briskly that the birds were a nuisance. It seemed that the pelicans, having nothing better to do, fished all the time and abided by none of the bag limits as posted clearly on many trees. "They're hoggish," one of the officials said. "Even when they're full, they go right on fishing and store up the catch in their bills. There's nothing left for anybody else around here." Mrs. Edge replied to that statement in a pamphlet she prepared shortly afterward, back home in New York. It was entitled "The Slaughter of the Yellowstone Park Pelicans," and is considered one of the most forthright things she has ever done. "These statements about the pelican are as foolish as they are false," she wrote. "It does not store fish in its bill, nor does it kill fish 'for the pure love of killing,' but only for food." Then, leaving out names, she quoted from some official Park correspondence that had been supplied her, she quite frankly revealed, by a former ranger. It showed conclusively that Park employees had been sneaking up on the pelicans, clubbing them, and destroying their eggs. The pamphlet caused a sensation in the conservation world, and the Park employees got word from Washington to lay down their clubs. "Yes," she says, "the letters were purloined, but the end justified the means. Needs must when the devil drives!" Although the Yellowstone campaign was bitter, it had such a tonic effect on Mrs. Edge that she went right ahead and succored the white pelicans in Great Salt Lake, which were having troubles of their own. This time, however, having had considerable pelican experience, she worked *in absentia*, writing letters while nominally on a vacation. "I saved the Salt Lake pelicans in a hotel room at Martha's Vineyard," she often tells friends.

MRS. EDGE's upper-class background has been, she acknowledges, an occasional handicap in her work. "Some people are inclined to scoff at a serious work by anybody with money," she says, "but it does not matter to me one whit!" Furthermore, she feels that such criticism is unfair, since she was not responsible for the circumstances of her birth. She was born in a house on Stuyvesant Square. Her father, John W. Barrow, was an Englishman, who was sent to this country, in 1853, by his friend Prince Albert to line up some American exhibitions for the Crystal Palace. He was a first cousin of Charles Dickens and was also closely related to James McNeill Whistler, with whose mother, who then lived on Staten Island and spent a lot of time in a rocker, he stayed when he first arrived in this country. "It was always understood in the family that I was to get the picture of

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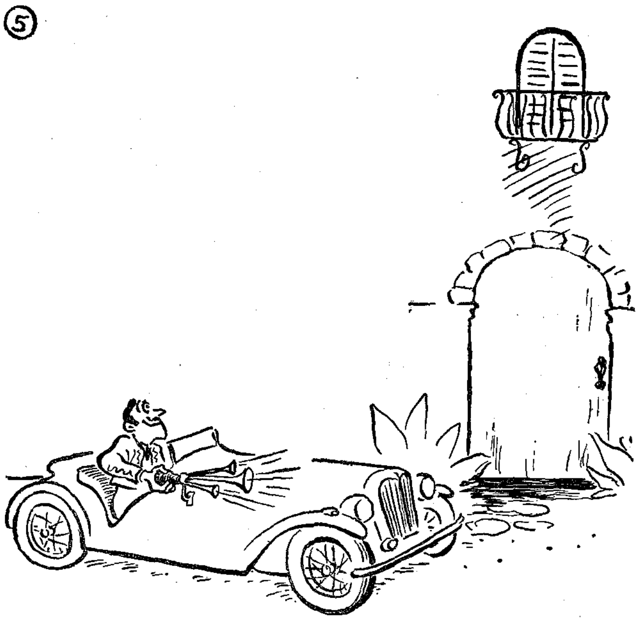

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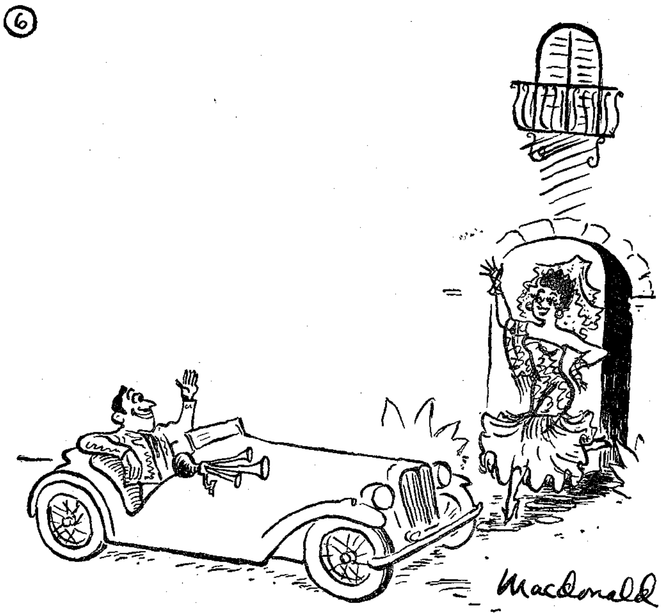
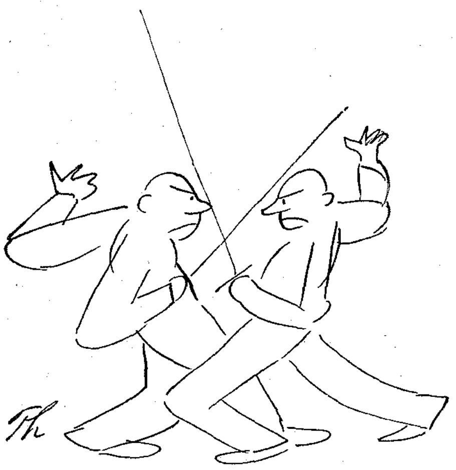


Mrs. Whistler," Mrs. Edge says. "She *promised* it to me, but somehow it wound up elsewhere, and I feel it very keenly." Mrs. Edge's mother, Harriet Woodward, was introduced to the visiting Barrow at a New York social function, and shortly afterward he wrote Prince Albert that the Crystal Palace was all well and good but he'd decided to stay on here indefinitely. He married Miss Woodward, went into the linen business in New York, and made a comfortable fortune. Rosalie was born in the twentieth year of their marriage, the youngest of eight children. From the start, she was strikingly dissatisfied with the status quo. At Miss Doremus's, a finishing school, she acquired a reputation for badgering teachers and inquiring into conditions generally. During a visit to her English cousins, when she was seventeen, she met Charles Noel Edge, a young English consulting engineer, and she married him in 1909. The marriage took place in Japan, where Edge was consulting and selling locomotives at the time. The young bride almost had her fill of marriage very quickly, since, to appease various religious and civil authorities, it was necessary for the couple to be married two additional times in the two weeks after the wedding.

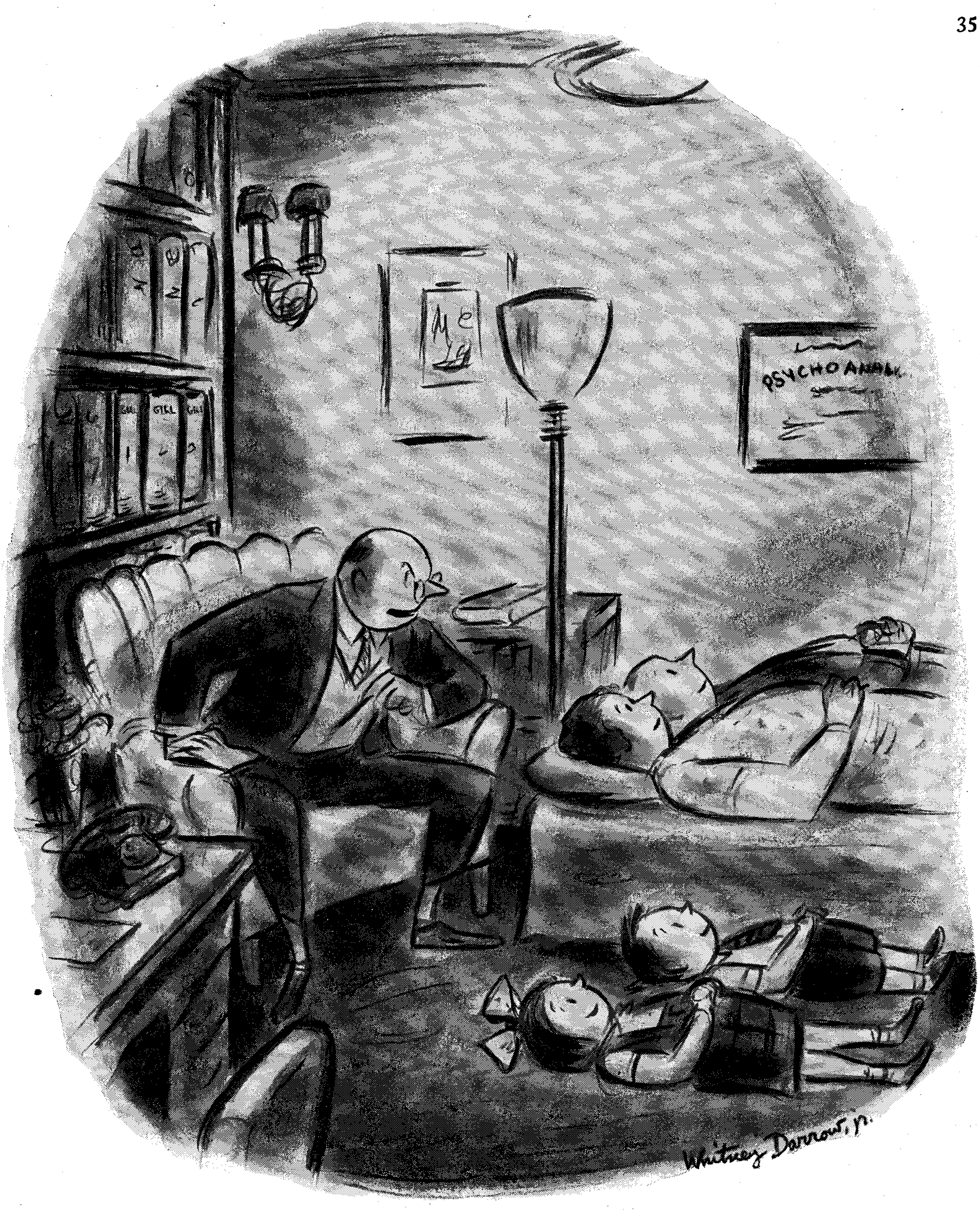
During the three years following, Mrs. Edge became a familiar figure in the Orient. In his work, her husband had to visit outlying areas, and Mrs. Edge took over all the travel arrangements. Hurricanes, pirates, floods, man-eating tigers, uprisings, and epidemics failed to deter their progress once she had set her mind on a port of call. September, for example, might see them rounding Tauvan Point in a sampan, while in the following April they would be making safari through a Malayan mangrove swamp, Mrs. Edge, perhaps seated on an elephant, shouting instructions to the natives in whatever language came handy. "Oh, I know the China coast all right, believe you me!" she often says. She was a particular bane to ships' pursers. Mr. Edge was six feet eight inches tall, and in the average stateroom bunk his feet had either to stick through a porthole or repose on some article of furniture other than the bed. His wife always insisted that the purser cough up the best possible quarters, even if he had to shift the skipper.

After their three years in the Orient, the Edges went to England to live, but Mrs. Edge stood it for only a short time. "I have never liked the English in spite of my close connection with them," she says. "I served notice that I was returning home." Mr. Edge, a compliant fellow, agreed to move to New York and go into the investment-counsellor business. On shipboard, Mrs. Edge fell in with Lady Rhondda, the English suffragist, and became terribly concerned about feminism. "Lady Rhondda and her daughter, Mrs. Mackworth, were the best-known English suffragists of their day," Mrs. Edge said recently. "The daughter was not aboard, being incarcerated at the time because of some trifling business about setting fire to a mailbox, but I felt her influence as well. It was the first awakening of my mind." On the whole, it was an unsettling occasion for Mr. Edge, who was energetically opposed to woman's suffrage and often said so. In New York, his wife plunged into the suffrage campaign, notwithstanding, and was hailed by the local suffrage group, led by Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, as a blistering stump speaker. "It was curious, though," one of them said not long ago. "Her line seemed to be not so much pro-women as anti-men." Mrs. Edge's special vineyard included the villages of upper New York State, where she was pinched now and then and had a rewarding time. When the Nineteenth Amendment came into effect, she joined the League of Women Voters and continued to work, but with diminishing spirit, the crisis having passed. She and her husband had a daughter, Margaret, in 1911, and a son, Peter, in 1913; the son is now a lawyer in Chicago, and the daughter is married to a lawyer in New Rochelle. "My son-in-law's name is Nightingale," Mrs. Edge says, "and I consider that very felicitous, for by the time they were married my principal passion was birds."

Mrs. Edge got into conservation by way of ornithology. In 1915, she and her husband bought a summer place in Rye, and there, for the first time, she began to notice birds. In return, she felt that the birds noticed her, and a violent bird fever soon replaced her feminism. She bought some binoculars, several boxes of birdseed, a cuttlebone, and an armful of guidebooks, and took to the outdoors. Of this period in her development, Mrs. Edge is hazy about many details, so completely was she diverted, but she does recall that her husband, when she trooped in around sundown, strewn with leaves and twigs, would say, "What kind of day did you have, dear?," and that she would answer with something like "Thirty-two finches, twelve titmice, a pair of blue jays, six ordinary, or house, wrens, and a robin." By and large, she believes, he was no fonder of birds than he was of woman's suffrage. When living in town, Mrs. Edge would go into Central Park and resume her search. There she met various members of the American Museum of Natural History staff, and at length, not far from a nesting thrush, she ran into the Museum's Dr. Willard G. Van Name, the celebrated zoologist, whose thoughts were turning to conservation. It was one of the most significant meetings in natural history. Dr. Van Name acquainted Mrs. Edge with numerous depressing facts about wildlife, touching in particular on the rapid disappearance of many kinds of American bird because of the depredations of hunters and milliners. Mrs. Edge, shortly thereafter, went to Europe with her children, and Dr. Van Name, determined that the bird truth should out, wrote a pamphlet, entirely on his own hook, and called it "A Crisis in Conservation." "I had no mailing list," he said the other day, "so I really didn't know what to do with the thing. I gave some to sympathetic friends, and then I thought of Mrs. Edge. I mailed her a copy, in Paris. As it turned out, I couldn't have chosen a better recipient."



Dr. Van Name's pamphlet had an explosive effect on natural science. "It was an electrifying document," a colleague of his says, "but it was highly unpopular in some quarters." The Doctor's diatribe was aimed, not very obliquely, at the Audubon Society, to which he belonged. It started off, "If bird students and nature lovers are led, by self-congratulatory reports of bird-protection organizations or by the deplorable and astonishing indifference to bird destruction and extermination that scientific and ornithological associations exhibit, to suppose that all is going well with our native birds, they are due to get a rude awakening before many years have passed." Then he listed several



"Now, as I've said before, a neurosis often has its basis in conflicts within the family group."

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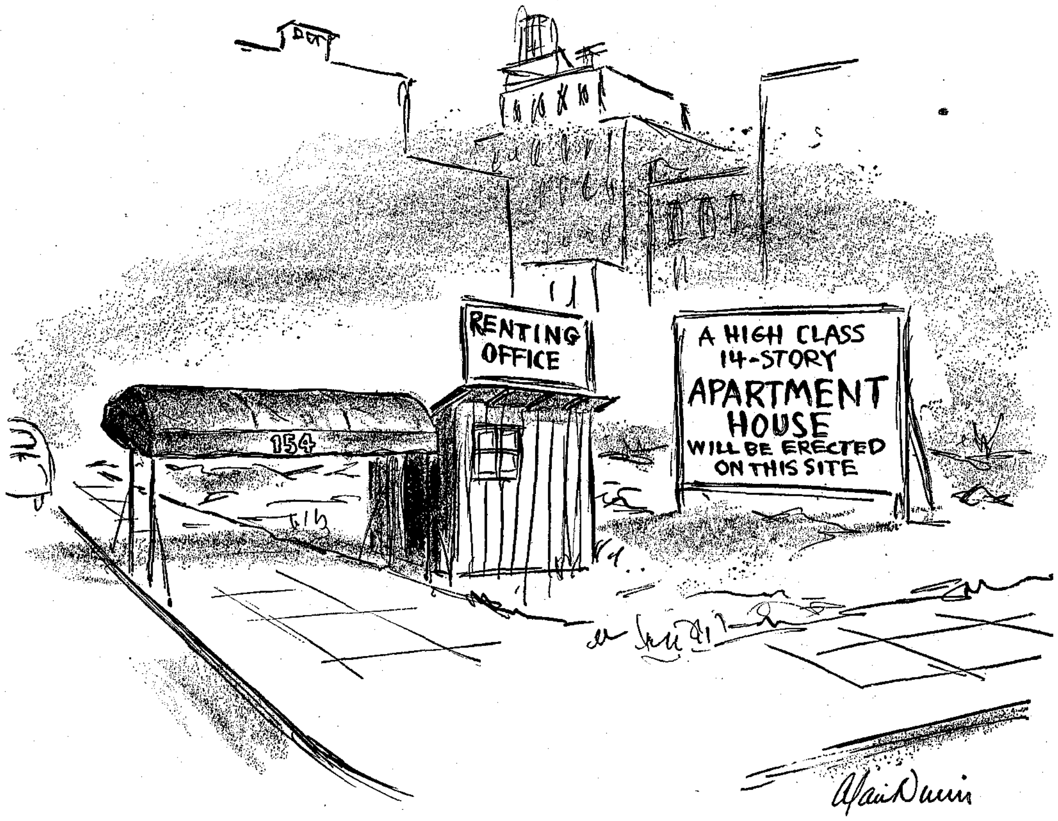
birds that were already done for, saying, "Of the American avifauna now as extinct as the dodo, we have the great auk, Labrador duck, passenger pigeon, Carolina paroquet. Also probably the Eskimo curlew, heath hen (one surviving individual reported a short time ago)." Others undoubtedly beyond saving, he added, were the whooping crane, the trumpeter swan, the ivory-billed woodpecker, the California condor, the flamingo, the golden plover, the Hudsonian godwit, and the buff-breasted sandpiper. The pamphlet went into the status of nearly all American birds, and the over-all picture was cheerless. There were several violent reactions to his broadside, apart from that of Mrs. Edge. For one thing, the directors of the American Museum, most of whom were members of the Audubon Society, had him on the carpet and crossly admonished him not to sign any more such documents while he was on the Museum staff. For another thing, several Audubon officers told him what they thought of him. In Paris, Mrs. Edge packed up and started home. "As soon as I got here, I invited Dr. Van Name to my house," she says. "I was living rather formally at the time, with a large staff of servants, but he was very nice about it. He came to see me and I took him into the drawing room, and I must say that he seemed helpless. He obviously needed management."

Mrs. Edge, the social leader, and Van Name, the man of science, formed a partnership that endured until a couple of months ago. The reasons for the rift were professional. Dr. Van Name had become a little confused about the inclusive nature of Mrs. Edge's conservation. At the outset, she volunteered to form an organization, to be called the Emergency Conservation Committee, and said she would publish all its literature over her signature and at her expense. When Van Name asked her what she would be willing to sign, she replied, "In a general way, anything." They worked together on several pamphlets, most of them dealing with waterfowl, and then she branched out on her own. By now, the Committee has produced ninety-three pamphlets, most of them conceived and written by Mrs. Edge, several of them written by Van Name, and a few written by Irving Brant, a former editor of the St. Louis *Star-Times*, who met Mrs. Edge in 1930 in connection with an article on conservation he had undertaken for a magazine. He functioned as the Committee's treasurer for several years, but has suspended his activities recently to write a biography of President Madison.

THE pamphlets composed by Mrs. Edge are done in a lively, incisive style; at no time is there any fumbling for the point. In "Common Hawks of North America," for example, she begins by listing several popular fallacies: "The Hoop Snake puts its tail in its mouth and rolls downhill. Toads will give you warts. Bats will get in your hair. The only good hawk is a dead hawk. The porcupine throws its quills at its enemies. Eagles carry away babies." Then she has a good laugh at these notions and goes on to praise all hawks, including the duck hawks, which some scientists consider the swiftest birds of prey in existence, and the goshawks, which enjoy some standing as the hungriest. Hawks, Mrs. Edge says, are actually building up the small-bird breeds, because they catch only the feeblest and sickliest and leave the big, strong birds to continue propagation. This picture of the hawk as a worker in eugenics is challenged by several authorities, but others nevertheless feel that she has done noteworthy research on the hawk question. Speaking of goshawks, she once wrote, "Of 881 stomachs examined, 168 were empty; 233 contained mammals; 3, insects; 1, a centipede; 447, poultry or game birds; 49, other birds." Then, answering an allegation that hawks eat grouse, she cited Nova Scotia as an area where both goshawks and grouse are abundant. Mrs. Edge feels especially maternal toward the peregrine falcon, or duck hawk, which is an abstracted traveller and often hasn't the faintest idea where it's going. Once, a flight of preoccupied duck hawks mistook the St. Regis for the Palisades (as she worked it out) and came to roost, a little shakily, on Olivia de Havilland's balcony, on the sixteenth floor. Hearing about this, Mrs. Edge and a group of her faithful went to the hotel with nets and rescued the birds, later setting them free. "I do not remember whether Miss de Havilland was in bed at the time or not," Mrs. Edge says. "My interest was only in the hawks."

Mrs. Edge's interest in hawks led her, in 1934, to buy a mountain for them in Pennsylvania. A Philadelphia photographer, Richard Pough, who is now on the staff of the Audubon Society, called her attention to a mountain with three peaks suitable for landing points, along the Kittatinny ridge, which is a main route of southbound hawks. "He told me the Dutch farmers were having great sport shooting these poor wayfarers by the thousands," Mrs. Edge says. "I went to the scene, and it was awful, awful!" She routed out the mountain's owner, a Mr. Lloyd, who had been digging sand out of it for a glassworks, and talked him into leasing it for two years. At the end of that period, she bought it, for twenty-five hundred dollars, which was regarded as a bargain, as three-peaked mountains go. Mrs. Edge has vested ownership of this acquisition in the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association, another organization of her creation, and, using her own funds and donations from friends of the Emergency Conservation Committee, has erected hawk shelters on it and hired a caretaker. The mountain is a favorite spot of hikers, who sit on the peaks in the hawk season and watch the birds migrate. Many of the visitors have found the place very moving. One, a young Harvard student, a poet, wrote to Mrs. Edge from Italy, where he was serving with the Army Air Forces during the war, "When I think of the brief two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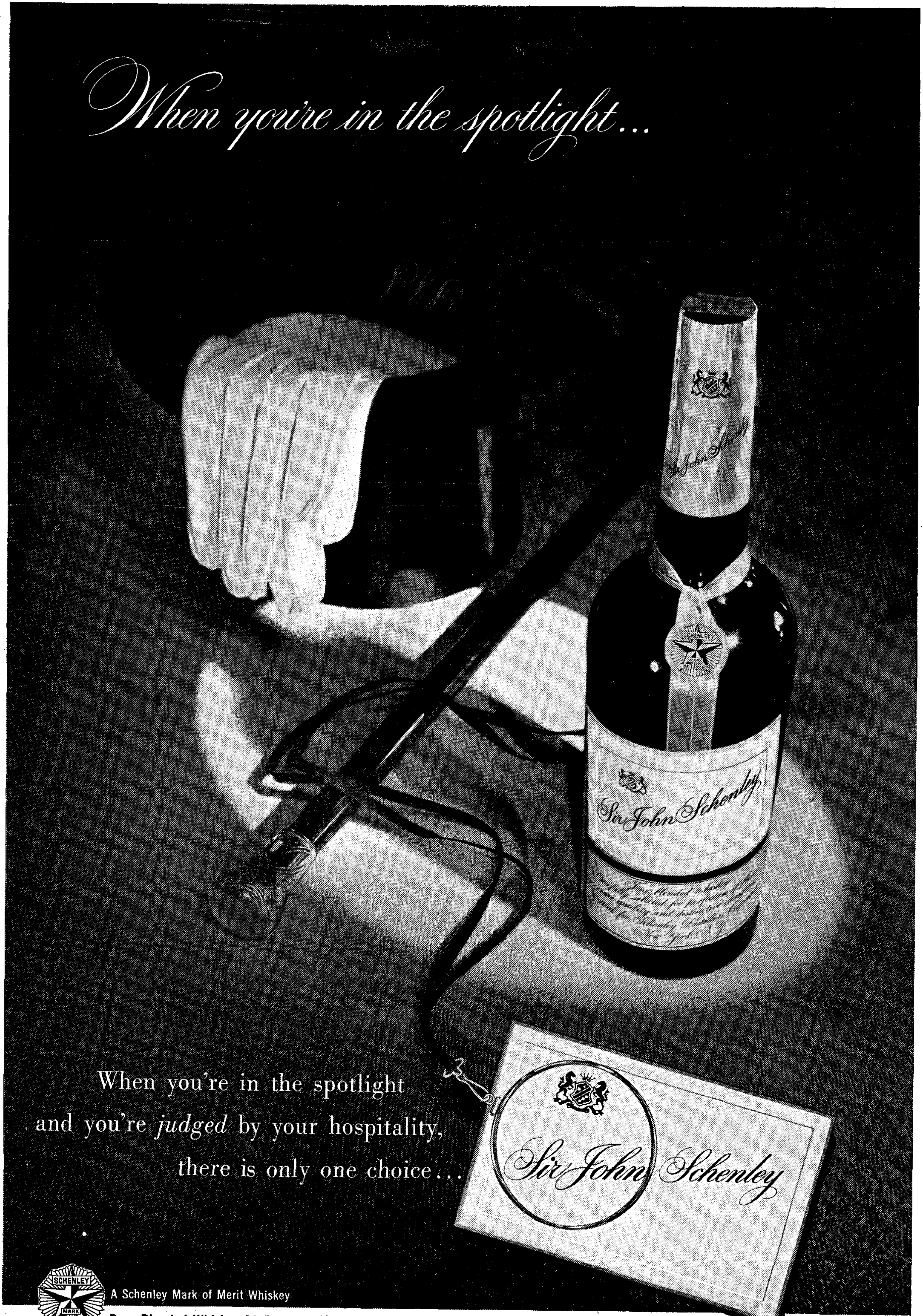
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days I spent at Hawk Mountain, it occurs to me that those few people up there on the ridge, drinking in the coldness, and the rush of gray winds, and the great sweep of the sky—that *those* people were *my* kind. I don't remember the names of any of the watchers that were there when I was. But I would be glad if you will relay my greetings to such as are there now."

Eagles and owls also find sanctuary at Hawk Mountain. Mrs. Edge views them as among the most viciously libelled of wildfowl. She is particularly down on the loose talk about eagles' stealing children, and has spotted the original perpetrator of this fiction as McGuffey's Sixth Reader, issued in 1857, which contained a lurid description of an eagle carting off a child whose mother later rescued it from an eyrie after an exhausting scramble up a cliff. Mrs. Edge has written a pamphlet, "Eagle in Wonderland," on the subject of eagles versus children and the public versus eagles. In it, she lights into what purports to be an authentic documentary motion picture of an eagle kidnapping a baby in Hollywood. "Mr. Donald Culross Peattie took the trouble to get the facts for me," she reports. "The little girl was in truth the 'victim in a harrowing sequence.' 'The eagle was a semi-tame bird which had been on exhibition in a department store,' Mr. Peattie wrote. 'The eagle's claws were taped and attached to a safety belt and pulley on the baby, so that the bird would not drop the child in flight. Wires were attached to the eagle's wings, and by means of pulleys the two were raised and the illusion of the bird flying away with the baby was created. The baby had convulsions afterwards.' " Mrs. Edge has concluded, after much research, that a well-muscled eagle can lift about four pounds, and that if a four-pound baby were sitting on a lofty rock, such an eagle might conceivably pick it up. "So," she says, "if you have a four-pound baby, perhaps you shouldn't leave it unattended on a rock." Owls, she thinks, have come in for a lot of abuse because of the odd misconception that they're gloomy. Actually, she says, only their faces are gloomy; by nature, owls are as gay as anybody else, and probably gayer. They are beneficial to farmers, she hurriedly adds, because they spend their nights cleaning up the local rodents. In her pamphlets, Mrs. Edge has also spoken up sharply for such diverse sufferers from public opinion, besides muskrats, snakes, and skunks, as woodchucks, beavers, foxes, groundhogs, coyotes, weasels, moles, porcupines, and mountain lions. She deplores the overdrawn picture of mountain lions' savagery and recommends them as household pets. In the case of skunks, she has made a point that naturalists agree is applicable, in a broad sense, to almost every animal. "There are rogues among all creatures," she wrote. "An egg-stealing skunk may easily be caught in a box trap and destroyed. Why kill every skunk?" She does not go into the matter of the skunk's smell.

THE three greatest enemies of nature—and, consequently, of Mrs. Edge—are, she says, the lumber interests, sportsmen (a word she always puts in quotation marks, both orally and on paper), and the Audubon Society, of which she is a life member. For twenty years she has conducted a genuinely earth-shaking feud with the Audubon Society, one of whose officers recently mentioned her, with a melancholy expression, as "a very hot potato." The clash began because of Dr. Van Name's "A Crisis in Conservation," a copy of which Mrs. Edge took to the Society's 1929 annual meeting, held in the Museum of Natural History. She stood up, brandished it before the directors, and demanded to know what they planned to do about the disappearing birds. The resulting uproar, various Audubon members agree, was unique in the Society's history; theretofore, the meetings had been concerned with a statement of financial condition, a scrutiny of some interesting bird slides, and an all-around, affectionate good time. In Mrs. Edge's memoirs, which she has been writing for ten years, getting almost nowhere because she is unable to stray off the subject of the Audubon Society, she has described her appearance at the 1929 meeting. "I subsided," she has written, "and Dr. Pearson [the late Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, former president of the Society] rose and spoke, appealing to our better natures. The lady, he said in effect, had spoiled the meeting and there was now no time to show the moving picture which was to have been the feature of the morning. Also, the photographer had waited on the Museum steps long past the time of his appointment, and, furthermore, the lunch, to be served in Bird Hall, was getting cold. We all hurried out and grouped ourselves on the steps of the Museum. I was photographed in the midst of the directors. I never saw the photograph, though I would give good money to possess one." Society members have since concurred

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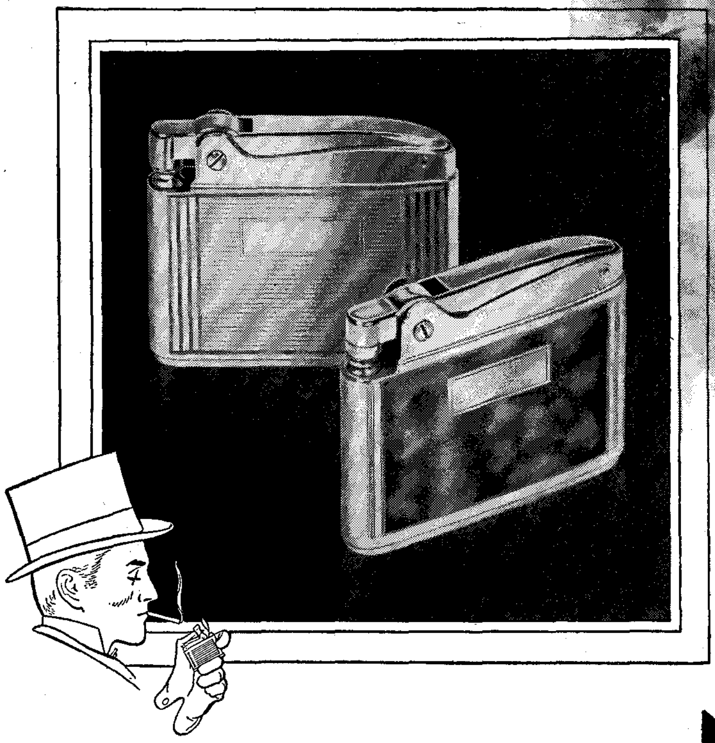

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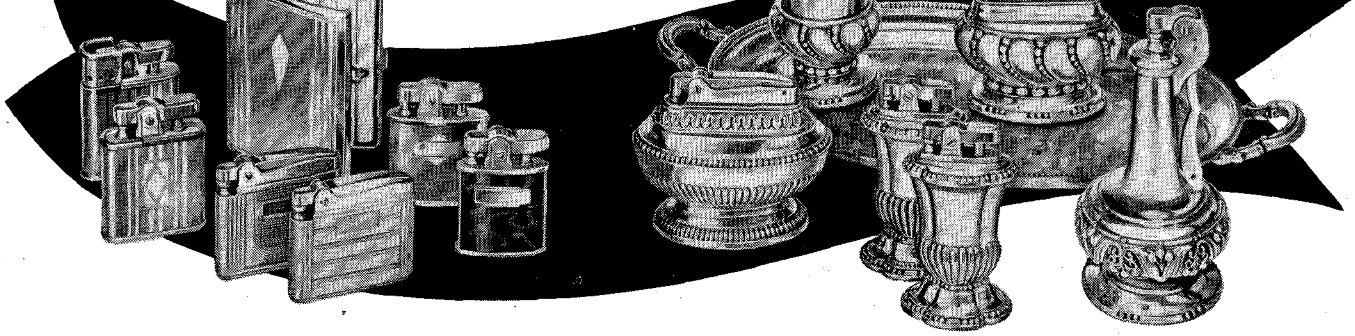

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that the picture is a remarkable study in indignation.

The late Dr. William T. Hornaday, zoologist and director of the Bronx Zoo, who was also an Audubon member, wrote Mrs. Edge after her outburst and declared that she had "the courage of a lion." He begged to attend the next annual meeting with her. Together, they took seats in the front row, and Dr. Hornaday arose to offer a resolution "calling on the Society," Mrs. Edge says in her memoirs, "to 'declare its intention to actively advocate and support certain constructive measures, chiefly *the abolition of baiting and live decoys*, reduction of bag limits, and protection of the quail.' " The resolution proved to be an unpopular idea. "I cannot give any clear account of what followed," writes Mrs. Edge. "The room was in an uproar and confusion; one after another, various men rising to oppose the resolution, to inveigh against the pamphlet, and to throw scorn at Dr. Hornaday and at me." She detected, she says, that the chairman of the meeting, Dr. Palmer, was winking at his sidekicks to give them the floor. "I insisted on being recognized on a point of order," she continues, "and pointed out to Dr. Palmer that the chairman is not supposed to wink, though I must frankly say that I have never found this mentioned in 'Robert's Rules of Order.' " After the meeting, Mrs. Edge felt committed to a lifelong program of heckling the Audubon Society, and she has cleaved faithfully to that feeling.

The business of the Louisiana muskrats was one of Mrs. Edge's most energetic anti-Audubon campaigns. In reading some of the Society's financial statements, she discovered, in 1932, that credit items totalling about a hundred thousand dollars were the proceeds for three years from trapping muskrats in the Society's wildlife preserve in Louisiana. Mrs. Edge went to the scene immediately. Rejecting an explanation by the directors that the muskrats were eating grass badly needed by wildfowl, she wrote a series of broadsides on the subject and circulated them widely. Her efforts reached such epic proportions that a lot of members withdrew from the Society and the directors knocked off trapping muskrats. In addition, Dr. Pearson resigned the presidency. "Mrs. Edge forced his resignation," an Audubon Society officer said not long ago. "There's no question about that. She's an uncommonly dogged woman, but we feel that she frequently goes too far and gets too personal." A short time after the

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muskrat episode, Mrs. Edge, piqued because the Audubon directors refused to let her study their membership list, went much farther. In a splendid humor, she brought suit to have the list made public. In the court fight that followed, although the Society called her "a common scold" and several other names, Mrs. Edge won the decision. Since then, she has mailed the membership considerable literature, most of it anti-Audubon, to supplement the handouts of the Society. She still attends all the meetings, and, when she smells out what she thinks is negligence or malfeasance, rails, weeps, declaims, quotes, and threatens. "She recently gave us a heartbreaking lecture on birds and small mammals," an Audubon member says, "but its effect was nullified by the fact that she was wearing a mink coat."

Mrs. Edge's skirmishes with the lumber interests, with sportsmen, and with the Audubon Society often lead her to testify at Congressional hearings, and her demeanor there is always sprightly and argumentative. Characteristic of her Congressional manner, perhaps, was her testimony, in 1937, during a fight she successfully made to add six thousand acres of sugar pine to Yosemite National Park. Congressman Englebright quizzed her as follows, according to the testimony published by the House Committee on Public Lands:

Mr. Englebright: May I ask the witness a question which I think is a very important question, because it conflicts with the statement made previously. Do I understand, Mrs. Edge, that you are authorized to quote the President, that he will give $2,000,000 for this project?

Mrs. Edge: No; I meant to say—

Mr. Englebright (interposing): The Park Service told us they have no idea what this is worth, and evidently the stipulation has been made—

Mrs. Edge (interposing): No; I think you are putting words in my mouth.

Mr. Englebright: You said we could call up the President and he would tell us there was $2,000,000 available for this purpose.

Mrs. Edge: I do not think I said "two million." Perhaps the stenographer will tell you. I said—may I say it again, so everyone will understand it? Before going into this matter, my treasurer, Mr. Irving Brant, had an interview with the President. This interview was so confidential that my own treasurer did not tell me what it was.

Mr. White: May I ask a question? I would like to ask the lady if she ever attempted to interview the President by telephone? (Laughter)

Mrs. Edge: Well, I do not know. I know Nancy Astor, a great friend of mine, wanted to speak to the King, so she

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called him up on the telephone and he answered personally.

MR. ENGLEBRIGHT: Where does the figure of $2,000,000 come from?

MRS. EDGE: I do not know. I think from your imagination. (Laughter)

THE CHAIRMAN: I think her statement was to the effect that anyone who wanted to have the information probably could ring up the President and find out.

MRS. EDGE: Well, I only thought Mr. Englebright was a man of such importance that the President would put down his soupspoon and answer the telephone. (Laughter)

Mrs. Edge gets along indifferently with many government officials. She fought for years with the Bureau of Biological Survey, which she referred to, in one of her most uninhibited pamphlets, as "The United States Bureau of Destruction and Extermination." The Biological Survey was later reorganized—because of her efforts at reform, she feels—and its name was changed to the Fish and Wildlife Service. She considers former Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes an exemplary public official. He has always backed her against the lumbermen, notably in the Olympic and Yosemite campaigns and in the establishment of the Kings Canyon National Park, in California, which her Committee sponsored. Mr. Ickes occasionally gets mad at Mrs. Edge for quoting him without permission, but he generally cools off quickly and writes an introduction for one of her pamphlets. She invited him to lunch recently and tried to put the bite on him for a five-hundred-dollar donation. He promised to send her a hundred. Mrs. Edge views the current year as one of the Committee's most critical, for the timber hogs are again nibbling at Olympic Park, having sponsored bills that would shear considerable lumber from it. "I have just come from a long conference with Secretary Krug," she said the other day, "and he has promised—*promised*, mind you—to oppose these measures. His decision must certainly represent one of my most picturesque triumphs."

DESPITE Mr. Krug's commitment, Mrs. Edge is taking no chances. She is training hard for the forthcoming battle and for other battles that lie ahead. Each day, after lunching at the Colony Club, of which she has been a member for twenty years, she takes a dip in its pool and does several lengths, using a stately breast stroke and frog kick. She recognizes that in conservation, as in boxing, the legs go first, and she plans to stay in top condition as long as possible. Conserving leaves her

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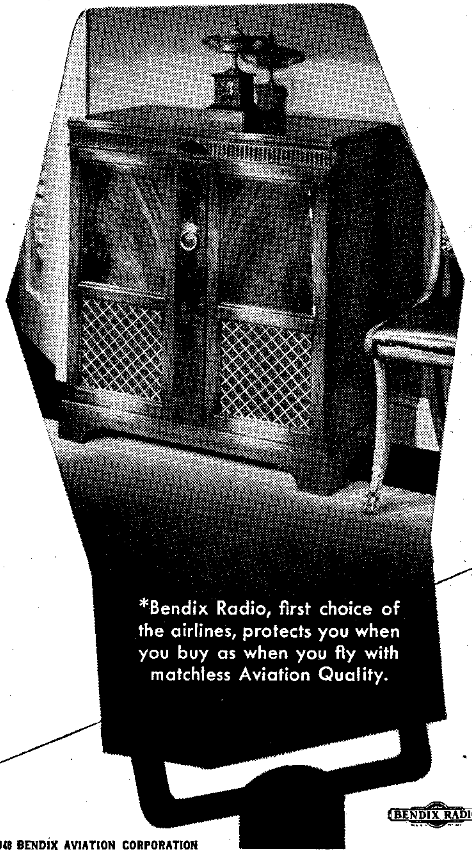

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little time for a personal life. She gets in an occasional evening of bridge with her friends, who are mostly elderly widows like herself, and last year she took a liberal-arts extension course at Columbia University. She entered a poem entitled "Oh, Hawk of Mercy!" in the university's annual Van Rensselaer poetry contest, and received notice that her offering was far and away the best of those submitted. The judges told her, however, that she couldn't have the prize, on the technical ground that she was only an extension student. Mrs. Edge thought of raising a row about it in a brief, hard-hitting pamphlet, but finally decided to let the matter slide. She often tells friends these days that she is much mellower than she was, but Dr. Van Name, for one, finds her spirit undiminished. "We quarrel," he said recently. "Yes, we quarrel a good deal. But not for long. She's unique in this field. She's the only honest, unselfish, indomitable hellcat in the history of conservation."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

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[*From the Columbia Encyclopedia*]

When William Rufus was killed, Henry [Henry I] by a sort of coup d'état obtained the English crown . . . crushing the nobles who were defiant of his rigorous rule. . . . Henry went to the Continent and after long campaigns won a great victory at Tinchebrai (1106) and committed his brother to lifelong imprisonment. . . . Henry's reign continued to be troubled by uprisings in Normandy centering about Robert's son, William the Clito, and encouraged by Louis VI of France who was almost constantly at war with him. . . . Henry's attempt to force her [Matilda's] succession on the barons led to the long civil war between Stephen and Matilda. Henry's reign was one of order and progress.

•

MR. ABRAMSON, MEET MR. SMITH

Graziano does not make a habit of knocking out Horne. The bout tonight followed the pattern, more or less, of their previous meeting in Madison Square Garden in January, 1946. Horne, bouncing around on his toes and moving around all the time, jabbed and circled and retreated and rarely presented a set target for the ring-rusty champion.—*Jesse Abramson in the Herald Tribune.*

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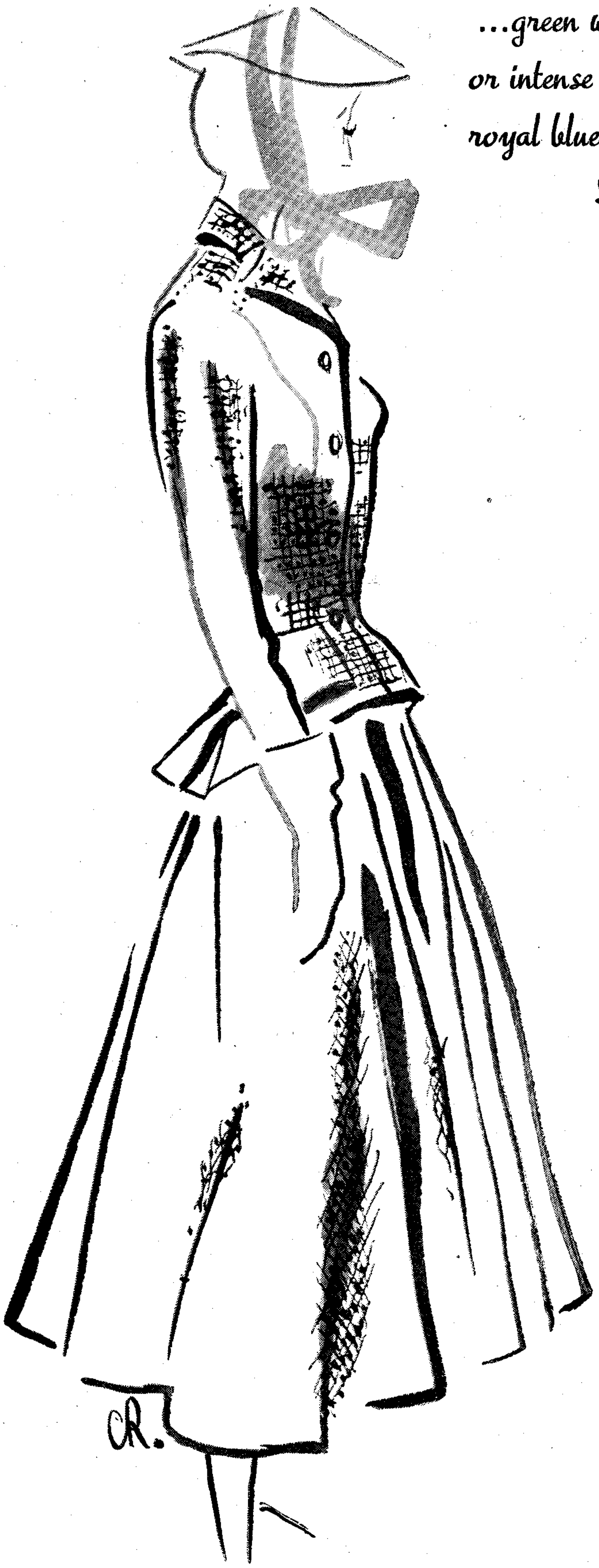

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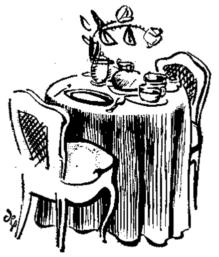
TABLES FOR TWO

Violence on Fifty-eighth Street

I'VE never been to a Hollywood première, but I've seen photographs and read accounts of such events, and I imagine that the surges of the angry mob, the clawing and scratching, and the fighting for position must be very like what takes place every night at 128 East Fifty-eighth Street, in the lobby of what used to be Café Society Uptown. The reason for this tumult is the burgeoning of a new and imposing night club, Le Directoire, and the presence of an almost cyclonic song-and-dance act put on by five agile and inexhaustible performers—Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers—who had been lifted almost beyond the human plane by the constant beat-beat-beat of publicity prior to their arrival in New York. Since nothing is more relaxing than the spectacle of backbreaking labor on the part of others, there's a fascination in the amount of pure physical energy generated by these five during a show. Every number—and there are few pauses between for nonessentials like bows and smiles—is run off with the intensity of the second-act finale of a musical comedy, when everybody onstage is striving to make a good impression before the curtain falls. The Williams Brothers bounce onto the floor shouting some kind of welcoming song and flinging themselves about with such faultless unanimity of movement that they appear to be one person reflected in a set of mirrors. Kay Thompson, dressed in pink satin slacks, follows them, waving her hands and singing her hellos, while Ted Straeter's band churns up a tremendous fanfare. Then, suddenly, you are in the midst of something about a jubilee down South, with the angular Miss Thompson hurrying about the stage, leaping into the air every now and then with the odd grace peculiar to the very long-legged, while the Williams Brothers follow her about, grouping themselves into various formations around her as she sings and stamps. Before you have half got the idea of the thing, Miss Thompson is relating, in her harsh, cultivated voice, the sad romantic experience of a factory worker from Flatbush, and the Brothers, always in the background, are impersonating the machines at the factory and the fun houses and merry-go-rounds at Coney Island. This is a delightful confection, making exactly the right use of the group's mechanical talents. I can't say the same for the much ballyhooed Noel Coward parody, perhaps because it's the only piece that depends not on team drill but on dialogue. The show is certainly not remarkable for humor; there are a few comic flashes, but Miss Thompson has clearly favored speed and enthusiasm over comedy. In the hands of a less polished and professional crew, that decision could have had painful results.



As for the room, the tantalizing mobile that used to hang from the ceiling when Café Society was on the premises has been removed, and chandeliers with huge, frosted globes like the ones in front of police stations have been substituted, but there's still a welcome impression of space. One of the establishment's most pleasing new features is Ted Straeter's orchestra, which is tucked away inconspicuously in a corner of the room. I'm beginning to think that Mr. Straeter has just about the best *dance* band in these parts; his music is neither soupy nor pyrotechnic, his own piano work is resplendent, and his choice of tunes shows taste and resourcefulness.

THERE'S an exceptionally good show just now, but of a more standard variety, at Café Society Downtown. The star is Timmie Rogers, a young colored boy with a straw hat and a set of outsize white teeth that I am forced to assume must be real. Dancing about on his toes like a frightened middleweight, he bellows a series of preposterous songs, occasionally without rhyme and frequently without title, that have the appealing crudity of the songs children make up for themselves. As children do, he sometimes gets a bit too fresh to be palatable, however. An equally animated figure is Gene Rodgers, a member, and an enormous one, of that school of jazz pianists who strain and groan over the keys as if they were being tortured. Mr. Rodgers plays as well when he is standing or squatting as he does when he is sitting down. His rendition of "No-Name Boogie," with the piano shaking and shuddering under his blows, is quite spectacular. Another of his numbers is Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance," which I'd never heard translated into jazz before; I was

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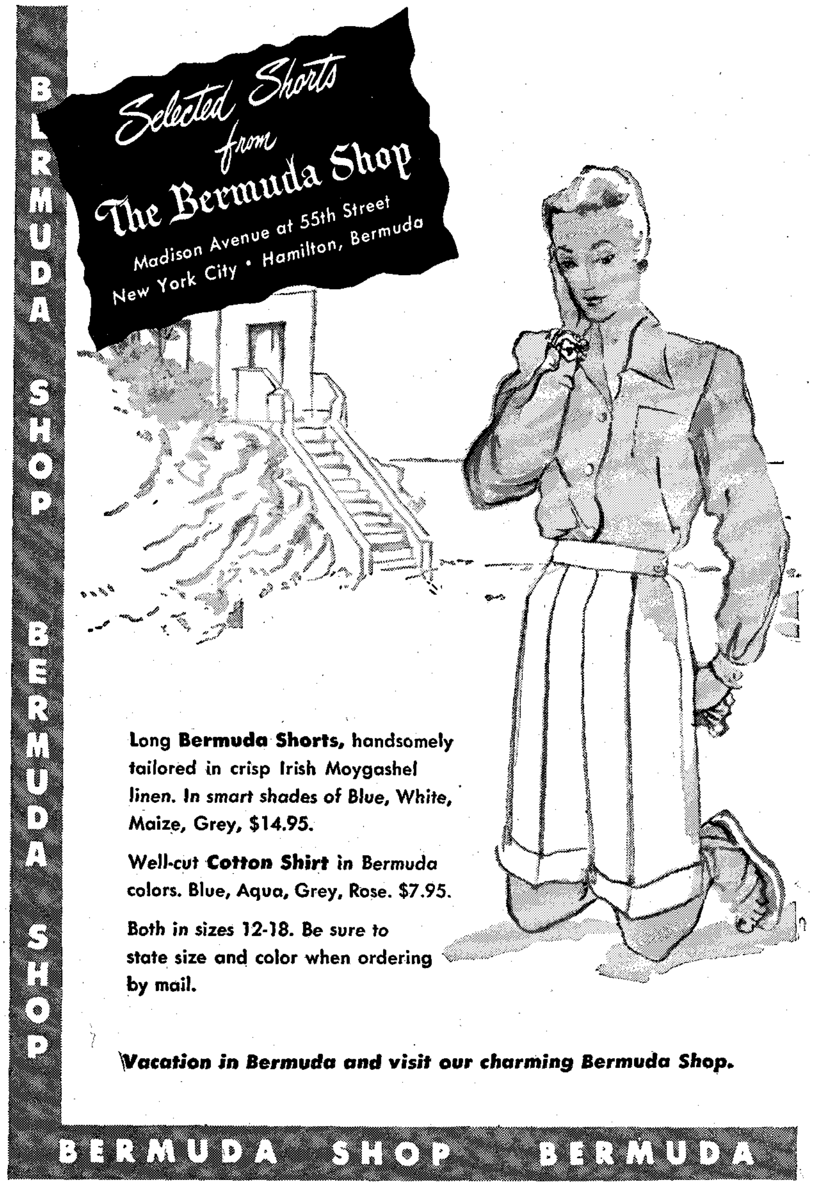
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surprised to find just how slight the transition is.

PETE SEEGER, the ballad singer, is back at the Village Vanguard strumming his banjo and telling wistfully of incredible events in places like Texas, Tennessee. His repertoire is so extensive that I've never heard him repeat a number in all the times I've seen him. The other night, his program included a yodelling ballad and a breezy tale about the familiar John Henry, which, while not altogether up to his usual mark, at least have the virtues of authenticity and novelty. These virtues, I fear, are sometimes not possessed by Mary McCarty, a frenzied comedienne on the same bill. When I saw her, she spent a large portion of her time imitating a dowager singing operatic arias at a party, which made me wonder if I don't move in odd circles, because I've yet to hear a dowager sing so much as "Happy Birthday" at a party. Perhaps I'm just lucky.

OVER at the Blue Angel, a place that won't let a good thing get away, the only change you'll find in Alice Pearce is that her hats are somewhat less dilapidated than they were last year, in concession, I suppose, to the new femininity. She and Mark Lawrence, who accompanies her on the piano, continue to combine well-established tunes with incongruous lyrics and come up with highly comic results. My favorite bouillabaisses are "Night and Day" to the tune of "Nola," the telephone directory to the tune of "Reuben, Reuben," and one, supposedly written for Mistinguett's masseuse, called "Un mélange de la Atchison, Topeka, and la Santa Fe," to the tune of heaven knows what. That sort of thing, together with Miss Pearce's nervous giggle and her way of mopping her brow with a leopard skin between numbers, makes her one of my favorite comediennes. —F. L.

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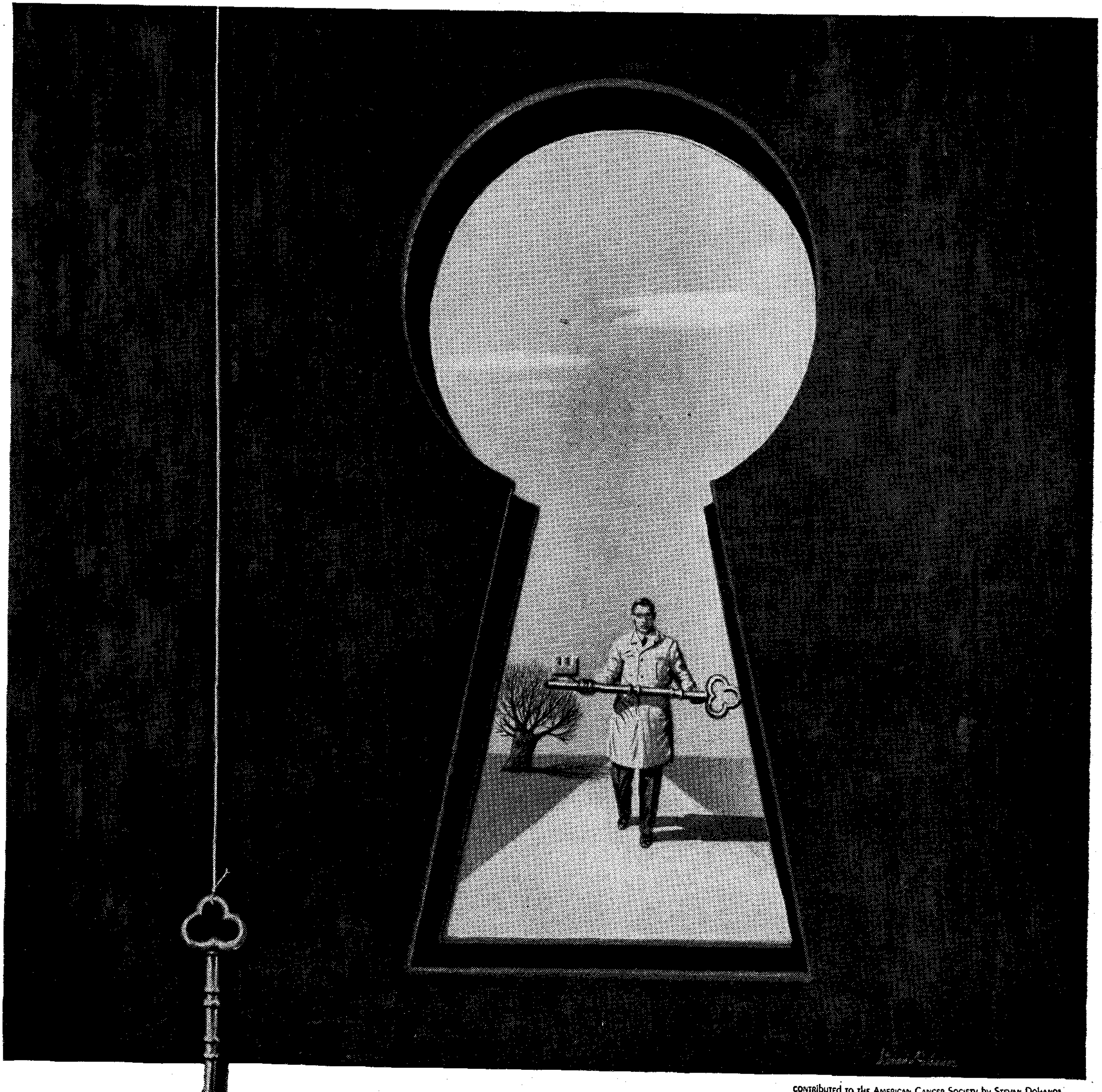

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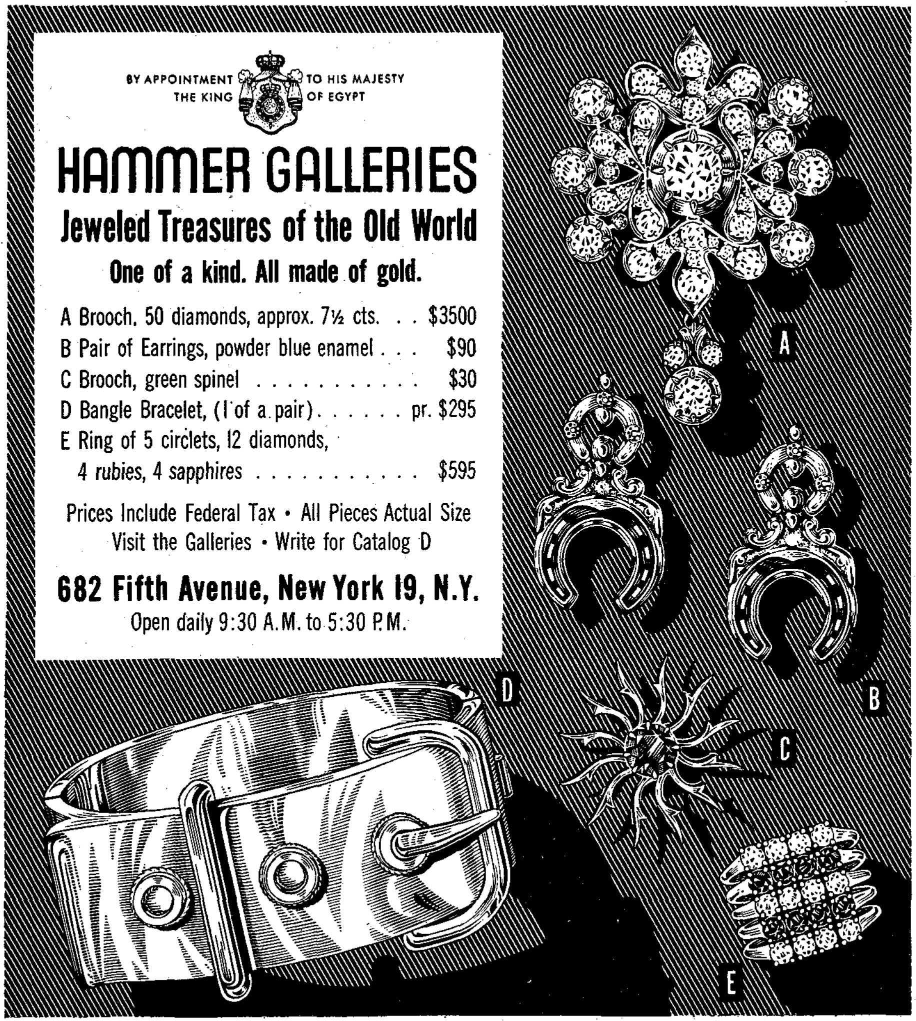

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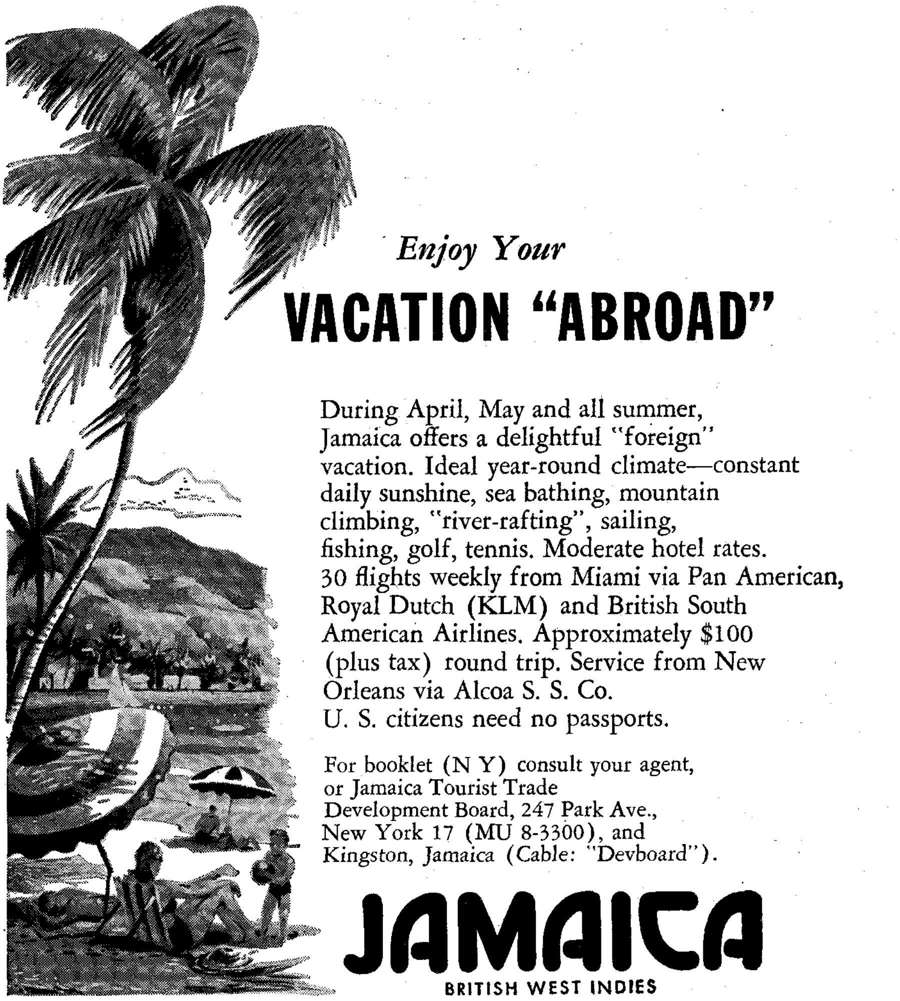

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There has been widespread approval of the appointment of Paul G. Hoffman, the president of the Studebaker Corporation, as head of the Economic Coöperation Administration. The general feeling is that he will know how to build the machine and make it run.

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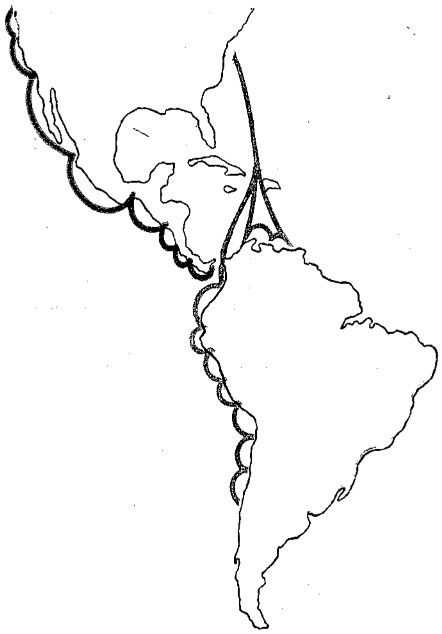

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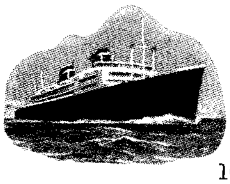

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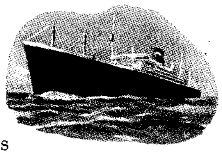

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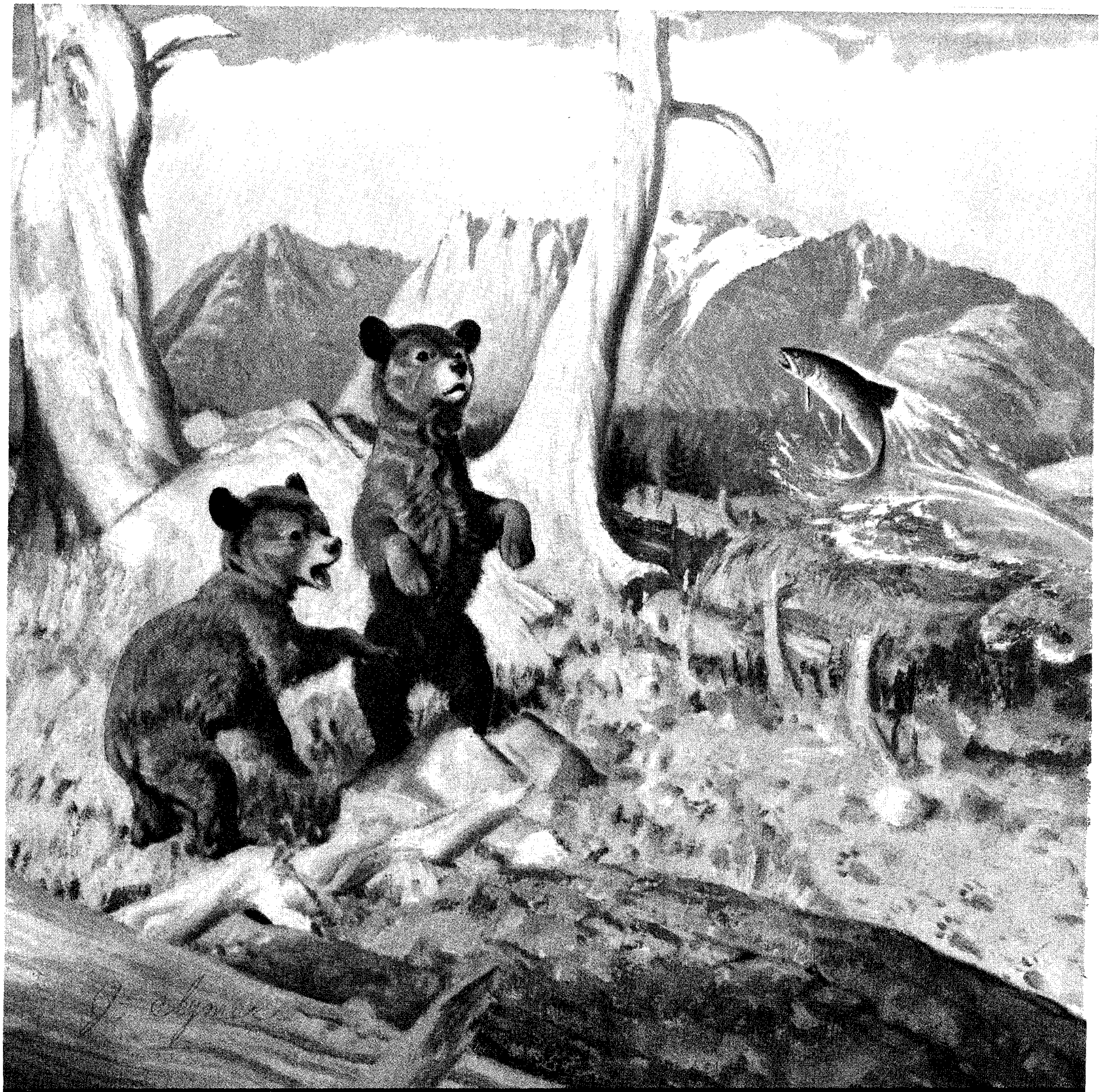

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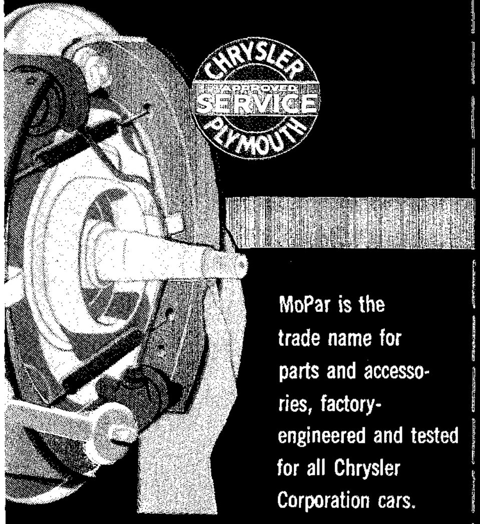
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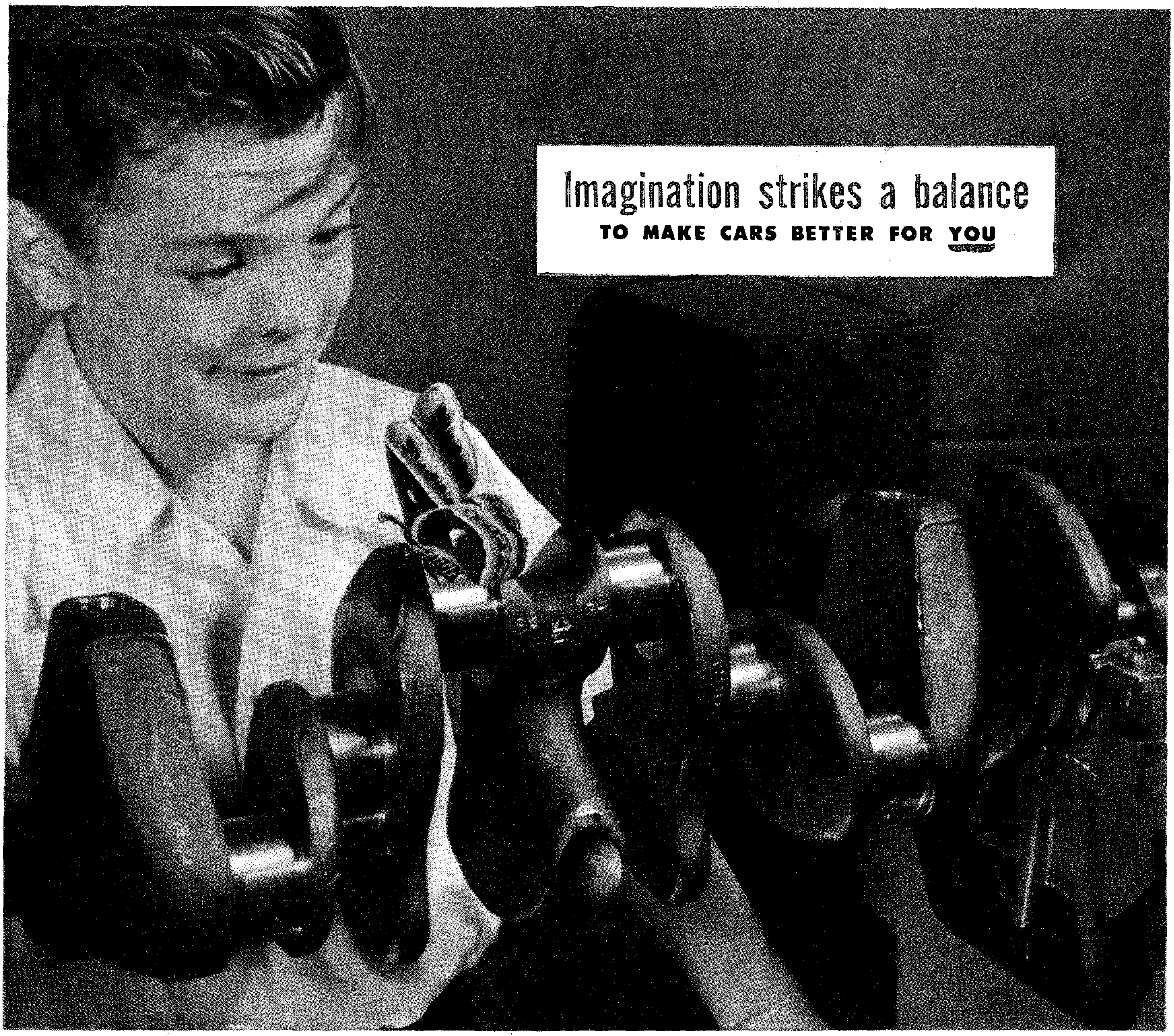

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THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST

DOWN to World War I, the late Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, lived a strictly bourgeois life in the horse latitudes of upper Broadway, a region then chiefly inhabited by white-collar workers who were slightly but not much above the rank of slaves. His modest quarters were in an apartment house with bumpy ornaments of terra cotta outside and a friendly smell of home cooking within. The somewhat grand entrance was flanked by a delicatessen to one side and an up-and-coming drugstore to the other. It was a place almost as remote to me, a chronic stranger in New York, as the Jersey Meadows, but I made the trip to it often, for Dreiser, in those days, was being strafed unmercifully by the Comstocks, and I was eager to give him some aid. Besides, I liked him very much and greatly enjoyed hearing him discourse in his ponderous, indignant way, suggesting both the sermons of a Lutheran pastor and the complaints of a stegosaurus with a broken leg.

His remarks, to be sure, sometimes set my teeth on edge, for I was a born earthworm and he had an itch for such transcendental arcana as spiritualism, crystal gazing, numerology, and the Freudian rumble-bumble, then a scandalous novelty in the world. Once, landing in his den on a rainy night, I found him nose to nose with an elderly female who undertook to penetrate the future by scanning the leaves in a teacup. She predicted in my presence that he was about to be railroaded to jail by the Comstocks, and added that he'd be lucky if he got off with less than five years in Sing Sing. Inasmuch as he was then sweating away at two books and eager to finish the manuscripts and collect advances, this threw him into a considerable dither, and it took me an hour to restore him to normalcy after I had shooed the sorceress out.

But in realms less unearthly we got on quite well. He believed, and argued with some heat, that the human race was the damnedest collection of vermin in the sidereal universe, and against this I could think of nothing to say. If we differed on the point, it was only because he excepted all ruined farm girls and the majority of murderers, whereas my own bill of exceptions was confined to the classical composers, Joseph Conrad, and a bartender in Baltimore named Monahan. Dreiser believed that every politician alive, including especially the reformers, should be hanged forthwith, and I went along without cavil. The same for social workers, with stress on the so-called trained ones. The same for all persons having any sort of connection with Wall Street. The same for pedagogues of all ranks. The same for the rev. clergy of every known persuasion. The same for hundred-per-cent Americans. When it came to authors, we again differed slightly, for there were then, besides Conrad, half a dozen whom I admired more or less—as artists, if not as men. But Dreiser, in my hearing, never praised any save Frank Norris, who had whooped up Dreiser's own first novel, "Sister Carrie," and Harris Merton Lyon, a young short-story writer, now forgotten. He also had some respect for Balzac, but not much; I recall that he once declared that all Frenchmen were too ornery for so humane a mortuary tool as the guillotine. He read the Russians but denounced them unanimously as psychopaths of marked homosexual and homicidal tendencies. Dickens he consigned to the bilge deck of his private Gehenna, along with Howells, Henry James, and H. G. Wells. Even when it came to Arnold Bennett, who, on landing in New York, had told the gaping reporters that "Sister Carrie" was one of the greatest novels of all time, the most he would concede was that Bennett was probably tight or full of dope at the time, and hence not up to the customary viciousness of an Englishman.

WHAT caused this highly orthodox citizen, almost between days, to throw off the shroud of correctness and precipitate himself into Greenwich Village is more than I can tell you, though I knew him well and pondered the question at length. The Village in that era had a very dubious reputation, and deserved it. Nine-tenths of the alleged writers and artists who infested it lived on women, chiefly from the small towns of the Middle West, and I never heard

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of one who produced anything worth a hoot. Whenever, in the pursuit of my duties as a literary critic, I denounced the whole population as fraudulent and nefarious, the elders of the community always threw up Eugene O'Neill and (later) Dreiser himself as shining disproofs, but O'Neill had actually made off at sight of the first refugee from Elwood, Indiana, and Dreiser was a famous man before he moved to Tenth Street. The typical Village ménage was made up of a Cubist painter who aspired to do covers for pulp magazines and a corn-fed gal who labored at an erotic novel and paid the bills. This gal, in the standard case, was the daughter of a rural usurer who had died leaving her three thousand dollars a year in seven-per-cent farm mortgages. Until her father's executors cabbaged the money, she was a rich woman, and a rich woman, in Schmidtsville, was a target of intolerable scandal and contumely. If her I.Q. was above 7 or 8, it inevitably occurred to her, soon or late, that her dreadful experiences would make a powerful novel, so she entrained for New York and sought the encouragement of aesthetic society. She got it without delay, for the resident bucks heard of her the moment she crossed Fourteenth Street, and fought for her ferociously. If she was above the average in guile, she made the winner marry her, but this was seldom necessary, and when it happened, the marriage did not outlast her money.

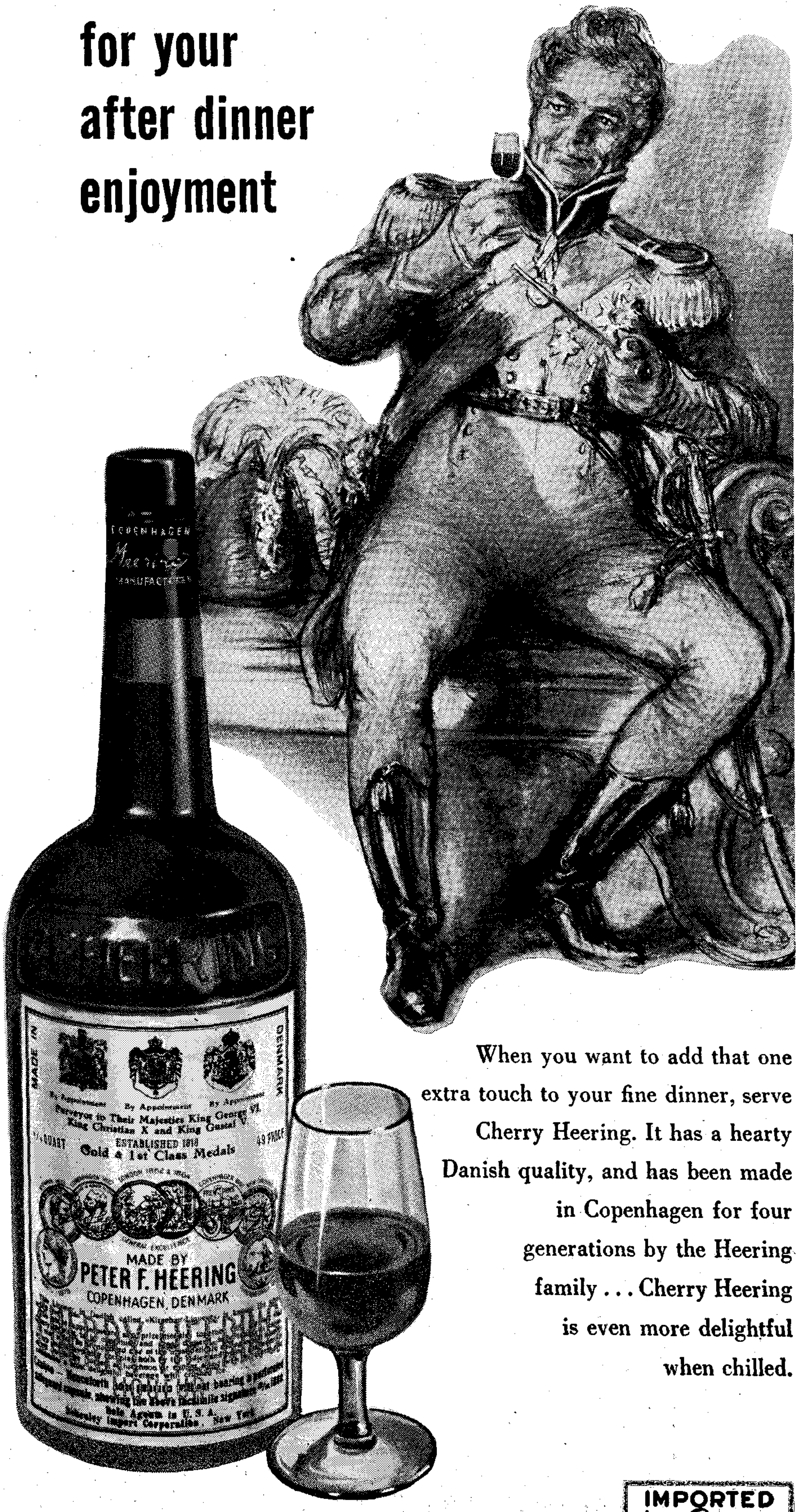
Dreiser, moving to Tenth Street, found himself in a dense mass of such Little Red Riding Hoods and their attendant wolves. They swarmed in all the adjacent courts and alleys, and spilled out into the main streets and even into Washington Square. He had no more than unpacked his quills and inkhorn and hung up his other suit when they began to besiege him, for the gals all believed that his word was law with magazine editors, and their parasites were well aware that he knew every art director in New York. They barged in on him at all hours, but chiefly between 10 P.M. and 3 A.M., and the gals all brought manuscripts for him to read. I once found him with his desk surrounded by a breastwork of such scripts at least three feet high, and in a corner was a stack of canvases showing women with purple hair, mouths like the jaws of Hell, gem-set umbilici, and three or four vermilion and strabismic eyes. He was then virtually a teetotaller, but soon he had to lay in booze for the entertainment of his guests. Their tastes, it appeared, ran to liqueurs of the more exotic kinds, and they were not slow to ask for them. He then made his first acquaintance with such fancy goods as mescal, arrack, Danziger Goldwasser, and slivovitz, and had to take to massive nightcaps of bicarbonate of soda. Once, a lady poet induced him to try a few whiffs of marijuana, and his sensations were so alarming that he preached a crusade against it for years afterward.

All this cost him more money than he could afford, for the Comstockian assault had cut off his book royalties, and his magazine market was much depleted. Moreover, his working hours were invaded by his visitors, many of whom stayed a long while, and there were days when he couldn't write a line. He was a very kindly man, and the memory of his own early difficulties made him push tolerance of neophytes to the edge of folly. One night, a bulky pythoness from the Western Reserve of Ohio broke into his studio, helped herself to half a bottle of *crème de violette*, and proceeded to read to him the manuscript of a historical novel running to four hundred and fifty thousand words. He got rid of her only by what the insurance policies call an act of God. That is to say, a fire broke out in one of the art-and-love warrens across the street, and when the firemen came roaring up and began fetching aesthetes down their ladders, the pythoness took fright and ran off. The next day, he had an extra lock put on his door, which opened directly into the street, but it worked so badly that it often locked him in without locking the Village literati out. After that, he shoved an armchair against the door, but they soon learned how to climb over it.

TOWARD the end of 1916, the Comstocks closed in on Dreiser with psalteries sounding and tom-toms rolling, and many of his fellow-authors began to take alarm, for if he could be suppressed for a few banal episodes of calf love in his latest book, "The 'Genius,'" then the whole fraternity might find itself facing an idiotic and ruinous censorship. Accordingly, a manifesto was circulated protesting against the attack on him, and a number of bigwigs signed it. William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, and a few lesser old fellows of the prissier sort refused to do so, but most of the other authors of any consequence stepped up eagerly, and in a little while the paper had a hundred or more important signatures. But then Dreiser himself took a hand in gathering them, and the first list he turned in threw the committee into a panic. For all the quacks of the Village, hearing what was afoot, rushed up to get some publicity out of signing, and their new neighbor was far too amiable to refuse them. This list and those that followed day by day were really quite extraordinary documents, for a good half of the signers had never had anything printed in magazines above the level of the pulps, and the rest had never seen print at all. The nascent Communists of the time—they were then thought of as harmless cranks—were all there, and so were the poetical advocates of free love, the professional atheists, and the great rabble of yearning females from the Cow States. The Harlem poets signed unanimously. Not a few of the hand-painted-oil-painter signatories were being pursued by the indignant mothers of runaway daughters, and several of the etchers were under police scrutiny for filling the Village art shoppes with aphrodisiacal steals from Anders Zorn.

When Dreiser began sending in the signatures of psychoanalysts—they were then called sexologists, and their books had a great undercover sale—the committee howled in earnest, and there ensued an unseemly wrangle between the beneficiary of the manifesto and its promoters. The latter had common sense on their side, but Dreiser was too adamantine a man to be moved by any such consideration. All his fellow-Villagers, of course, leaped up to defend him and themselves, and one night when I waited on him in Tenth Street I found him palavering with a delegation that insisted that he insist on retaining the signature of a Buddhist writer from Altoona, Pennsylvania, who had been collared that very day for contributing to the delinquency of a minor; to wit, a psychopathic free-verse poetess from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. It made me dizzy to see how easily they fetched him. They had not got out a hundred words before he was pledging his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor to the Buddhist, who had got out on bail and was present in person, in a mail-order suit of clothes, with a towel wrapped around his head. I slunk out much depressed, determined to advise the committee to disband at once and tear up its manifesto, but that, happily, was never necessary, for soon afterward the Comstocks began to flush other game, and Dreiser was forgotten.

As I have said, his flat was on the ground floor of the old house he lived in, and its door opened directly upon the street. It was comfortable enough during the first six months of his occupancy, but then excavations began for



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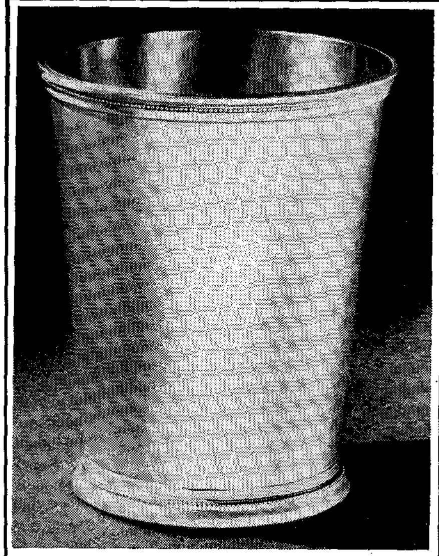

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the Seventh Avenue subway, and the eastern edge thereof ran along his wall. The tearing down of the house next door did not bother him much, for in the throes of literary endeavor he had a high power of concentration, but when the gangs of workmen got down to the rocks underlying Manhattan Island and began rending them with great blasts of explosives, he sometimes made heavy weather of it. More than once, his whole collection of avant-garde art came tumbling from his walls, and on several occasions he was bounced out of bed in the middle of the night. Such adventures gave him nightmares, and even when no dynamite was going off, he dreamed of being pursued by hyenas, lawyers, social workers, and other authropophagi. But the most curious of his experiences in those days did not have to do with detonations but with a quiet neighbor who occupied the basement under his apartment. In the New York fashion, Dreiser had had no truck with this neighbor, and, in fact, didn't know his name, but now and then the man could be seen ducking in or out of the areaway at the front of the house. He operated some sort of machine downstairs, faintly audible between blasts in the larval subway, and Dreiser assumed that he was a tailor, and so gave him no thought.

ONE day, there was a ring at the front door, and when Dreiser opened it, three men wearing derby hats brushed past him into his apartment. An ordinary author might have been alarmed, but Dreiser was an old newspaper reporter, and hence recognized them at sight as police detectives. Keeping their hats on, they got down to business at once. Who was the man who lived below? What was his name? What sort of trade did he carry on? Did he ever have any visitors? If so, who were they, and at what time of day did they visit him? Dreiser replied that he knew nothing about the fellow and couldn't answer. He had seen and heard no visitors, though the place might be swarming with them without his knowledge. Well, then what sound *did* he hear? Dreiser mentioned an occasional subdued thumping, as of a sewing machine. Was that in the morning, in the afternoon, or in the evening? Dreiser, urging his memory, replied that he had heard it at all hours. After midnight? Probably not after midnight. After eleven o'clock? Perhaps. After ten o'clock? Yes. Was it loud or soft? Soft. How long did it go on at a stretch? Sometimes half an hour; sometimes less; sometimes more. Did he hear any heavy weights being thrown about? No. Any clank or clink of metal? He couldn't recall any. Did the neighbor look suspicious when he used the areaway? Did he peer up and down the street? Did anyone ever meet him? What sort of clothes did he wear? Did he ever carry packages?

By this time, Dreiser was growing tired of his callers, and invited them to go to hell. They showed no resentment but did not move. Instead, they became confidential. The man below, they revealed in whispers, was a counterfeiter —one of the leaders of the profession. He made half dollars out of solder melted from old tin cans, and what seemed to be his sewing machine was a contraption for casting them. The dicks said that they were preparing even now to raid and jug him. Half a block down the street, two federal agents waited with a truck, and he would be taken with all his paraphernalia. Of the three cops now in attendance, one would guard the areaway and the two others would climb down through the subway excavation and rush him from the rear. As for Dreiser, he was instructed on pain of prosecution to keep his mouth shut and maintain complete immobility. If he so much as walked into his rear bedroom, it might scare the culprit off. Meanwhile, a few last questions. Had the counterfeiter ever tried to work off any bogus half dollars on him, or proposed that he help work them off on others? Had Dreiser ever smelled burning lead? Had he ever noticed any glare of flame at night? Had there been any excessive heat, as from a furnace? Had he heard any banging, bumping, booping, or bubbling?

Dreiser now renewed his invitation to his visitors to go to hell, and this time they departed. He waited a few minutes and then peeped out of the bedroom window that gave onto the yard in the rear. The two cops of the storming party were having a hard time crawling and

stumbling through the subway crater, but eventually they made it and began thumping on the basement's rear door. When they got no answer, they borrowed a scantling from a subway foreman and proceeded to batter the door down. Once they were inside, Dreiser began to see copy for one of his novels in the affair and took to the excavation himself. By the time he got to the door, muddy and bruised, the dicks were preparing to depart. While they had been sweating him upstairs, the counterfeiter had made tracks, and not only had made tracks but had taken his machine with him, and not only his machine but also his spare clothes (if any) and all his secret documents. There was nothing left save half a dozen defective counterfeit coins on the floor and a note on the table. It was written in a good, round hand and read:

> Please notify the Gas Company to shut off the gas.

—H. L. MENCKEN

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST AND THE TRANSPARENT WEST

[*Text of a sign on a billboard in Tokyo as shown in a photograph distributed by International News Photos to Hearst papers*]

TO AVOID THE WORLD CRISIS AND THE MANKIND ANNIHALATION.

Movement to elect Gen. MacArthur the next American President.

Address by Mr. Toshio Oda near the Sukiyabashi (Bridge) police box.

At 4:30 P.M. Mar. 17th.

MESSAGE

We tell our dear American people. The world is now in the midst of crisis. Now the human race annihalation is near at hand. It is our duty and previlege to avoid the crisis and prevent the annihalation of mankind. So, we hope heartily and earnestly that Gen. MacArthur will be elected the next American president. We thank Gen. MacArthur for his morality shown in the occupation policy in Japan, and the Japanese people and the world peaple realize his morality. Not only the Japanese people but the world people will wish that Gen. MacArthur, a living saint will be elected the next American president to prevent the annihalation of all the world people. Our dear American people, please elect Gen. MacArthur the next president for the word peace and mankind.

Mar 16 1948 Toshiyo Oda

[*A note to editors, attached to the photograph, reads as follows*]

This photograph shows a closeup of signs used in Tokyo, with speeches by Toshiyo Oda, Japanese contractor, advocating the election of General Douglas MacArthur. . . .

CHIEF INSTRUCTS ALL EDITORS TO PRINT ON PAGE ONE DAILY, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, A PHOTO OF GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR IN ASSOCIATION WITH IMPORTANT NEWS DISPLAY.

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THE RACE TRACK

Better and Better

ANY doubts I may have had, and I admit that I had strong ones, about the ability of My Request to win at more than a mile were scattered to the wind last weekend. For that matter, almost everything at Jamaica last week was scattered to the wind, which was very powerful indeed. I'd like to point out, though, that My Request won the mile-and-a-sixteenth Experimental Free Handicap No. 2 more easily than he won the six-furlong Experimental No. 1 a fortnight ago. On Saturday, he was never worse than third, and he took the lead more than a quarter of a mile from home, when Ace Admiral, who finished fifth, tired after setting the early pace. Of course, a few curmudgeons insisted that My Request's performance really wasn't much, partly because his time—1:46⅕—was slow (so was Assault's in his early races two years ago) and partly because an 86–1 shot named Pennon, to whom My Request gave fourteen pounds, came in second. Well, *I* think that this victory will do handsomely until My Request's next start, in the Wood Memorial, a week from Saturday, when he'll meet Better Self. I shall need a purely dispassionate attitude, an astrolabe, and three ouija boards to pick that one.

To take up the disappointments in the Experimental, Ace Admiral, who had beaten Whirling Fox earlier in the week, now probably won't run in the Kentucky Derby but instead will train for his engagements at Jamaica and Belmont. Regarding Escadru, who came in sixth, I can't make up my mind whether he is not the stout fellow I thought he was or whether he was done in by a change of tactics. Heretofore, he always started slowly and finished well; on Saturday, he tried hard to keep up with My Request for six furlongs and then went all to pieces. As for Salmagundi, who was eighth, and last, he had worked nicely and certainly looked fit, but when the time came to run, he couldn't raise a good gallop. On form, he was about the best of his age at Santa Anita; after all, he won the Derby there. Now I'm wondering

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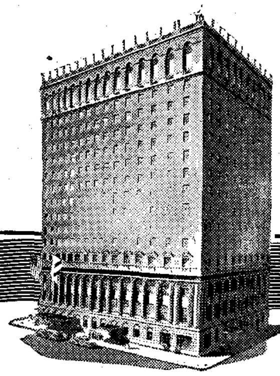

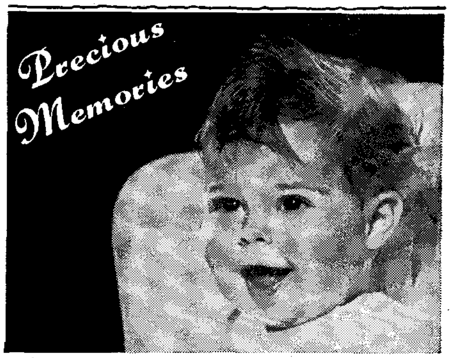

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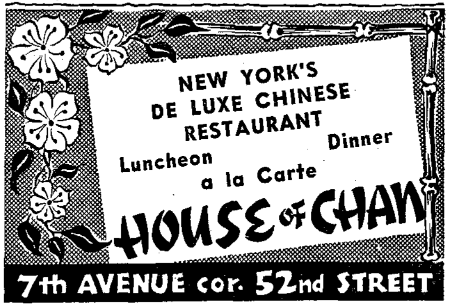

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Brass Candlesticks

what sort of three-year-olds were out in California last winter.

RACING at Jamaica seemed pretty thin last week to almost everybody except the supporters of Ben Whitaker's stable. His winners included not only My Request but also Carolyn A., who brought off a 12–1 chance in the Correction Handicap early in the week, and Miss Request, who won an overnight race on Saturday. Diogenes Checkpoints reports that a lot of quick-thinking horseplayers rang up their bookmakers that night and claimed that they had bet on Miss Request, not My Request. You see, My Request was only even money in the Experimental, while Miss Request paid $25.40 for her win. You can't blame the boys for trying.

BECAUSE the weather has been no help to training, few of the better two-year-olds have been out yet this season. The handsomest youngster I've seen under colors so far is a colt by Count Fleet, called Ennobled, who the clockers whisper is William Helis's best. As you'd expect, he was heavily backed for his first start the other afternoon, but, as so often happens in such cases, he finished out of the money. Don't forget him, however. When he settles down, he'll be worth having a ticket on. The winner of the race that Ennobled ran in was Lands End, a colt by Tintagel. He paid a fifty-dollar mutuel and is also worth keeping an eye on. He had equalled a track record in the recent trials at Aiken, but almost nobody remembered that until the race at Jamaica was over. Incidentally, Lands End is one of those partnership horses. He is owned jointly by three members of Alfred Vanderbilt's entourage: Louis Cherry, his valet; Lee McCoy, his trainer; and J. C. Mergler, a former jockey, who is now his stable foreman. Several weeks ago, Fred Astaire inquired if the colt was for sale. The owners replied that he wasn't. They haven't changed their minds.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

EPITAPH

FOR A CERTAIN HONEST WRITER WHO
LATELY WAS HIRED TO WORK IN HOLLYWOOD AND SO DIED YOUNG

A dozen mourned when he was dead,
And they deplored his attitude,
But millions sat and watched his head
Served on a silver platitude.

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serve these superb cordials
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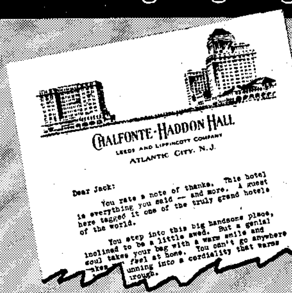
"What a tingling sight!"



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You step into this big handsome place, inclined to be a little awed. But a genial soul takes your bag with a warm smile and makes you feel at home. You can't go anywhere without running into a cordiality that warms you all through.

Dear Jack:

You rate a note of thanks. This hotel is everything you said—and more. A guest here tagged it one of the truly grand hotels of the world.

You step into this big handsome place, inclined to be a little awed. But a genial soul takes your bag with a warm smile and makes you feel at home. You can't go anywhere without running into a cordiality that warms you all through.

My room fronts on the Boardwalk and the ocean. I got up this morning to see the sun rise. Wow, what a tingling sight! You're dead right about the Derbyshire Lounge. I've seen a lot of cocktail rooms, but this is the most charming of them all.

Be back Monday; now up to the tower for a couple games of squash.

Yours,
Bill

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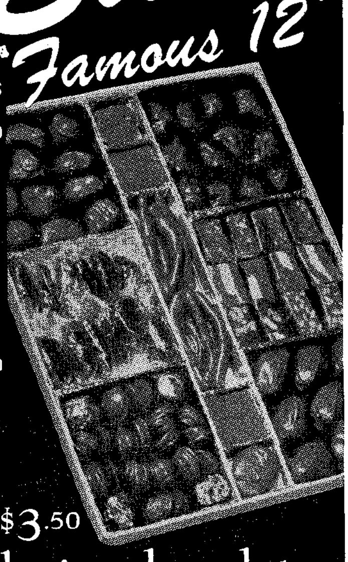

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THE IMPORTANT HOUSE

IN the breakfast room of the new house, Mrs. Blakeley picked up the phone that was plugged in there and called a Beverly Hills number. After a pause, the operator said, "I am sorry, but all my Crestview circuits are busy." Mrs. Blakeley banged the phone down in exasperation. Her husband came through a sliding glass door from the paved terrace and walked across the pale flax carpeting as if he were stepping over eggs.

"Can't you forget it, Irene?" he asked.

"How can I forget it?" Mrs. Blakeley asked. "Wentzell's took the couch a month ago and they said it would take only two weeks to make the slipcovers."

"Well, if you can't get it, you can't," Blakeley said. It was a Saturday morning, and he was hanging around the house before going over to the club for some golf. He put his hand on one of the large sliding panels of glass that made up the whole south side of the house and gave it a playful push. It responded with a quick, easy movement that made him smile with satisfaction. He went to the built-in settee that formed an open angle around one side of the fireplace and ran his hand over the base of a lamp that was set on the plywood unit back of the settee. One end of the unit enclosed a radio and record-player.

"Lamp looks good here," he said. "Glad I bought it. Before we built the house, I never knew one lamp from another. French modern."

"It's a very nice lamp," said Mrs. Blakeley, "but what am I going to do about the couch? The photographer and Mr. Aidan are coming today."

Blakeley pulled the glass panel back and looked up at the ceiling. There was a trough along it for indirect lighting. He was an aircraft engineer, and he liked the way the house worked. They had moved into it a month ago. Morgan Aidan, the architect, had been sure they would move in two months before that. Mr. Aidan had also been sure it would cost eighteen thousand dollars, which was what they had got for the old one, but it had cost twenty-five. The Blakeleys didn't blame Mr. Aidan; they just blamed the times. Unexpected complications had come up in connection with the radiant heating; there was suddenly no copper tubing in all of Los Angeles; the pouring of the cement slab for the foundations had been delayed; and so on. Then the cabinetmaker who was assembling the built-in settees and radio unit and the built-in couch broke his arm while surf-bathing at Malibu. Mr. Aidan couldn't get someone else because the grain of the ash plywood had to be matched perfectly or the whole room would have been spoiled. It would make all the difference in the world in the way they would feel about the living room later, Mr. Aidan had maintained. It took such a long time for the cabinetmaker to recover that the built-in couch for the north end of the living room had not even been started when they moved in, and Mr. Aidan had said that since they had waited so long, they might as well wait a little longer and have some fabric woven for the couch. It was always more satisfactory having one's own fabric woven, he thought. So Mrs. Blakeley had put her old couch there in the vacant spot in the living room. It had looked very shabby in the cool chain of pastel stretching along the glass, and she had decided to get slipcovers for it. She had called Mr. Aidan, and he had sent her some swatches of color. She had taken them to Wentzell's, in Beverly Hills, and Mr. Wentzell had found some hand-blocked linen with all of Mr. Aidan's colors in it. It was a floral design—cornflowers, petunias, and some primroses. And now Mr. Aidan wanted photographs of the house—exterior and interior—and the couch wasn't back from Wentzell's.

"No use getting upset," Blakeley said. "Call the photographer and postpone it."

"Should I?"

"Why not? Everything else about the house has waited."

After several tries, she got the photographer. She told him about the couch and said, "And so, of course, we must postpone the pictures until next week." Then she listened for some time, and said, "Oh, I see," and "Oh, of course," and "No, I won't." After saying, "All right, goodbye," she hung up the phone very quietly.

"What did he say?" Blakeley asked.

"He said it was an important house," she told her husband, "and that if the pictures aren't taken today, they will miss the competition. They're to go in the *House & Garden* competition."

"They are? An important house, eh?"

Blakeley thought this over and found it pleasant. So did Mrs. Blakeley; she almost forgot about the couch.

Then the doorbell rang, and Blakeley found a man from Wentzell's standing there, and a moving van in the driveway.

"Hey!" he called. "It's the couch!"

Mrs. Blakeley stood at the door and watched it being unloaded. Blakeley stood behind her. "It's lovely!" she cried. They watched the men set the couch along the living-room wall where the built-in one would go when the cabinetmaker and the weaver got it ready. "Looks fine," said Blakeley, kissing his wife on the cheek. "Guess I'll go on to the club. You can handle the picture-taking, can't you?"

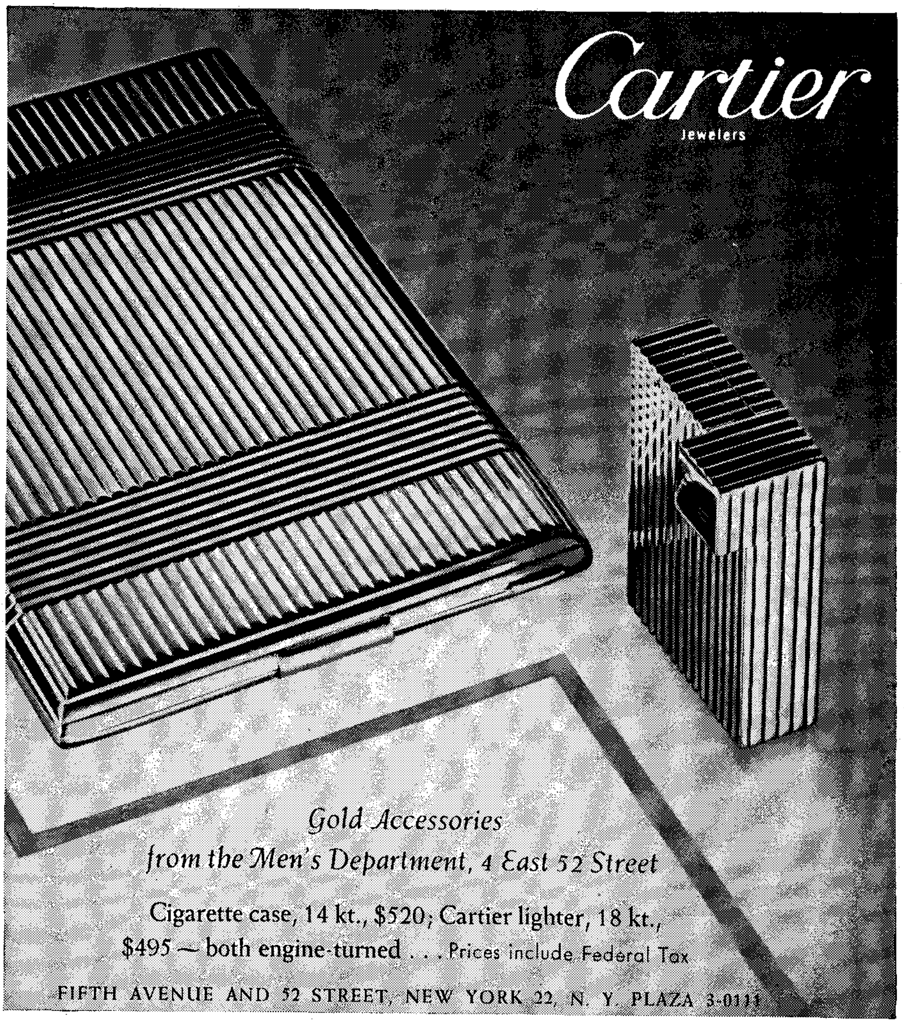
"Oh, I'll handle *that* all right," she said.

Mrs. Blakeley happily rearranged the silver pieces on the coffee table. Her aunt had given them to her, and she had polished them very carefully the night before. One was an old sugar bowl with claw feet; she had put book matches in it. Another was a candy dish; cigarettes were in that. She picked up a modern silver lighter and decided it wouldn't look right with the old silver. She hid it in a drawer. She looked around the room and was pleased. It *was* an important house. She had noticed that the modern houses were finding their way to the front of magazines like *House & Garden;* the Cape Cods were being pushed back among the lawnmower ads.

SOMETHING moved on the other side of the glass doors, and Mrs. Blakeley looked up and saw a man with an armful of branches leaning over and sticking them in the bare ground near the house. It was Mr. Aidan. The branches were cuttings from the eugenia hedge of her next-door neighbors, the Whitmans. She had seen them stacked at the curb the night before and had wondered when the trashman would come and take them away.

She slid open a glass panel and went out to speak to Mr. Aidan. He seemed preoccupied but smiled at her warmly and muttered something about "background." His eyes were sharp blue and hooded, like a bird's. He was tall, thin, and bald, with a fringe of reddish hair and a thatch of sandy eyebrows. Mrs. Blakeley heard a scraping sound behind her. She turned and saw the photographer. He was levelling off a shelf of ground on the terrace on the far side of the oval lawn. With his foot, he scraped away some newly rooted trailing lantana, and a pungent odor, not unlike juniper, rose in the morning air. He jabbed the tripod into the cultivated earth, adjusted the camera, and looked into it.

Mr. Aidan stopped planting the eugenia branches and walked thoughtfully along the blank wall of the bed-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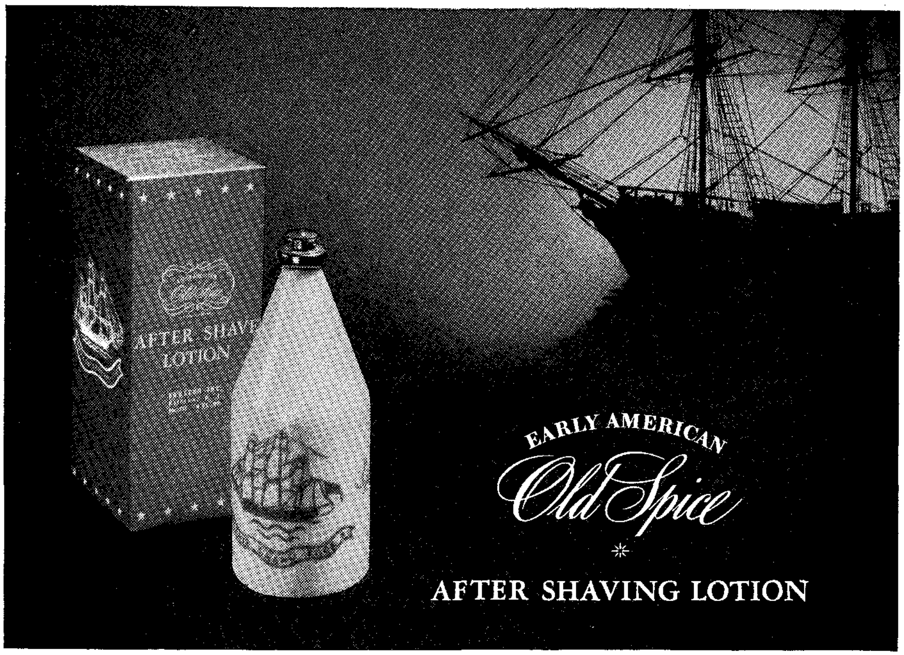

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room wing, which angled off from the living-room wing. He stopped and said, "Cut it here."

"That wall's pretty bare," the photographer said, coming out from behind the camera.

"Wait," Mr. Aidan said. He asked Mrs. Blakeley for a kitchen knife, and when she brought him one, he walked down to a slope planted with ivy and began cutting long strands.

"That isn't ours," Mrs. Blakeley said.

"It grows better if it's trimmed," Mr. Aidan replied.

After Mr. Aidan had cut a great deal of ivy, he began sticking it on the bare wall with Scotch Tape. Then he stood on a chair and hung some more ivy from the trellis over the paved terrace. As he worked, the photographer was moving the garden furniture. First, he picked up some new metal chairs and carried them around to the enclosed drying yard. Blakeley had put their old garden stuff in the drying yard to get it out of sight. The photographer came back carrying two old canvas chairs.

"What's wrong with the new chairs?" Mrs. Blakeley asked him.

"They were a little high," the photographer answered. He went back and looked into his camera some more, and then returned to the terrace, apparently dissatisfied.

"Perhaps I can help," Mrs. Blakeley suggested, but the photographer just shook his head and frowned.

Mr. Aidan, who had finished hanging the ivy, went to the edge of the lawn and looked over at the Whitmans' terrace. Then he called to the photographer and pointed. The photographer looked, turned back to Aidan, and nodded. They left together, and Irene watched them go over to the Whitmans' and examine their garden chairs. The chairs had low metal frames and were strung with white cord. She heard Mr. Aidan and the photographer talking to Mrs. Whitman. A few minutes later, they came back carrying two chairs and a low, glass-topped table. They set them on the terrace. As the photographer tried them out in various positions, Mr. Aidan returned to the Whitmans' and began dragging back a large pot containing a broad-leaved semitropical plant. Mrs. Blakeley felt hot around the face. She went into her bedroom and sat down on the bed; then she jumped up quickly and smoothed the covers. She stood by the glass doors in there and listened to Mr. Aidan and the photographer calling to each other. Then she heard them come into the house and start moving something in the living room. She stood still, wondering what they were moving. After a while she went back into the living room.

Mr. Aidan had pushed all the drapes to one side, leaving the whole house open to the camera. It gave the room an unpleasantly exposed look, she thought. The drapes would never in the world be arranged that way.

"You've made it look as if no one lived here," Mrs. Blakeley said, and cackled sharply, trying to keep calm.

"I want to convey the total idea of the house," Mr. Aidan said.

"But wouldn't you convey a clearer idea of the house if it were left the way we live in it?"

Mr. Aidan looked at her patiently and said gently, "A person unfamiliar with the house could only understand it if he saw the way glass is used to form the whole wall. If the glass is broken up by curtains, it becomes just any wall with some glass doors in it. Do you see?"

Mrs. Blakeley opened her mouth and started to say something more but was interrupted by a call from the photographer, who was staring out into the garden. It seemed that the sun was moving. They would have to hurry. Mr. Aidan, using a broom handle, pushed the top of the curtains into even folds, then leaned over and fluttered the hems, so they would fall gracefully. Mrs. Blakeley turned to go. Noticing a two-year-old copy of *Fortune* on a table, she started to pick it up to take it back to her husband's study, where it belonged. Then she found that it was stuck to the table with Scotch Tape. It was apparently meant to be in the photograph, and they had fixed it so the wind wouldn't flutter the pages. She thumped the magazine and called to the architect. "Do you want this, Mr. Aidan?"

"Yes. It is an excellent blue. It will make a nice spot in the color shot."

"Won't show up," the photographer said. He put his head behind his camera and watched while Mr. Aidan unstuck the old copy of *Fortune* and moved it from one spot to another. "No good," he called. "No good."

"Try it here, then," Mr. Aidan said, and put the magazine on the garden table, beside an ashtray.

The photographer peered into his camera again. "That's fine. It'll show up as *Fortune*, too."

"Now, let's get another shape on the table," Mr. Aidan said. He looked around and noticed Mrs. Blakeley. "Do you have some bowls?" he asked. She showed him her aunt's old silver on the coffee table. He looked at her with what seemed to be embarrassment, then

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

NORTHWEST AIRLINES STEWARDESSES have a new wrinkle along the diet line. Every time they note the slightest increase in poundage or girth, the girls go on what they call their orange routine. It's quite a simple matter and every one of them says it functions beautifully. You maintain your normal eating both in quantity and quality. Pay no attention to caloric reduction. But, the first day you eat one orange, the second two, the third three and so on. You may eat the oranges any time of the day and in as rapid succession as you like. By the time you're up to around 12 or 14 oranges a day, your weight reduction has become obvious. As the quantity of oranges increases, the intake of your other eating diminishes some, too. All the stewardesses swear by it.

★

ADD TO LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES: "For sale—good shorthorn bull complete with mattress and spring safety side lock."—Want ad in the Triumph-Monterey (Minn.) Progress . . . Consider the cuckoo if you think you work hard. He has to locate 225 worms a day just to keep alive . . . There's the gag about the deaf mute couple who were quarreling. The wife was letting the hubby have it with both barrels by wiggling her fingers at a tremendous rate of speed. Just as the husband was about to counter with his side of the argument, the wife upped and switched off the light.

★

OWNERS OF BANTAM CARS have problems that perhaps we have never thought of. Bob Nagle owns one and almost every day the car becomes the victim of pranksters. His business associates have carried the car bodily for as much as a block away from its original parking spot. He's found the car tipped over on its side, standing on end, pointing up along the side of a building. The other night, after Bob had been bowling, he went out to where he thought his car was. It was gone. The usual search began. He found it had been carried to the door of a nearby saloon with its nose pointed right into the bar. He has trouble laughing off the pranks now.

★

THOUGHTS WHILE SHAVING: It shouldn't bother me, but I always get the Willies when I see somebody peering through glasses that need cleaning . . . Wonder how many people have never written a fan letter . . . I'd like to see the pickers of the "best-dressed" women define their terms. Does "best-dressed" mean the most extensive wardrobe; the best-appearing woman in all types of costume; the most conservative; the least conspicuous; must she be photogenic, slim, well-proportioned; can she be unattractive in the face but acceptable elsewhere? Indeed, the term needs clarification . . . Hard to think of a man's name that won't lend itself to nicknaming. No it isn't either. Frank, Paul, Lloyd, Carl, Ross and maybe a dozen others. What started me on that?

★

SOME OF US DID a little adding machine work the other day and found out that Minneapolis Star and Tribune staff members traveled more than a quarter of a million miles in 1947. Those jaunts were made to cover everything from India's independence to the Army-Navy game. That kind of "seven league boot" newsgathering is one of the reasons Upper Midwesterners have selected as their favorite newspapers THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE (combined daily circulation: more than 425,000) and THE MINNEAPOLIS SUNDAY TRIBUNE (circulation: more than 550,000).

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asked, "May I?," and disappeared into the kitchen. He came out a minute later with two pieces of kitchenware—a brick-colored jug and a round, clay-colored bowl, into which he had put several oranges and a banana. He set them down on the borrowed garden table.

Mrs. Blakeley watched for a minute, then looked back at the old silver her aunt had given her. She had loved it since her childhood. "For the new house," her aunt had written. Irene had been overjoyed when she unwrapped it. Now she began to look critically at the claw feet of the sugar bowl. They seemed, somehow, deformed.

The room, with the drapes pushed back, was alive with sun. Her eyes hurt. She went into the study, the only shadowy room in the house, closed the door after her, and rested her eyes for a quarter of an hour. When she came out again, the living room had been changed some more. The lamp that her husband had found and bought all by himself had been set on the flagstone floor in the hall. Beside it were piled ashtrays and cigarette boxes, most of them house-warming presents from friends. There were also the pewter lamp, the magazine rack, and the ottoman. On the coffee table, where she had set out her aunt's silver, were now only a piece of laboratory glass that her husband used for an outdoor ashtray, and a flat Lucite kitchen tray filled with marguerites. Then she noticed with a shudder that the couch was missing. In its place was a cot from the sun deck, just a metal-tube frame with a gray canvas mattress. The Whitmans' raspberry-colored sun cushions were now piled on top of it.

"Where is the couch?" she asked unsteadily.

"Oh, it's safe," Mr. Aidan said. He pointed to the flagstone terrace. "It's out there."

"What's the matter with it?"

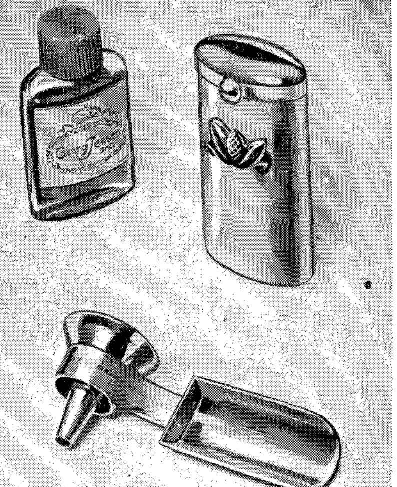
"It seemed a little strong for this corner," Mr. Aidan said. His voice was gentle. His eyes were warm and soft and hooded. The photographer motioned for her to get out of the way. For a minute, she thought of putting a sheet or something over the couch so the sun wouldn't fade its cover. Then she felt that she didn't care whether the couch cover faded or not. She went back into the dim study and closed the door.

—ESTHER MCCOY

•

HUNTER FINED $500
FOR KILLING WIFE
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Shot her out of season, probably.



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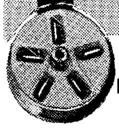

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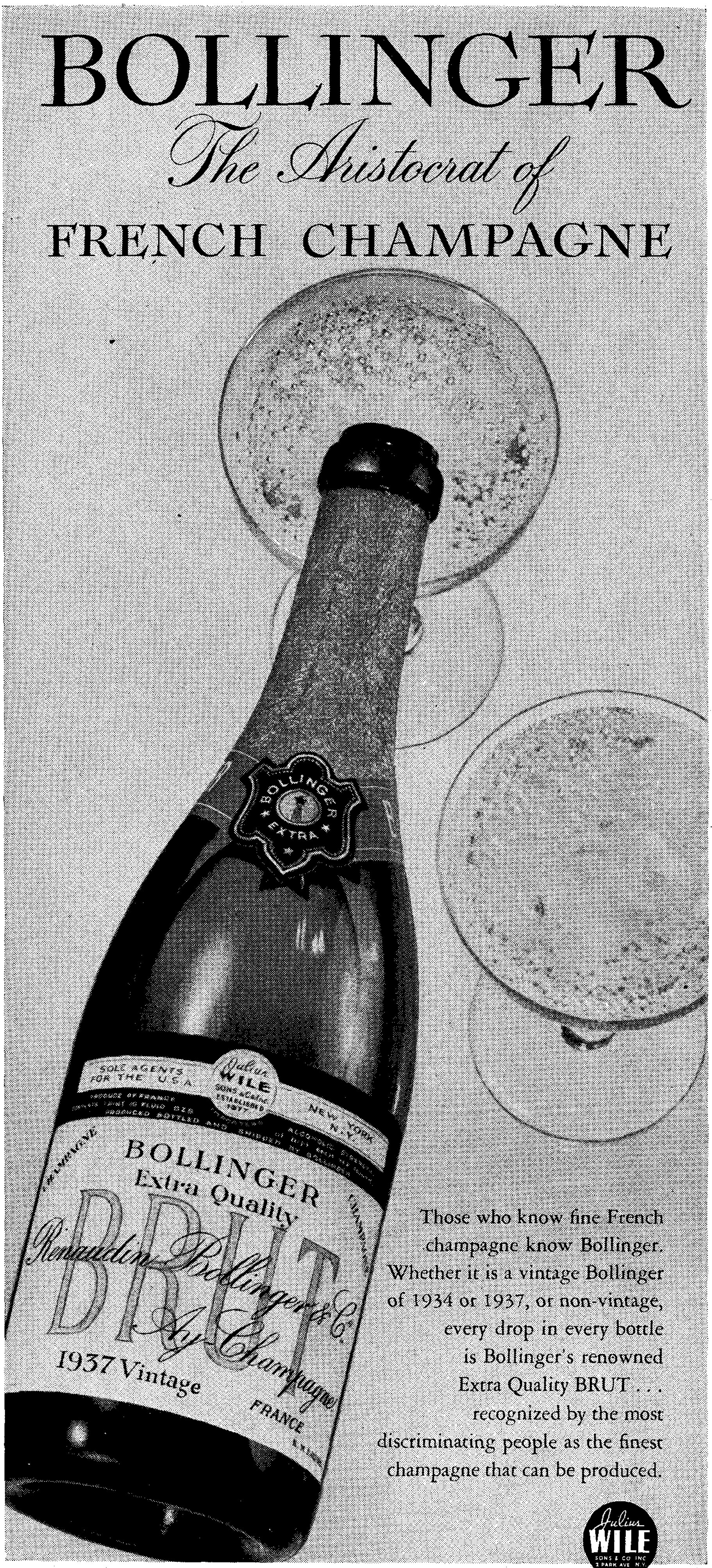
THE ART GALLERIES

The Post-Impressionists

WHAT with the big Manet show and the Renoir-and-Delacroix show, we've been seeing a good deal of the Impressionists this season. Now it's the post-Impressionists' turn, and this week we have a van Gogh exhibition at Knoedler, while at Wildenstein there is a showing of works by six men—Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Gauguin, Rousseau, and, again, van Gogh—all of the post-Impressionist period.

The Knoedler event, which closes this Saturday, is, since it is confined to one man, understandably the smaller of the two. It's a good show, even so, and if the fourteen pictures it contains cast no light on the man's artistic development (all were painted in 1888 or 1889, when he was living at Arles and at Saint Rémy, and almost at the height of his career), they do reveal the intensity and sweep of his great talent. Van Gogh had no taste in the conventional sense and little capacity for self-discipline. What he had was a keen artistic perception, but when this went wrong, he could paint very badly indeed. A few of the pictures in the collection fall into this category, such as "Les Iris," in which one feels that the painter lost all sight of design in his delight over the blues of the flowers, and "Les Oliviers," which also is a rather meaningless jumble. For the most part, however, the pieces are excellent. Van Gogh, his mind already beset by the neurotic tensions that were shortly to drive him to madness, appears to have been in a state of almost continual exaltation over the bright colors and vivid lighting he found in the South of France, and these paintings have a passionate exuberance that is practically overwhelming. Perhaps the best in the show is "Les Paveurs, Boulevard de Saint Rémy," with its line of majestic plane trees overhanging the roadway where the men are working and the whole canvas bathed in pale-yellowish light that seems to vibrate with hot southern sunshine. But there is a river scene, somewhat smaller, called "Les Déchargeurs," that very nearly ranks with this one because of its dramatic treatment of sunset colors, and the exhibit contains other striking items, among them "Jardin Public à Arles," with its ponder-



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ous pine tree shadowing a gravelled walk; the sparkling "Printemps, Près d'Arles;" and the truly magnificent, menacing "Le Café de Nuit." "I have tried to express the terrible passions of humanity by means of red and green," van Gogh wrote when he had completed this painting, and one has only to look at the harsh, clashing colors, making everything in the scene sordid and sinister, to realize that he succeeded.

THE Wildenstein exhibition is a more ambitious undertaking, comprising some seventy items, around sixty of them paintings. The post-Impressionists, as a group, never achieved the coherence and artistic unity that their immediate predecessors did. Actually, they were not even a group in the usual sense, for their one common bond was the fact that they were in revolt against the growing academicism of Impressionist doctrine, and their revolt took almost as many forms as there were rebels, ranging from the neo-Expressionism of van Gogh and Gauguin to the formalism of Cézanne, who, though starting with the intention of merely giving Impressionism a little more solidity of design, wound up as possibly the most revolutionary of them all.

In a way, then, the question of who was and who wasn't a post-Impressionist depends almost as much on a man's dates as on anything else, and since, on that basis, the choices made by Wildenstein all fill the bill, it is rather idle to cavil at them. I must confess, though, that I think Rousseau, being a primitive, is a fairly capricious selection, and that Seurat, while he came along a full generation after the original Impressionists, was still closer to their style of expression than to any other. The four other men, however—Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, and Gauguin—are, naturally, unexceptionable, and it must be said, too, that all six of them "get along" very well together in this exhibition.

I found the Cézannes particularly absorbing. In this group, as in most of the others, an attempt has been made to provide at least a scattered coverage of the artist's development, and the range of the eleven canvases is from a dark, densely painted "Nature Morte," dated 1877, to an unfinished landscape, "Le Jardin de Lauves," on which Cézanne was working shortly before his death, in 1906. Both are interesting, the first for its suggestions of Courbet and the second for the insight it offers into the man's method of working. It is hardly past the stage of underpainting; no forms are defined, only areas of color, and these are laid on in small, isolated patches—a blue here, a green there, another shade of blue there, and so on—that show clearly how much more important color was to this artist than outline in the manipulation of his design. Neither one of these pieces, incidentally, has ever been shown in this country before. There are others that are new to us here, such as the odd, blue-tinted "Melting Snow at Fontainebleau," of 1879-82; the "Rocks—Forest of Fontainebleau," dated 1895-1900; and the wonderfully organized study of a rock quarry, with its jumble of rust-colored rocks, called "Carrière de Bibemus," of about the same period.

Here and there in the rest of the exhibit are a number of other pictures that are having their first, or practically their first, showing over here—a really stunning painting of a bleary-eyed trollop, called "La Buveuse, or Gueule de Bois," and the only slightly less incisive "Femme Rousse dans le Jardin de M. Forest," both by Toulouse-Lautrec; a wary-looking "Self-Portrait," with a greenish overcast, and a fantastically curlicued village scene called "Le Quatorze Juillet," both by van Gogh, both late, and both clearly reflecting his mental disturbance; and a lovely Seurat charcoal drawing, "L'Echo."

The Gauguin group—running from "The Swineherd" and "La Bretonne," of his earlier, conventional period, through the pivotal "The Yellow Christ," in which he first employed outright coloristic freedom, to such fine Tahitian studies as "Maternity" and "Te Pape Nave Nave"—is also especially well selected, and the Seurat section, made up mainly of drawings and small paintings, is a beautifully harmonious and homogeneous one. As I've said, I can't quite see what Rousseau is doing in the group, but the paintings of his on view are wholly delightful—from the small "Fisherman," with its little, lone figure standing contentedly in the midst of the river greenery, to the rousingly active "A Game of Football" and the large, naïvely romantic "A Rendezvous in the Forest." All in all, it is a thoroughly enjoyable exhibition.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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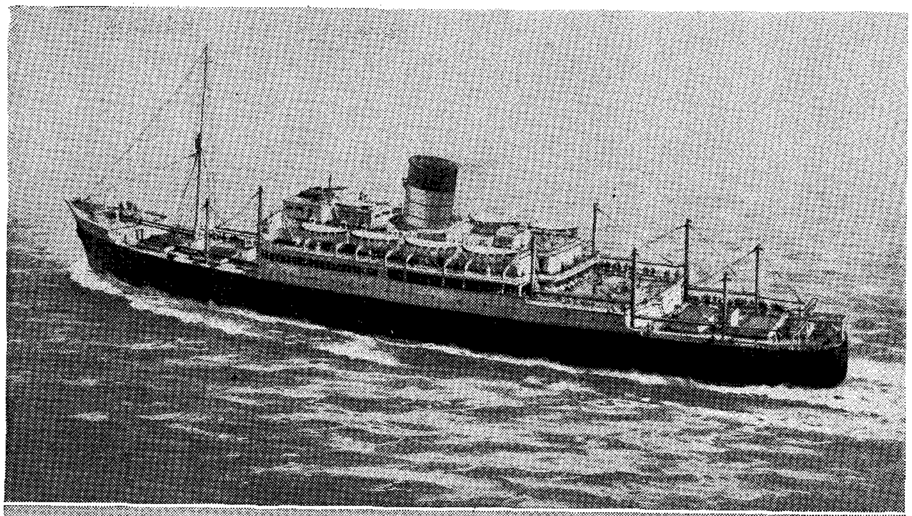
I asked him about the avant garden movement, which is led by Henry Miller. —*University of California Daily Bruin.*

Henry Miller and his motorized wheelbarrow?



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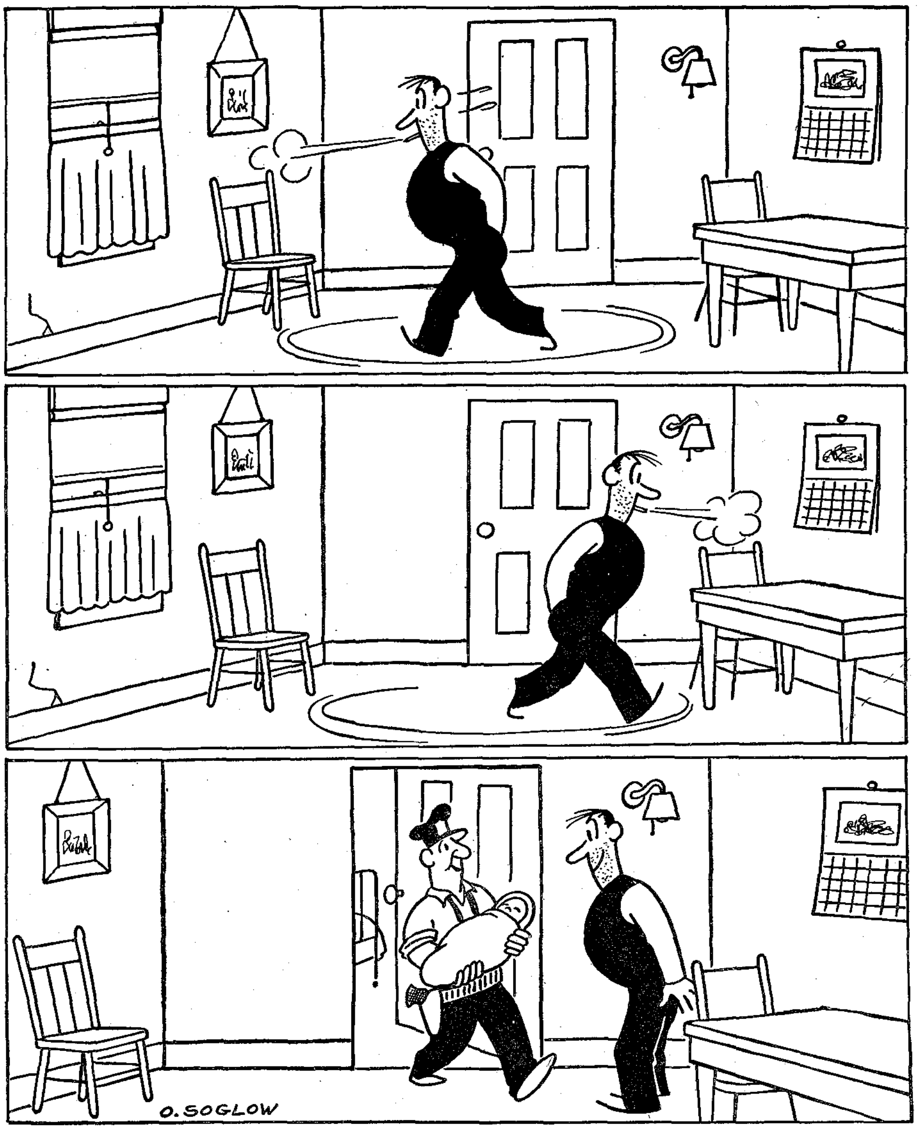
A REPORTER IN NEW MEXICO

LOS ALAMOS

THE thirty-five miles from the small New Mexican capital of Santa Fe to Los Alamos—the only place in the world, as far as is known, where atomic bombs are being assembled—make a wearying, not particularly attractive journey by car. The road winds too much, and there is a series of bumpy gravel detours. The road crosses the Rio Grande, but the stream, belying the song, is muddy, not silvery, and the countryside, caught in fleeting glimpses between the car's jolts, is brown and drab and unyielding. It is only after attaining the mesa, seventy-five hundred feet high, on which the unique community is situated that it is possible to see in what a lovely, flourishing setting atomic bombs are being made. The mesa is quite unbrown, with yellow and ponderosa pines, lawns, and Russian olive trees, and Western tanagers and chestnut-backed bluebirds wing in and out of this greenness. To the north and south of Los Alamos, which sits above the Pojuaque Valley, are other plateaus, separated from Los Alamos by queerly shaped canyons. (Signs reading "DANGER" are nailed to the trees at the edge of one of them, because some waste radioactive material was dumped into it a few years ago.) To the west are the towering Jemez Mountains; to the east is the Sangre de Cristo range, which includes the twin Truchas peaks, thirteen thousand feet above sea level and the highest points in New Mexico. For more than three hundred days of the year, the skies are an intense blue. "The air is very pure and dry," an old friend of mine, a physicist who went there from Chicago with his family, told me as we were having a late-afternoon drink the day I arrived. "It's been so good for the children. They seem much stronger, and they're not as high-strung as they were in the city. Those mountains are soothing. They're permanent. Nothing could ever disturb those mountains—except maybe our bombs."

Like the setting, the town, or, as everyone here calls it, the Hill, is flourishing. A great variety of conveniences have been installed, and more are under way. This tendency toward civic improvement is not surprising, since the community's collective I. Q. is possibly the highest in America. Of the eight thousand inhabitants, fourteen hundred are scientists and engineers, six hundred are college-educated officials, and eight hundred are skilled technicians. There are two thousand children. Civil Service clerks, maintenance men, and construction workers account for the rest. The first settlers of this atomic colony, seventy-five leading scientists who arrived late in 1942, could have qualified as Philosophers in the Platonic Republic. They were versed in natural phenomena, world politics, Palestrina and Bartók, painting, and cookery. These men were furtively invading Los Alamos to see what could be done with a mesa. The only obstacle to their taking over was A. J. Connell, operator of the Los Alamos Ranch School, an institution attended by forty-three wealthy boys, sent there, mostly from the East, to become healthy and, if possible, wise. When an Army officer told the headmaster that the school, which Connell had founded thirty years before, would have to close up, Connell replied, "You must be mistaken. The property is not for sale." He then listened to a dissertation on the government's power of condemnation. The boys were, however, permitted to finish the school year. By the time they left, M.P. sentries were on guard at the tableland's extremities. Connell retired to Santa Fe, where he died two years later.

The log structures and stone cottages that Connell had built for his school are now the show places of the mesa. The top officials and scientists appropriated for themselves the cottages. Two of the larger buildings, which were and still are called the Big House and Fuller Lodge, provide sleeping quarters for visitors and a few permanent employees. Fuller Lodge, a three-story, efficiently managed log building with a big stone fireplace, large bedrooms, and handsome hickory furniture, is considered good enough to accommodate the glamour that occasionally comes to the mesa in the form of congressmen and senators. There I met a Pennsylvania congressman who was so impressed by his surroundings that he declared, "This place is better than any motel we've



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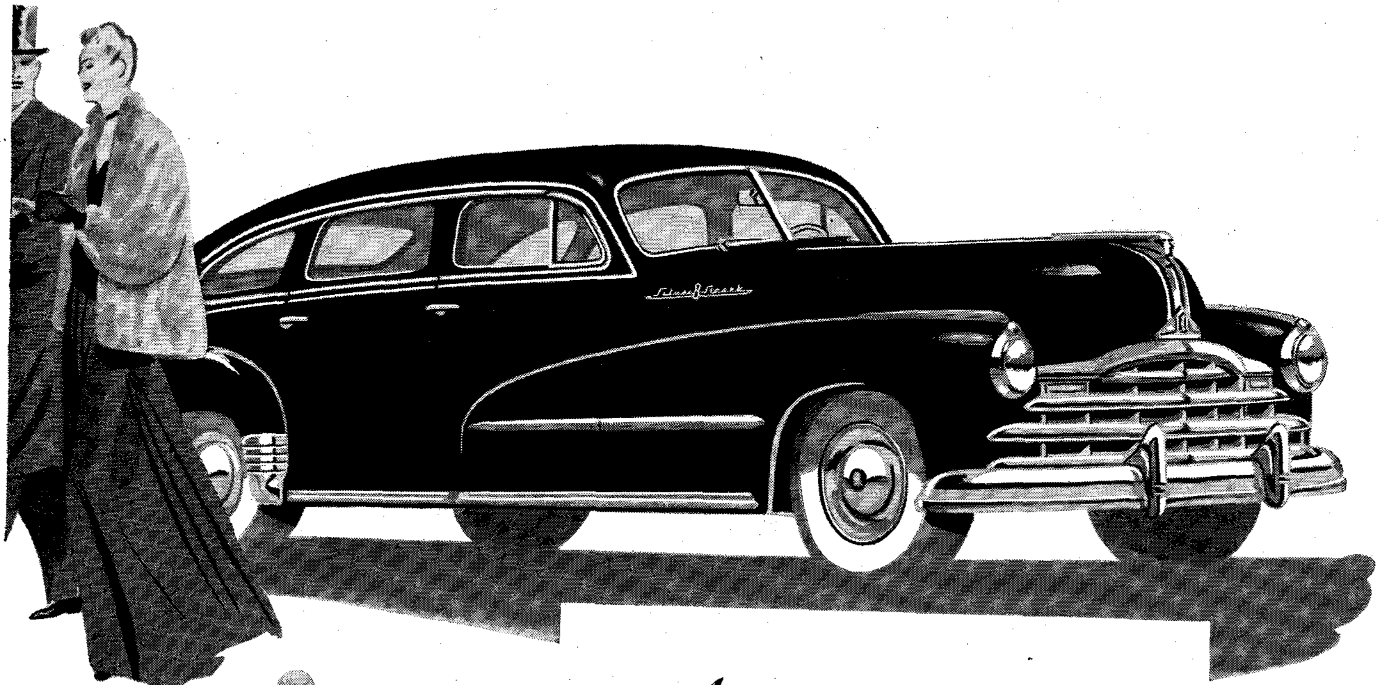

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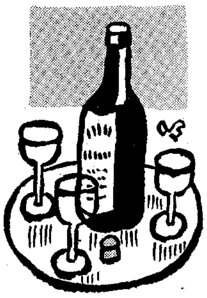
hit." The "we" included himself and his bride of a few weeks; for their honeymoon, they were taking a motor trip to the nation's various atomic installations, thus combining pleasure and Congressional business. At Los Alamos, the bride got in a few rubbers of bridge with the local lady cardplayers while the groom went up in a plane and buzzed the spot where the first bomb was exploded, three years ago. Senator Bricker, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, also dropped in while I was at Los Alamos, but he didn't stay as long as some people there had hoped he would. He arrived at two-thirty in the afternoon, had a look around, and by five-thirty, having seen enough, was off again.

SINCE the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, to use the establishment's official name, arrived more than five years ago, the Ranch School's buildings have been surrounded by hundreds of others. In fact, despite New Mexico's being one of the Union's least-populated states, the plateau, which measures six miles by two, is as crowded as many an urban section. The heart of the community is, of course, the Technical Area, which contains the laboratory proper. The laboratory does not even approach in size the immense plants at Oak Ridge; it is, in fact, a laboratory, not a production center of fissionable materials. The Tech Area, as it is known, is bisected by Trinity Avenue. ("Trinity" was the code word for the first bomb test.) On either side of the street are high wire fences and, at brief intervals, huts for sentries, whose duty is to keep out of the area, the most closely guarded in the country's entire atomic domain, everyone but authorized personnel. Through one fence, you can see the pond on which the schoolboys used to canoe and boat. Most of the laboratory buildings are painted a ghastly green. They are wooden, two or three stories high, and remarkable only in that their plainness conveys no hint of the fantastically expensive equipment and rare materials they contain. One of the Tech Area's boundaries is a precipitous canyon. It's become something of a local joke for the scientists to say, when world politics take a bad turn, that they think they'll jump in.



The relics of the Ranch School have been joined by prefabs, by trailers, and by barracks buildings that have been converted into fairly cozy two- and four-family apartment houses. Dormitories have been erected for single people. A group of Quonset huts, in which the families of electricians, construction workers, and maintenance men dwell in confusion, has sprung up at the east end of the mesa. The western end of the Hill is something of a Park Avenue. There more permanent houses have been built. Scientists and government officials occupy most of them. The houses are of the Southwestern type—one-story, wide-windowed adobe-style structures. Their similarity to each other would infuriate Frank Lloyd Wright, but there are six comfortable rooms in each of them, and the lady of the house has no servant problem, because Spanish-American maids from Santa Fe and Indian maids from the pueblos in the Pojuaque Valley are plentiful. The community has cafeterias, Laundromats, an eighteen-hole golf course, and a barnlike movie theatre, which gives four shows a day to full houses. The Hill also has a radio station, KRS (Kommunity Radio Service), which has no antenna, so that its programs cannot be heard outside Los Alamos. This would make it impossible for an enemy plane to come in on its beam. Ack-ack emplacements have been prepared against any such eventuality.

A handsome high school and primary school have been constructed, and pains have been taken to hire good teachers. An abnormally large percentage of the schoolgoing population is in the primary school, because it was only recently that the majority of the scientific fathers were in high school. In the main, the children here are rather proud of their town. The winner of a Fire Prevention Week essay contest, sponsored not long ago by the high-school civics teacher, said that fires should be prevented in Los Alamos because the whole world considers it a great community, since it is where the atomic bomb is made. I talked to several high-school students and learned that they think the town is fine, because of their football team, the Los Alamos Atomic Bombers, which hasn't been beaten in two years. At the primary school, I was told by the kindergarten teacher, Miss June Labovitz, a young Minneapolis girl, that her pupils have a fairly detached attitude toward the town's true function. During the war, she said, her students played at murdering Japs. After the bombing of Hiroshima, they went around bragging, "My Daddy made the atomic bomb." For the next year or so, the children played a new game—stacking their building blocks into high piles and then dashing into them screaming, "I'm an atomic bomb!" "Now they play the same as they would if they lived in Minneapolis," Miss Labovitz said. "Oh, everything's different from what it used to be in the old days on the Hill. I don't even dare wear slacks to school any more."

Like Miss Labovitz's wards, the community as a whole seems to have become adjusted. "We are stabilized," Dr. Norris Bradbury, the director of the laboratory, assured me. He said this with gravity, because for a while after the war various difficulties, such as mass resignations, made it look as though the American entry in the great atomic race might be scratched. Now the laboratory workers have settled down to a routine of bomb assembling and some basic research. Doctor Bradbury himself has done a great deal to effect this stabilization. Another man who has helped is the Atomic Energy Commission's new local field manager, the chief official on the Hill, Captain Carroll L. Tyler, U.S.N., retired, who came originally from Maine. Like many sea dogs, he is outspoken, but he is usually outspoken in behalf of someone else rather than himself. When, some months ago, he started planning a Community Center—a big cluster of buildings with bowling alleys, a dance hall, a movie house, an ice-cream parlor, a beauty shop, a drugstore, a dry cleaner, a bakery, and a bank—he made it a point to ask residents what they wanted the Center to include. He is also building more houses—good-looking permanent units—which he is putting in the forlorn eastern section of town, not in the more elegant western area. "As you can see, we have no railroad," he told me, "but right now you'd think we had railroad tracks running through the town, with the eastern area on the wrong side." Since his arrival, a "Letters to the Editor" column, in which the citizens can freely voice any complaints, has been appearing in the Los Alamos *Times*, the government's weekly newspaper. The Captain has been trying to arouse interest in self-government, but the community, whose product could conceivably rule the world, is reluctant to rule itself. "When I came here," he said, "I was told that there'd been an awful lot of squawking about people not having a say in the Hill's affairs. I agree with the squawk, but just try to get the people to write themselves a constitution, just try to find more than a

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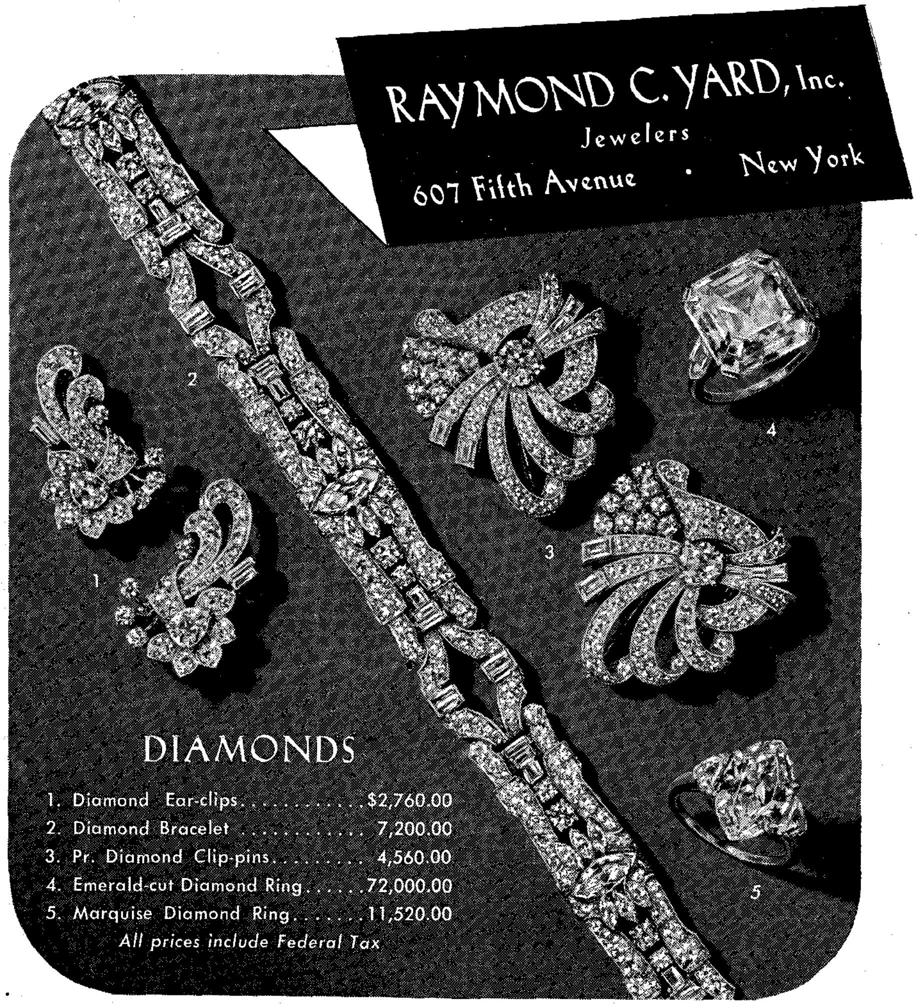
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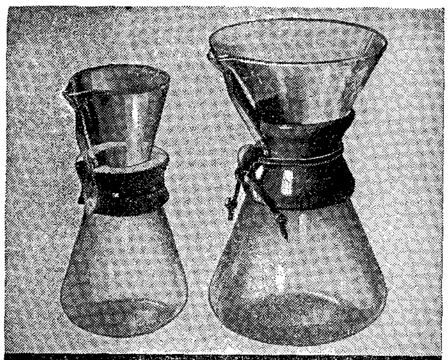

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handful of them who really give a damn. Sure, I'd have to hold on to my veto powers. I've got my orders, and I can't let anything affect security or weapon production. But when those weren't affected—and they would rarely be—I can assure you I'd hate to use my veto. Maybe the people here didn't really mean their squawk. Maybe they just like to let George do it."

It is possible that the reason the townspeople aren't knocking themselves out over the theoretically alluring ideal of self-government is that life on the mesa is, in general, an agreeable and orderly one. At seven-fifty-five each weekday morning, when a shrill steam whistle pierces the plateau's stillness, Father has pecked at his wife, hugged his brood, and is on his way to his job. Five minutes later, the whistle blasts again, and Father, if he is on time, starts his day's work on his cyclotron, betatron, or whatever. Mother spends the morning getting her kids off to school, telling her Indian or Mexican maid what is to be done around the house, and shopping at one of the supermarkets. If her husband's work isn't too far from home, she will probably have him back for lunch. In the afternoon, she can go to a club meeting—the Garden Club or the Parent-Teachers' Association or the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars or, for culture, the Mesa Club. At a Mesa Club meeting, she may see a film on the Pueblo civilization that once thrived in this region or listen to a lecture by an artist from the colony between the Hill and Taos. Mabel Dodge Luhan, whose home is seventy miles away, was recently asked to address the club. "The club can come to me," she replied, and it accepted the invitation.

Shortly after five, the men are home. Friends or a movie or a little-theatre production can take care of the evening. The scientific set does a lot of record-listening. Weekends, some people drive down to Santa Fe to shop and sit around the lobby and the bar at the Hotel La Fonda. The hunters go up into the mountains to keep the deer and antelope from playing. The fishermen drive to the Rio Grande, ten miles away, to investigate for trout, or go up toward the Colorado border, two hours away, for the weekend, spending the night in cabin camps or in sleeping bags. A ski run, on which there is snow six months of the year, is twenty minutes away from the mesa, on Sawyer's Hill. A number of the Hill's residents have become fascinated by the nearby Indian ruins and inspect them whenever they get a chance. Dorm parties, at which nobody drinks much, because of the altitude, are held fairly often. The Old-Timers' Club has square-dancing sessions in Fuller Lodge. The Civic Club, which has its own building, is jammed Saturday nights with happy bombmakers doing the *varsovienne*, a lively, polka-like dance that is quite the thing in the Southwest.

The serenity of life on the Hill, however, is not uninterrupted. Quite often, there are explosions on the nearby plateaus—North Mesa, South Mesa, Two Mile Mesa. They usually mean that experiments are being carried on out there. When there is an especially loud bang, someone, availing himself of a local pleasantry, will say, "Thunder." But it is thunder preceded by no lightning, accompanied by no clouds, and followed by no rain. Forty-five miles away is Sandia, an armed-forces base where Army and Navy personnel are becoming better acquainted with nuclear arms. All Tech Area employees have medical examinations periodically, the frequency depending on their jobs, and those employed in certain areas are given such thorough examinations that they have to be absent from their work for two days. Among other things, the doctors look for something called Dickey bodies. "You have to spot radiation exposure in its earliest phase," one of them told me. "Otherwise, the radiation knocks out the bone marrow, and that puts the patient in poor shape to fight any infection."

When the Hill's fire engines go by, the residents trust that they are on their way to an ordinary fire, and not one that involves radioactivity. A detailed plan for evacuating Los Alamos in case of an accident that would cause a release of radioactive particles has been worked out. "The main point if anything like that happens," Ralph Smith, a Tech Area trouble-shooter, told me, "is to get out of the way of the wind. The wind here comes predominantly from the west, although it swirls a bit." One man who seems quite unworried about the fire hazard is the fire chief, Harold F. Moore, a cheerful Irishman who used to be a captain on New York City's fire force. When I mentioned that I had come out from New York, he wanted to know my address. When I told him, he said, "*Sauerbraten und Kartoffeln*, eh? Yorkville, eh? I used to be with the Tenth Battalion, over on East Eighty-fifth Street. Now here I am in the mountains and the crags, just like the rock-bound coast of Maine. I got marvellous equipment for canyon fires. Canyons! Me, from the flat of Manhattan! Let's be frank. I miss the goddam little town. They got no sea food here. I miss shrimps, clams, lobsters, and baby tuna. Oh, yes, and pot cheese and sour cream. But I don't miss getting booted into the subway. I don't miss the three damned garages that were under my window when I lived on West Seventy-seventh Street. And I don't miss my family. I brought them out with me—the Mrs., my daughter, my grandson, my son-in-law, and my mother-in-law. The peace and the quiet are here. My mother-in-law was dying in New York, but she's doing fine now. Fine. She's ninety."

THE hazards of fire and radioactivity have not, thanks to the thoroughgoing precautions that have been taken, interfered with the community's outward calm. Occasionally, however, the thought of the Hill's mission troubles its intellectuals. Bomb-making is not an inevitable topic of conversation, but when a visitor brings it up, it is discussed volubly. The first reaction is almost invariably defensive. As an electronics man said to me, "We're not just turning out weapons. We have what is probably the best-equipped lab in the world, and we're carrying on plenty of basic research in it. Just like scientists elsewhere who claim they're doing peaceful research. Peaceful! How do they know their data won't be used militarily? How do we know our data won't be used for cancer? Science is ambiguous." In a kind of secondary reaction, strained international relations also are mentioned as a justification for the work at Los Alamos. Some people have more personal justifications for their presence here. Several scientists confess to being absorbed in abstract questions of Bomb physics. "You've no idea," one of them informed me, "what interesting problems in physics the weap-

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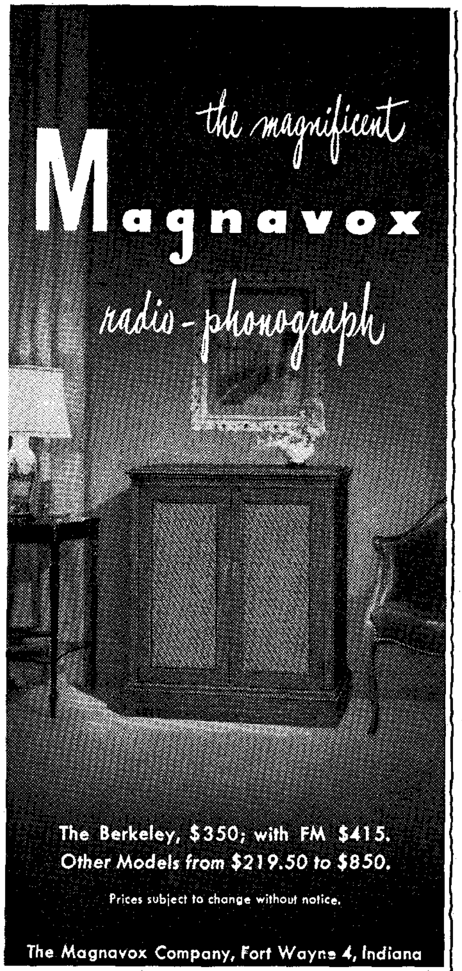

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on poses. We've still a long way to go, you know." A number of the younger scientists are pleased that they don't have to get along on a college instructor's salary. Some know that they could never command comparable jobs in a university that had a Fermi or an Oppenheimer on the faculty. One told me that the New Mexico climate had done wonders for his hay fever. A few are dazzled by their power to give orders to large groups of men, including Army and Navy brass. "Fellows of that kind act like big-time operators," a recently ordained Ph.D. explained, "but some of them aren't the physicists they used to be. Los Alamos is their Hollywood."

One of the Tech Area employees I talked with was Robert Davis, a young Californian who edits scientific treatises and is, incidentally, a gifted painter. I asked him what he thought about working in a community that produces atomic weapons. "It doesn't matter much any more," he said. "It does, of course, but not in the way it once might have. Now it is a detail. Right after the war, the disposition of the bomb could have been the setting for the arrangement of a durable peace. But the die seems to have been cast, mostly by powerful men. During the war, we used to have rabid political discussions about what ought to be done with the weapon eventually, but now the reminiscences are only about poker games and dorm parties. Even some of the men who swore that they would never set foot in Los Alamos again came back last summer for a brief bit as 'consultants.' Why not? The world situation is so lousy, and in August it's so pretty and cool here. Inside the Tech Area, where people really know something about the bomb, you hear the same opinions you would expect from the man in the street, even if the street, in this case, happens to be a restricted one."

"What's the answer?" I asked.

Davis smiled. "I'm painting like mad," he replied.

Dr. John Manley, a friendly, sensitive physicist of considerable reputation and influence, told me that he went through a long period of self-searching before he decided to settle down at the Hill. He came to Los Alamos in April, 1943, and quit in the fall of 1946 to teach at Washington University, in St. Louis. He returned early in 1947. These moves, he said, indicated the confusion in his mind. He had, he pointed out, remained a year longer at Los Alamos than many of his wartime colleagues, then had decided to do what they had done, and then had come back after a few months away. "The project," he said, "almost fell apart after the war, but some of us had a feeling that the place ought to be kept alive. So I stayed on. But I don't find weapons delectable, and when Arthur Compton, the president of Washington University, offered me a post, I took it. University life has always appealed to me. You have summers off; you go to conventions pretty much as often as you want to. I found St. Louis pleasant, but the newspaper stories went on being terrible, and after a while I asked myself, 'What am I doing?' Specifically, I was giving two courses and supervising the thesis work of five graduate students. I was also reading right-thinking magazines and sending occasional checks to right-thinking organizations. But it dawned on me that I wasn't being as effective as I could be with my training, and I knew that few of the people then at Los Alamos were really experienced. I went to Compton and told him that I felt so deeply about the national and international situation that my job seemed sort of silly. I've often wondered if my friends thought my step was militaristic. Perhaps they also might wonder what I think of what they are doing. At least one of them knows. He is a wonderful physicist who is teaching at an Eastern university. His contribution to Los Alamos during the war was really significant. We've had long talks. He doesn't want to come back here. He says he must teach young people in order to ensure 'our national scientific strength.' This is very important, but, coming from a man of his special abilities, it is, in my opinion, sheer rationalization. He is straddling. He is not facing up to his social conscience." I asked Dr. Manley how he felt now that he was back. "I am as relieved and as unrelieved as the international situation," he said.

I also talked to Dr. Marshall Holloway, the physicist who supervised the scientists' work during the Bikini experiments. He wanted me to understand that he had considered those tests simply a job, an interesting one, and that he hadn't gone out to the Pacific to conduct an experiment in public relations. He had had, however, a sneaking hope that the newsreels of the explosions would impress the public deeply. "The Hiroshima pictures just showed a flattened city," he said. "The Bikini ones would show the actual explosions." But the public, he said, had failed to be aroused. He wondered if anything short of an atomic-bomb attack on this country could do it. "I used to have this fantasy," he went on, "of setting up bleachers and grandstands on the outskirts of cities all over the world and then having a road company of us scientists explode a bomb for each of the assembled crowds to observe. After the reaction to the Bikini films, I don't think even this would work." Some people, he said, feel that an international strike of scientists might ensure world peace, but he wasn't very sanguine about it. "Even if there weren't a single scientific scab," he said, "it wouldn't mean the end of wars. My neighbor, who is an electrician, would have to feel the same way I did. So would the politicians. So would the world's certified public accountants and piano salesmen. If they didn't, there'd be more wars. Maybe not streamlined ones—maybe they'd just use brass knuckles—but they'd have it out."

The least troubled scientist I met at Los Alamos was Dr. Max Roy, an organic chemist from Brown, who is one of the Laboratory's mainstays. He is important enough to rate one of the comfortable Connell log houses. Roy, who is about forty, has an extremely engaging manner. "To be perfectly frank, people are no damn good," he began. He then went on to speculate whether an atomic war would be as dangerous as is believed. "I don't know what would happen," he said. "*You* don't know. As far as strictly military casualties are concerned, wars have been getting less and less lethal. Also more costly and complicated, like life. But human nature hasn't changed a bit. Why, the possibility of a millennium didn't even occur to me on V-J Day. I'd like international control, but why build your opinions on hopes? Man's memory is no longer than a cat's. At one time I hoped the bomb would impress people, but, hell, even a number of the scientists right here in Los Alamos sound unimpressed. Take the Johnstown Flood, take any catastrophe. People are impressed at the moment, then they forget."

"Are you afraid of being killed by an atomic bomb?" I asked.

"Nothing I can do about it, so why worry? I stand as good a chance of getting killed driving down to Santa Fe. It's a terrible road."

It is possible, he thinks, that life as we know it once existed on other planets. "Perhaps," he said, "people on those planets got to know too much and destroyed themselves. Perhaps that is our pattern." He walked with me to the door, where he wished me a pleasant trip back to New York, and said, "Give

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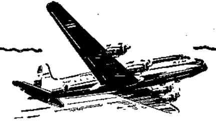

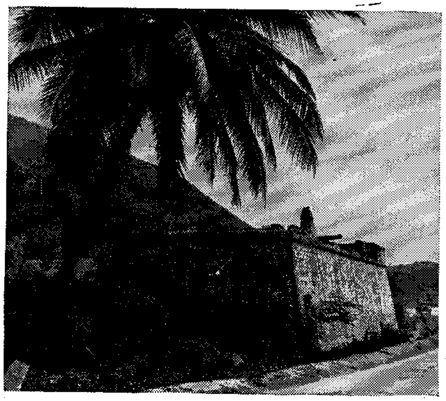

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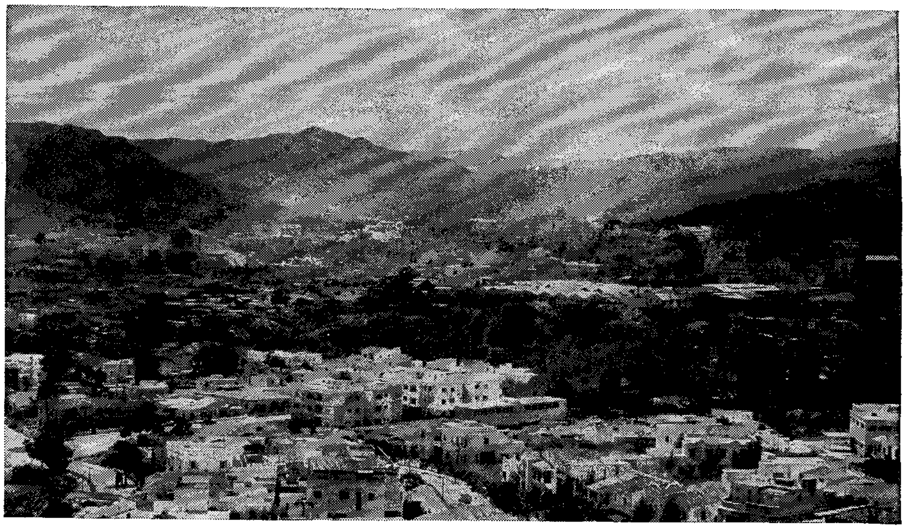

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my regards to Broadway, the country's best target."

THE arrival of the Laboratory has had its effect on the life of the inhabitants in the Pojuaque Valley. It has benefited a number of them financially, but in general the feeling is that it would be better if the Laboratory had never come and the little rich boys had never gone away. The Indians have once again found that the white man's ministrations are not necessarily a boon. I learned about them from Miss Edith Warner, a frail elderly lady who migrated to the Southwest from Philadelphia twenty-five years ago and has become a person of great influence among the Indians. I talked with her one evening in her adobe house, which was illuminated by kerosene lamps. Standing a few feet from us was Attilano, her Pueblo Indian manservant. Occasionally she turned to him for corroboration of her facts, and each time he would say, "That is what they are saying in the pueblo." The Indians, she told me, are earning more money, but not enough to compensate them for what they have lost. "They cannot get wood, water, or greens for their dances," she said. "They used to go to certain canyons for that, but now they are shut off from those places by guards or by radioactive contamination." Their community life has also been upset. The women, she told me, have never before done much outside work. Now, thanks to their earnings as domestics on the Hill, they make more money than their husbands, who mostly raise and sell corn and an inferior grade of alfalfa. Some of the men have adjusted themselves to this awkward situation by loafing. The women are too busy to look after their children properly, and they have stopped making pottery. "Whenever anything goes wrong," Miss Warner said, "whether it is of a personal nature or general, like the lack of water, they curse the Hill."

Miss Warner has done a little better herself. A new highway, to handle the increased Los Alamos traffic, runs only a few feet from her old house, but the Laboratory scientists built her, with their own hands, another adobe house, farther from the road. Their labor was possibly one of atonement, and certainly one of gratitude. During the war, Miss Warner, surmising that the activity on the Hill had something to do with defeating the enemy and that living conditions were rudimentary, decided to make a contribution to the town's morale by inviting groups of eight of the resident scientists to her home for dinner every night except Sunday and Monday. She made these occasions as festive as she could, because she thought that the learned men probably missed the comforts of home. The scientists began to look forward to her invitations. When the new road went through, they came down on their Sundays to make bricks under the supervision of Indians and to peel the bark off timber to make beams. "They enjoyed themselves," Attilano said. "They were very kind," Miss Warner said, reproachfully. "The new house is too small," Attilano said.

A surprising number of the painters, composers, and writers who live in the valley and near Taos have taken a mystical view of the fact that the Laboratory is where it is. Some of them see a spiritual affinity between the Indian ruins and destructive nuclear weapons. Realistic explanations that the Hill is in a thinly populated part of the country and that Oppenheimer, who spent much of his youth in this region, suggested the site to General Groves do not budge them. "Nothing else can explain why, with the whole country to choose from, they came to this particular spot," I heard a water-colorist say. "It is the ruins. It is their meaning." Most of the members of the art colony regard the project as an intrusion on their tranquillity. "I came out here fifteen years ago to get away from noisy civilization," a sculptor told me. "Now it's chased me to this remote region and looks down at me from the top of a mesa." Some social contact between the scientists and the artists has sprung up, but not much. One deterrent is that a dinner invitation from a scientist means that his guest has to run the gantlet of the Hill's suspicious border guards. "Those scientists are nice enough," Gus Baumann, a woodcut man who came to Santa Fe nearly thirty years ago, says, "but I'll be damned if I'll bother with that red tape. Besides, I like my old memory of the place."

Cady Wells, a painter who lives a few miles south of the Hill, recently put his handsome ranch house on sale because of the coming of the Laboratory. A friend of his, Mrs. Dorothy McKibbin, a gentle middle-aged lady who runs a small office for the Laboratory in Santa Fe, tried to dissuade him. Wells, an over-age volunteer, was in the Army for five years, and while he was overseas, he heard that some construction was being done on the Hill, and he frequently asked Mrs. McKibbin to tell him about it. When he was mustered out, he discovered for himself. Evenings, he had been accustomed to strolling in the darkness on his terrace. Now the lights in the Tech Area and in the houses on the Hill make the evenings bright. During the day, he hears the "thunder." All this is a constant reminder of his new neighbors and their purpose. The first painting he did after he came back from the war was of a tree with a small bomb in its trunk. In all his later paintings, no matter how bucolic a picture he started out to paint, the bomb motif crept in somewhere. Mrs. McKibbin, aware of what was eating her friend, told him that the Hill and its people were not so bad. She took him up to the Hill, and introduced him to her favorite scientist friends. But the evenings kept on being too bright, and the bomb kept on turning up in his paintings. He began to talk about disposing of his place and moving. Mrs. McKibbin made him visit the Hill again, and she invited scientists who knew about art to spend evenings with him in the relaxed setting of his home. But it was no use. In the end, he decided to sell the house. Mrs. McKibbin told him she was sorry.

"Dorothy, I've got to get away from atomic energy," he said.

"Where will you go?" Mrs. McKibbin asked. —DANIEL LANG

•

A 15-year manhunt has ended, the Brooklyn police announced today, with the arrest on a bleak island in the Aleutians, of a man wanted here on a murder charge.

The Safeway Stores, Inc., issued a statement, saying Safeway "has accepted with considerable reluctance a compromise conclusion to the Government's anti-trust case, as a means of saving many months of time to the company's executive and other personnel and tremendous sums in trial costs."

"We believe," it added, "that the agreement by the Government to dismiss the charges against a majority of the defendants and to accept the nolo contendere pleas from the remainder represents substantial proof of our innocence of any law violation."

Back of the terse announcement is a story of long and patient police work, involving the tracking down of many wispy false clews.—*The Sun.*

Let it be a lesson to *everyone* that crime doesn't pay!

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Princeton Alumni Weekly*]

Ken Wick had not been heard from for a long time until the other day. He is still in business in Cleveland but his big interests nowadays are his two boys, their wives, and one grandson. He lives on a farm twenty-five miles out of Cleveland and he is trying hard to take it easier than in the past—a difficult thing to do but well worth trying.

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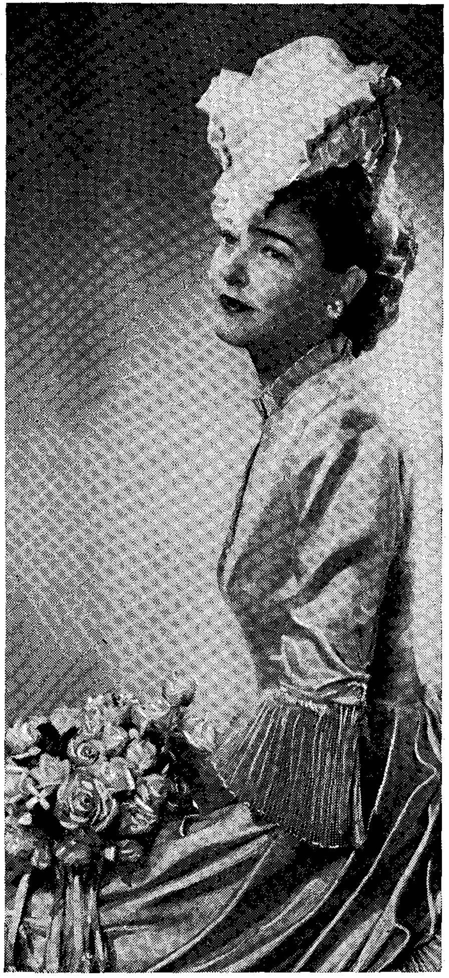

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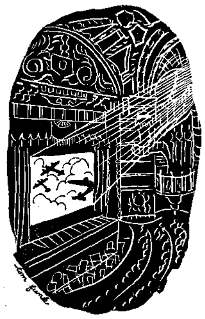
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Metaphysical Davises



THROUGHOUT "Winter Meeting," Bette Davis looks morose, and I don't blame her. Seldom has any woman, on or off the screen, had so many reasons for brooding. Consider, for a moment, the background of the heroine she portrays, a lady named Susan Grieve. This party is the unfortunate product of the mating of a Boston minister and a girl called Maggie Maguire, daughter of a drunkard and sister of a jailbird. Maggie has no interest in spiritual matters, and after putting up with pious boredom for a few years, she runs off with a gentleman friend, leaving Susan's father so disconsolate that he doesn't say a single word for three years. At the end of that time, he cuts his throat. This partially accounts for Miss Davis's gloom, but there are other factors that must be considered. She is plainly the victim of sex repression, has an ambivalent attitude toward her mother, is preoccupied with worship of her New England ancestors (on her father's side, of course), reveals antisocial tendencies, makes hysterical remarks about seeing celestial lights, and has wild urges to flee her surroundings, mostly in automobiles, for which her liking is close to mania. Moreover, she is in love with a man whose personality chart makes equally lugubrious reading. He is a Navy lieutenant who has turned up, ostensibly alive, after winning a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor. His psyche is all twisted because the submarine in which he was serving went down for keeps a week or so after he'd floated away from it on a raft. The reason he was on the raft seemed honorable enough to me—he was trying to distract some Japanese Zeros from his sub—but he feels uneasy about his survival anyhow. The lieutenant, it develops as the plot creeps along, is the grandson of an Arabian and the heir to a window-washing company. He has no real desire to take up the pail and squeegee, though. As he points out, following some strenuous hugging and kissing with Miss Davis, what he really wants to be is a priest. This news comes as a terrible shock to Miss Davis, who is beginning to be quite taken with the boy,

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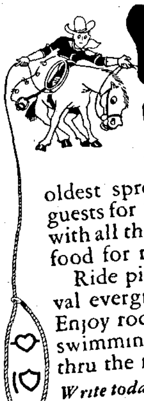

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even though he shows a lamentable inclination to fall asleep between embraces, a habit that counts the audience among its victims before the film is over. The conversations between Miss Davis and the lieutenant, a role played by James Davis, no relation, are full of such rich phrases as "If I'd known what falling in love was like, I wouldn't have waited so long" and "We have one thing in common. We both smoke." This latter observation is certainly accurate, since between them the Davises consume roughly a carload of cigarettes. Miss Davis handles her share with an amateurish uncertainty, blowing the smoke out of her mouth explosively, as if she were damned glad to get rid of it; Mr. Davis, on the other hand, smokes pretty much like everybody else.

Besides the two principals, "Winter Meeting" includes John Hoyt, as an elegant friend of Miss Davis's who claims the lieutenant is not "ebsolutely top drawer," and Janis Paige, as a dumb beauty who is also in love with the hero. The hero's name, incidentally, is Slick Novak, a rather untidy appellation for a cleric, or an Arabian, for that matter. Slick doesn't let nomenclature stand in the way of his ambition, however, and when the film ends, it's obvious that he's about to don the cloth. Miss Davis then makes up with Mother Maggie, who happens to be in a hospital in Harlem. I have no idea what message this picture is supposed to impress you with. Don't give your heart to an Arabian window-cleaning heir is about the best I can do. —JOHN McCARTEN

●

The most striking characteristic of a curve is, of course, that it is not straight. —*From "An Introduction to the Calculus," by Longley and Wilson.*

We never thought of it in just that way before.

●

The buffet was extraordinarily simple ... like a nursery picnic ... jelly and peanut butter sandwiches, stuffed eggs and fruit juices. Of course, at one end of the table was the inevitable Scotch and soda. —*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

For the tiniest tikes of all?

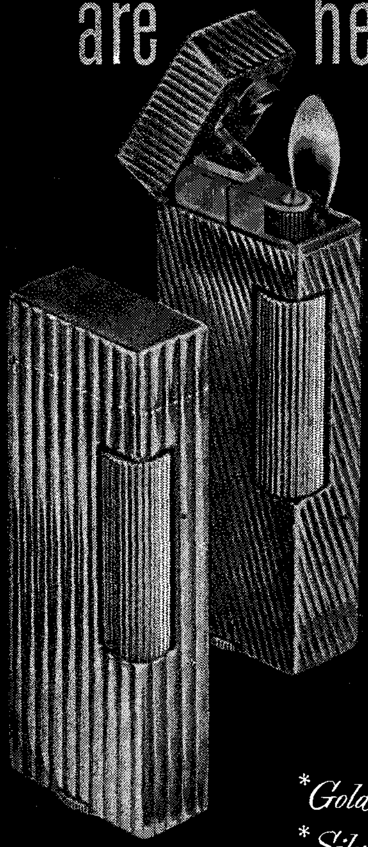
●

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the St. Augustine Record*]

An elevator man in a downtown office building grew weary of repeated requests for the time. So he put up a shelf in the corner.

The magnificent new Dunhills are here



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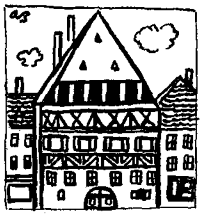
LETTER FROM BERLIN

April 7

IT has become obvious to everyone here that the quadripartite government of Germany has failed in its purpose and is just about finished. Acting on this postulate, the Soviets have made it clear that they feel that it is now time for the Western powers to pack their bags and leave, and that, furthermore, they mean to inspect their allies' bags when they go. But the Western Military Governments, including the French representatives, who in the past have not shown much interest in the affairs of the *Reichshauptstadt*, have made it equally clear that they intend to stay. Most people feel that the best that can be hoped for is an impasse; what they fear is a renewal of the kind of friction that occurred last week after the Russians had served peremptory notice that they intended to inspect freight trains leaving Berlin and military passenger trains going and coming, which is the sort of thing that obviously might lead to more than local violence. One may expect the Western powers to publish additional documents substantiating the legal basis of their occupation of Berlin (the first was issued a couple of days ago and revealed the terms of the deal providing for an open corridor to Berlin after our troops had retired from Thuringia and Saxony), and one may expect further affirmations of the Western powers' determination to remain here, but there is no denying that the heart has gone out of the ostensibly common purpose that brought the four nations together here in the first place. American officials and troops who have been with the Berlin occupation forces all along remember with nostalgia the exhilarating and optimistic days of the summer and autumn of 1945, when they fraternized with the Russians rather than with the Germans and the only apparent threat to peace was the Werewolf movement. In those days, they recall, they had the assurance of being backed by the most powerful concentration of arms in the world. This feeling of security, which has been diminishing gradually, last week reached a point that caused an American to remark, "I think we're being made the spearhead of a gesture."



ON the morning of April Fools' Day, when the crisis over the inspection of trains flared up, and the citizens of the Western nations found that they were on an island instead of at the end of a cul-de-sac, a flurry of hysteria developed among the Americans, manifested by, among other things, hundreds of cablegrams to the folks back home assuring them that all was calm, and a run on the American commissary, which necessitated the temporary rationing of canned milk and other staples. The atmosphere in the Western section of Berlin became rather claustrophobic. Conversation was flavored with an excited, Lost Battalion type of humor and people parted with remarks like "See you in the salt mines of Siberia." It occurred to a good many members of the American colony to compare themselves to pioneers who had awakened to find the red Indians circling the stockade. (The Red Army Air Force, it happened, was conducting maneuvers west of Berlin at the time.) During the morning, a series of provocative actions and counteractions took place that would have seemed simply silly but for the natural apprehension that the powers who instigated them might stumble into war. The Russians set up road blocks around the edges of their sector and checked the credentials of the drivers of American vehicles. The Americans set up a road block on the road to Potsdam and checked the credentials of the drivers of Russian vehicles. In this contest, our young troops are reported to have acquitted themselves admirably, coolly examining the tricky Russian papers as though they were really veterans. The Russians sent some armed guards into the Eisenbahndirektion Building, which is in the American sector, though it is the central office for rail traffic in the Soviet Zone; the Americans thereupon threw a cordon of soldiers around the building. A Soviet general happened to be in the place at the time, and his staying put and having food brought in to him was described by Soviet-licensed German newspapers as a feat of daring, endurance, and selflessness. A British bus was held up on the Berlin-Hanover *Autobahn* for several hours because British principles of honor and security demanded that no more than one Soviet soldier be permitted to enter the vehicle for the purpose of checking credentials, whereas the Soviet code evidently demanded that a second soldier accompany him, in order, according to a British press release, "to protect his rear." A long-distance telephone call to British headquarters in Berlin achieved a states-

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manlike compromise; the second Soviet soldier was to stand on the entrance step of the bus. The Western side is agreed that it would mean a grave loss of prestige to permit Soviet officials to board Western military trains to examine credentials, but no one, apparently, regards it as a loss of prestige if they go through our military buses for that purpose. On April 5th, these armed confrontations and brandishings of weapons culminated in a disaster, as they had seemed bound to, when the Soviet fighter plane clipped the British passenger plane at the outskirts of the city and both crashed.

The aspect of the controversy that got the greatest play in the papers here was the "aerial life line" to Berlin, which transported two hundred and seventy tons of supplies into the city in three days. The operation was enthusiastically acclaimed by the Americans as a comforting demonstration for Berliners of Western strength, but its practical significance is not quite clear. As early as April 2nd, the British sent supply trains into the city without difficulty, and our return, on April 3rd, to hauling in freight by rail rather than by air was the result of a decision made by our headquarters, not of any alteration in the Russian regulations. As yet, no American military passenger trains are running.

Whether our actions during the emergency really constituted a show of strength is questionable. Berliners, through hard experience, are accustomed to think of air power in terms considerably greater than fifty somewhat antiquated two-engine transports. After having gone through the enormous air raids of the war, they are not likely to derive much comfort from seeing planes of any description overhead; indeed, many Germans still give way to a conditioned reflex of fear, alarm, and panic whenever they hear the sound of formations of airplanes, even though they pride themselves on what they claim is their war-acquired fatalism.

In the last two weeks, the German newspapers in the Western zones have published more than a score of articles denying that there is the slightest danger of war. Such constant reassurances have resulted only in making the already nervous Berliners more jittery, an attitude that can be detected wherever the Germans gather in a crowd, as at the theatre. At the Schlosspark Theater, where Lessing's old war horse of a comedy, "Minna von Barnhelm," is being played, the biggest laugh last week was

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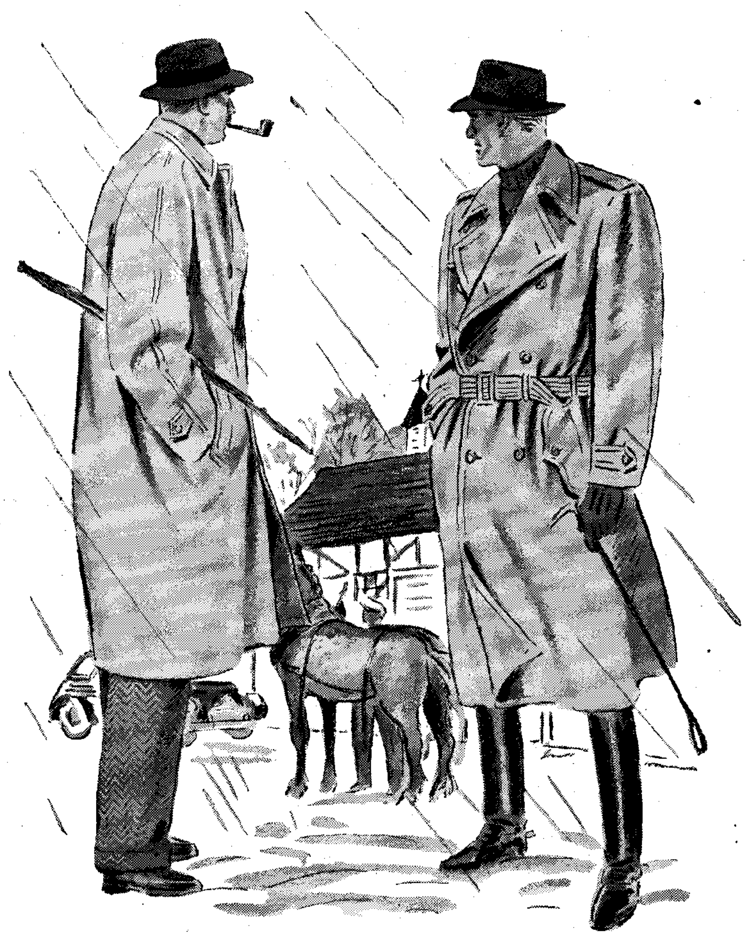

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achieved by an innocent line of the maid Franziska: "And how long have we had peace? Time goes by terribly boringly when there is so little news." The Berlin public is suffering from a surfeit of news and would like nothing better than a long and boring stretch of peace. During the closing number of the satirical revue "Schwarzer Jahrmarkt," of which both the book and the music were written by a brilliant young man named Günter Neumann, the audience these days has been anxiously watching the efforts of the ensemble to lull a drunken and roisterous Mars to sleep. When he is finally crooned into an uneasy slumber and the curtain comes down, the spectators hesitate a moment or two before applauding, clearly in the unconscious fear of arousing him.

EVERY disagreement between the occupying powers brings out floods of acrimonious polemical articles in the German newspapers controlled by each camp. Both sides now consider it advantageous to saturate the opposition with a press bombardment prior to and at the time of even a routine discussion. During the present showdown over the Berlin corridor, for instance, the two factions have been accusing each other of plundering Berlin, while proclaiming, of course, that their own actions in the city have been above reproach. It can be imagined with what edification the Berlin populace reads such allegations. A press campaign of an even more damaging nature occurred here about two months ago in connection with the reciprocally incriminating documents published by the American and Soviet governments, each set of which attempted to prove that the other party had connived with and supported Hitler in preparing for war. The result of these mutual charges has been to nullify much of the effect of the carefully planned propaganda based on the Nuremberg trials. It is not unlikely that a great many Germans would agree with Hans Kasper, columnist of the Berlin *Kurier*, who, in commenting on the animosity between his country's two masters, dryly observed, "It gives one a feeling of insecurity in one's guilt complex."

—BERNARD TAPER

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MARRIAGE LICENSES

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HIS mother said in a hoarse, frightened voice, "Go quickly, David! Follow him! Try to bring him home!"

The boy put on his overcoat and gloves, and ran out of the apartment and down the stairs. When he got outside, he saw his father halfway up the block. His father was starting to cross the street and there was a car coming. "If it hits him, it may kill him," David thought, "and then perhaps there will be an end."

"Papa!" he shouted. His father kept walking, but the driver put his brakes on and the car skidded to a stop, in time.

"I didn't mean it!" David whispered. "I didn't mean it, God!"

He looked up and down the street to see if any of the boys were around. The street was empty, and he thanked God for that as he broke into a run. He caught up with his father on the sidewalk and said casually, "Let's go home now, Pa."

"Oh, the fools! Oh, the fools, thinking they can destroy me!" his father muttered in that low, sick voice. Then suddenly he laughed.

David saw a man and a woman coming toward them. They were staring at his father, so he laughed, too. He laughed so hard that his throat hurt. "Oh, boy, that's a good one," he said, as the man and woman passed. They looked frightened and the man said something to the woman.

"Oh, God, Papa," David said again. "That's a good one."

His father had stopped laughing and had begun to talk again, hurriedly, one word running into another and none of them meaning anything, but getting more jumbled. Sometimes his voice was loud, sometimes it dropped to a whisper, as if he were exchanging confidences with someone. A woman and a child were coming toward them.

David waited until they were only a few feet away, and then said, "We'll go to a movie and come back in time for supper. I'd rather see a movie. I'd just as soon do that as anything, Pop." This time the people passed without noticing his father. David waited until they were out of hearing, and then said, "Let's go home. Please, let's go home."

Apparently for the first time, his father heard him. "What are you doing out of school?" he asked.

"It's after school," David said.

His father seemed to be listening to something. He kept turning his head as if he were trying to hear a sound that was very faint and far off. His face looked puzzled. "Do you hear it?" he asked in the quiet, gentle voice he had had before the mental trouble started.

"Let's go home now," David said.

"You're a big boy for thirteen, David," his father said, and patted the boy's head. Then he turned suddenly and shouted over his shoulder, "You fool! You think I can't hear what you're saying?"

David looked back and saw a man coming up behind them.

"You think I didn't hear what you said about me?" his father shouted.

The man stopped, blinked, and then turned and walked across the street, looking straight ahead, as if he hadn't heard anything, but David saw that he was watching them out of the corner of his eye. His father grabbed him by the shoulders and began to shake him.

A man leaning in a doorway nearby said, "What are you doing to the kid?"

"It's all right," David said. "He's my father."

"You nuts or something?" the man said. "You almost tore the kid's head off."

His father stood with his eyes half closed, looking at the ground.

"What's the matter with him?" the man asked.

"Nothing. Go away," David said.

The man said, "You're both nuts," and walked off.

"I know that man," his father said. "He's been following me. He wants to kill me."

"Nobody wants to kill you," David said. "Please, let's go home now."

His father ran down the street to the next corner, where a bus had stopped, and got on it. David ran after him, shouting at the driver to wait. He scrambled on as the doors were closing and the bus began to move.

"You want to kill yourself?" the driver asked.

David turned to his father, who was searching through his pockets for change. In the end, he walked on back in the bus without paying his fare. The driver, annoyed, started to turn around, and David said, "I'm paying for him." He had a quarter in his pocket, and he paid their fares and went inside and sat down beside his father. His father was giggling—little bursts of giggles. The passengers stole glances at him. When David glared at them defiantly, they looked away.

"You fools!" his father shouted suddenly. "What do any of you know? A dime? A nickel? Two pieces? Dog eat dog. Success story. Coöperation? Oh,

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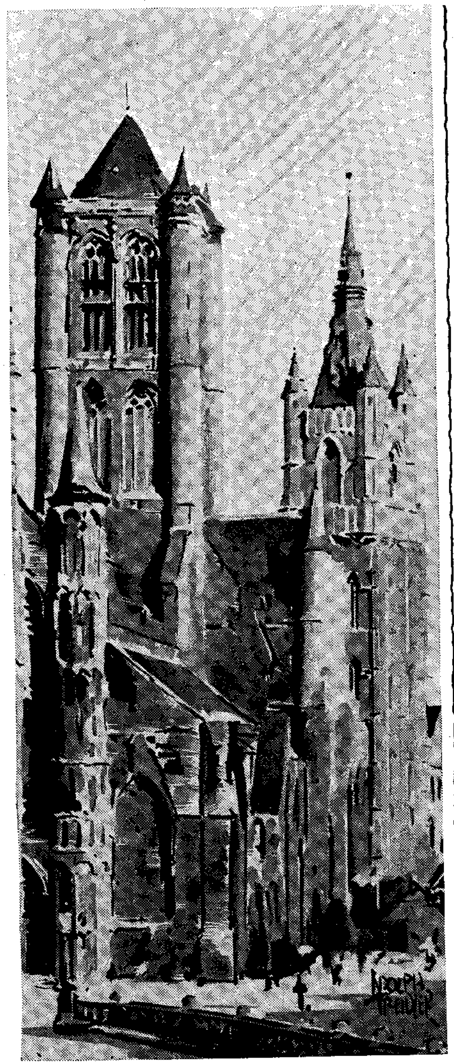

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you sweet Adelines. 'Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,' " he sang.

David stared at his gloved hands lying in his lap. There was a hole in the forefinger of his right glove. His finger was showing. He made a fist, so that the hole wouldn't show. He heard a woman say, "Drunk!" and he thought, "That'll be all right. They can think he's drunk." He said, "You better lay off that bottle, Pop," but the words came out in a whisper and no one heard them.

His father was shouting again. "Which of you has read Spinoza, or Kant, or Jesus?" He began to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"This is our stop," David said to him, and when his father didn't move and went on singing, he stared at his gloves a moment and then he couldn't keep back the tears any longer. He sat in agony, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, his eyes closed, his fists clenched, his sobs accompanying the sound of his father's singing. The passengers sat quietly, not even looking at each other.

David heard his father say, "What are you crying about?," and opened his eyes, but he couldn't stop crying. His father took a handkerchief out of his pocket and dried the boy's face. "What is it, David?" he asked, his voice troubled and soothing.

"That was our stop!" David cried. "Let's get off."

"Of course we'll get off," his father said. As he led the boy down the aisle, he smiled apologetically at the passengers, mutely asking them to forgive his son for crying and creating a disturbance.

As they stepped down to the pavement, he let go of David and began talking to himself. But then, immediately, he put his arm around the boy's shoulders again, and they walked over to the sidewalk. "Now tell your father all about it," he said. "Nothing can be that bad. You didn't make the baseball team—is that it?"

David didn't answer. They walked slowly home. As they entered the vestibule, David's father looked at him and sighed. "I'm surprised at you, David," he said. "A big boy like you, crying." —TED ALLAN

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From an adv. in Advertising Age*]

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Week for Moderns

THREE products of the late nineteen-thirties (two operas and a ballet), none of which had been performed in town very recently, were among the most stimulating offerings hereabouts last week. The New York City Opera Company presented, as a double bill, a couple of highly spirited works by Gian-Carlo Menotti—"The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amelia Goes to the Ball"—and the Ballet Theatre came up with "Billy the Kid," a lively ballet by Eugene Loring to a score by Aaron Copland. "The Old Maid and the Thief," the least familiar of these works, was commissioned by N.B.C. for radio broadcast, and the performance last week was its first staging in New York, except for a student production at the Juilliard School a few years ago. In writing this opera, Mr. Menotti, naturally, didn't have to give any thought to the building and shifting of scenery, and so allowed his amusing story about Miss Todd, a spinster, and Bob, a tramp, to run into fourteen episodes. Somehow, Mr. Menotti managed to transfer the drama to the stage without losing any of its original pace and smoothness. He had valuable assistance from H. A. Condell, who worked up vivid and practical sets for the production. The opera calls for a number of unorthodox props, including an ironing board, on which Miss Todd's maid, Laetitia, presses Bob's pants, simultaneously delivering a pretty aria; a liquor store, which Miss Todd and Laetitia rifle to keep the hero in drink; and an automobile, an adequate two-dimensional affair, in which Bob absconds with the spinster's maid and several of her other valuables. The performance was altogether engaging. Marie Powers was animated and funny as Miss Todd; and Virginia MacWatters was fetching and plausible as Laetitia; Ellen Faull furnished a delightful impersonation of Miss Pinkerton, a local gossip; and Norman Young was smart and relaxed as Bob.

"Amelia Goes to the Ball," which was written in Italian by Mr. Menotti and put into easy, fluent English by George Meade, seemed a trifle subdued

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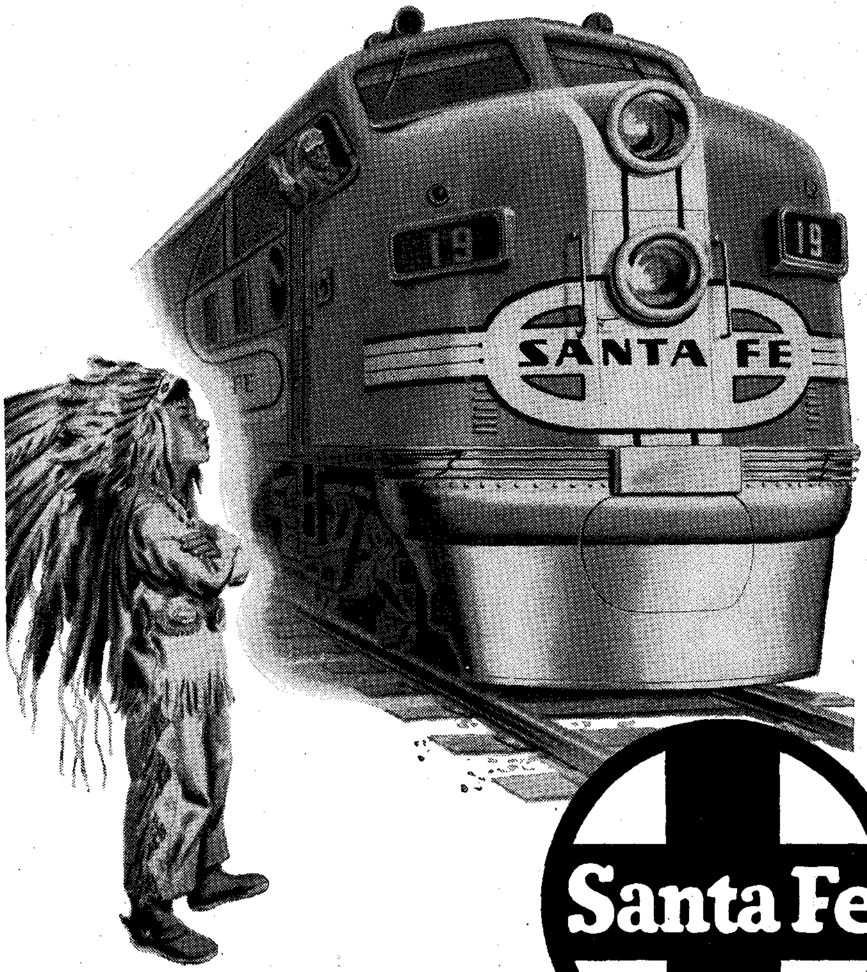

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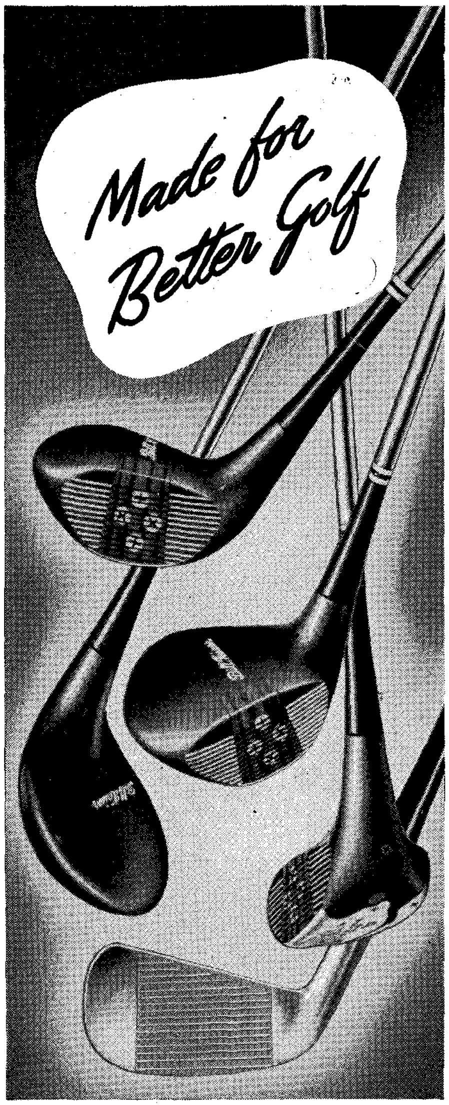

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after "The Old Maid and the Thief." It is, however, a thoroughly diverting piece. It was well sung and acted by the company, with Frances Yeend as Amelia, Walter Cassell as her husband, and William Horne as her lover. The staging was a properly fanciful background for the story, which concerns a lady who insists on going off to a dance, although she is involved in a marital crisis and the police are on the premises. She arrives at the party with a police escort, and the chief of police winds up as her dancing partner. The Menotti operas were conducted, respectively, by Thomas P. Martin and Laszlo Halasz, both of whom worked crisply and with distinction. The orchestra turned in a neat performance, marred only by a few fumbles that I don't imagine will be repeated.

"BILLY THE KID," as you very likely know, delineates the career of that brash young delinquent in concise and forceful choreography. The Ballet Theatre's performance of it was, as it has always been, extremely capable and dramatic. John Kriza, who danced the role of the Kid, was effective and believable, which is no easy trick, and Alicia Alonso was charming in her two-part assignment as Billy's sweetheart and mother. Aaron Copland's score, a notable work on its own, received an intense, flexible, and shrewd reading from Max Goberman, the conductor. —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Waller in London

TAKEN merely as six unrelated pieces of popular music, Fats Waller's "London Suite," which has just come out in an orchestral transcription (London album 6), is vigorous and appealing; taken as a series of musical vignettes, each intended to catch the flavor of a London district (Chelsea, Whitechapel, Limehouse, Bond Street, Piccadilly, and Soho), it seems insufficient. It is a trifle distressing to listen to the records after reading the descriptions, on the album cover, of the sharply different locales, for the annotator has inconveniently expressed himself with much more eloquence than you are likely to find in the music. Apart from this unfortunate circumstance, however, I enjoyed listening to the suite in its present form. Waller composed these impressions for the piano during a visit to London. Now they have been orchestrated for the first time, and are offered here by Ted

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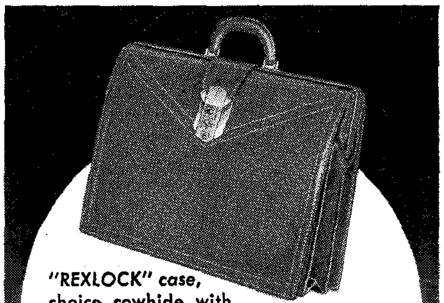

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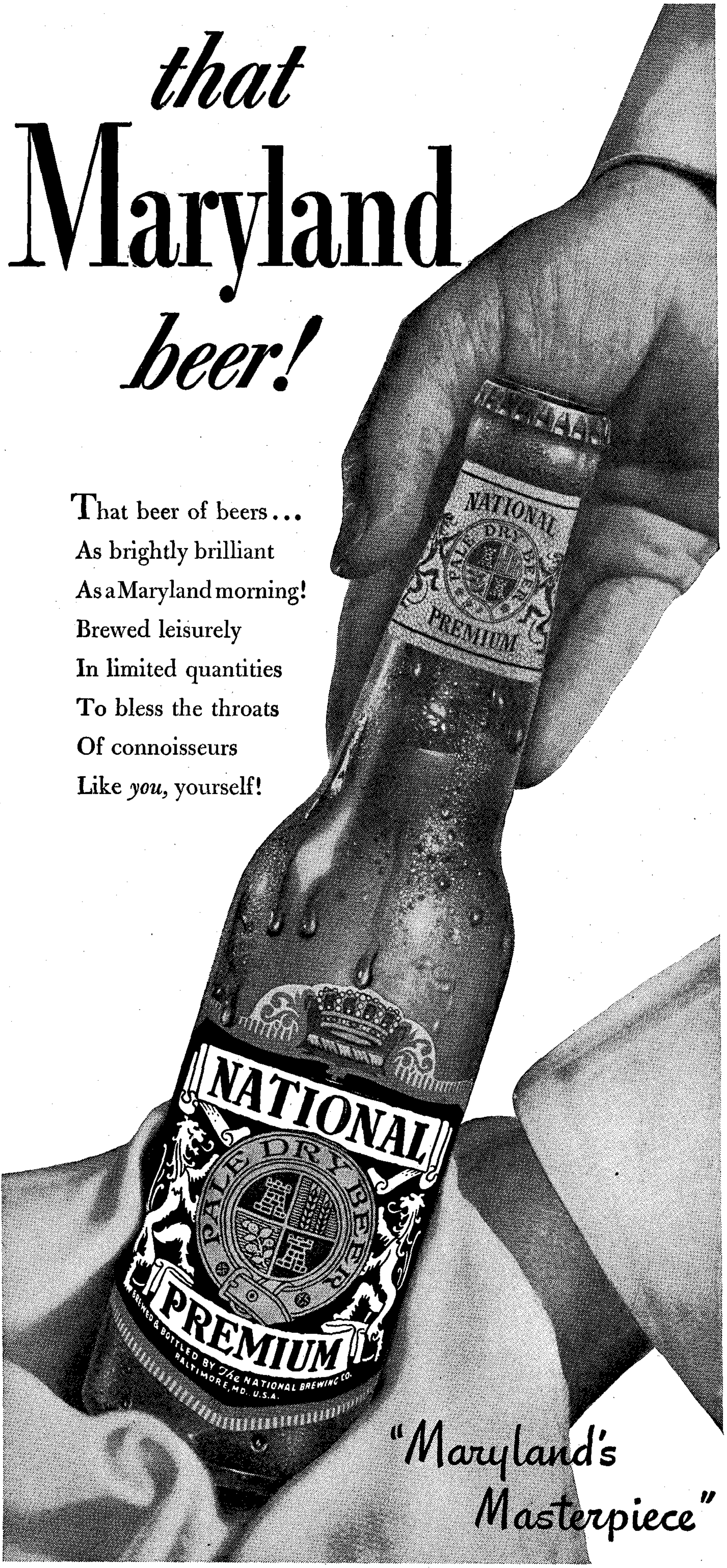
Heath's orchestra, a British outfit that is certainly on a par with our own best slick bands. The performance is splendid. Of the pieces, the one I prefer is "Chelsea," partly because it has a diverting arrangement but also, I'm sure, because it has a nice tune; it would make a fine popular song if somebody put words to it. The others, all of which have an occasional melancholy strain but are jaunty for the most part, are refreshing, too. Waller apparently liked London.

Cole Porter's score for the M-G-M musical "The Pirate," his first since the small and rather sorry collection of songs he wrote a couple of years ago for the short-lived musical comedy "Around the World," is available in an album (M-G-M 21) recorded from the sound track. Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and a studio orchestra go through six numbers. Porter is still, on the evidence here, one of the most skillful practitioners in the songwriting business, and his rhymes and other lyric devices are sometimes as ingenious as ever. His music is, of course, technically expert. He has not often recaptured the delightfully assured quality of his best songs, but the top two of this lot—"Be a Clown," a Garland-Kelly duet, and "Nina," sung by Kelly—are gaily preposterous. "Love of My Life" and "You Can Do No Wrong," a pair of love songs in which Miss Garland's passionately nasal vibrato is so emphasized that she seems to whinny her more expressive phrases, are a bit threadbare, and so is "Mack the Black," a complicated jest about a pirate. In the sixth number, "Pirate Ballet," a studio arranger has transformed "Mack the Black" into an elaborate musical spoof by some fancy instrumentation and the application of bits of Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." The product seems uneasy.

THE fact that Mr. Porter's tricks of composition are so familiar may be one reason that the songs for "The Pirate" are somewhat disappointing, but surely no such excuse can be offered for the score of "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!," composed by the youthful Hugh Martin, since this is only his second Broadway assignment. (The entertaining music to "Best Foot Forward" was his first.) Eight selections, all but one of which are presented by members of the cast and the show's orchestra and chorus, are gathered in Decca set 637. You will find little here to cheer you. Nancy Walker, Harold Lang, and a couple of others do their best, but the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material is furiously over-rhymed and musically stale. The songs are "Gotta Dance," which I liked the most, "Tiny Room," "Shauny O'Shay," "I'm the First Girl," "If You'll Be Mine," "I'm Not So Bright," "I'm Tired of Texas," and "Little Boy Blues," and the majority of them are desperately cute. The composer and Sandra Deel, neither of whom is in the cast, join in singing "Little Boy Blues."

WHILE I'm on the subject of show tunes, I might as well take up the "Inside U.S.A." album (Columbia 162), containing six Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz songs from the revue, which is scheduled to open on Broadway toward the end of this month. They are sung by Buddy Clark and Pearl Bailey, who have nothing to do with the show. This score, too, to my way of thinking, represents a defection. Dietz has made a prodigious attempt to turn out smart lyrics, but the results are somewhat wearisome, and Schwartz's music isn't much more inspired. "Rhode Island Is Famous for You" starts engagingly, but the rhymes become cumbersome before long. Clark sings this, along with "My Gal Is Mine Once More," a mock Western, and "First Prize at the Fair," a weak rural item, aided by a vocal group. "Haunted Heart," obviously the love song of the show, was previously recorded by Clark on a single record, and that version is used here. It's just fair. I liked the music of "Blue Grass," one of Miss Bailey's numbers, best of all. It is a torch song with some attractive lyrics; the point of them is that a girl lost her man in Kentucky because he suddenly went crazy over horses. This struck me as an amusing idea, but the girl in the song is excessively disconsolate, and I'm afraid that by the end I had developed a severe annoyance with Miss Bailey, because the fellow didn't seem to be worth all her lamentation. "Protect Me," the remaining piece in the album, also finds Miss Bailey in a somewhat dispirited mood. Me, too.

WILD BILL DAVISON, a member of the Eddie Condon gang, who blows his cornet as if he felt there was something stuck in it—a cake of cement, for instance—is featured, with five other artists, in a new Circle album (S-9). Davison's enthusiasm and volume are restrained only by the crudeness of the recordings and the limitations of phonographs in general. The performances of this chamber group are characterized not only by an attractive vulgarity, but

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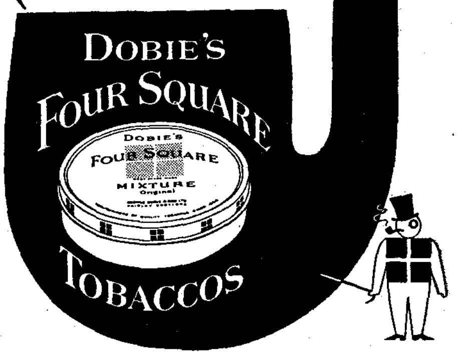
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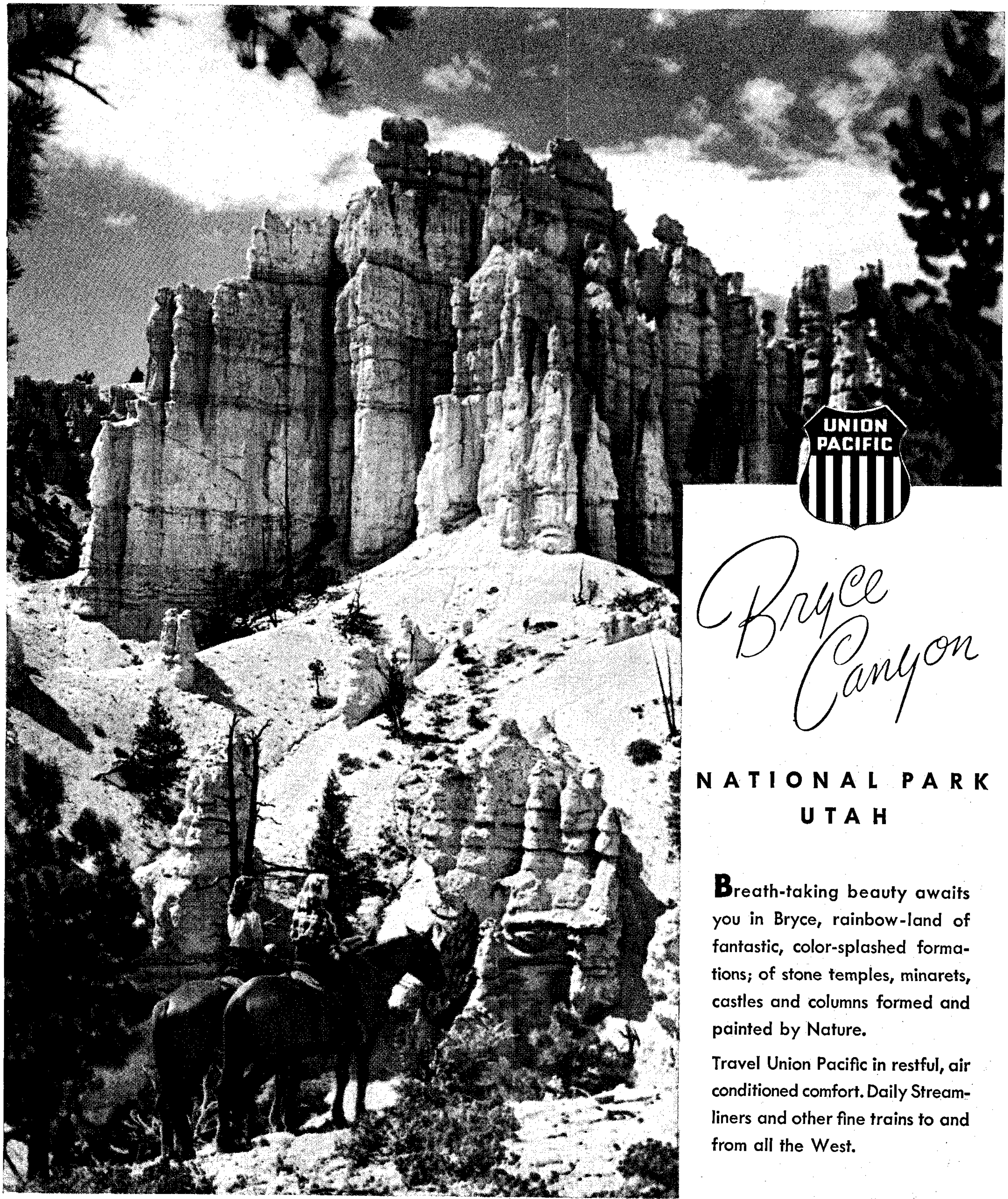

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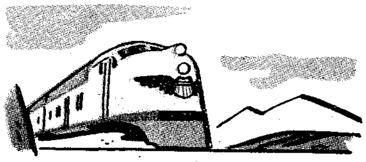

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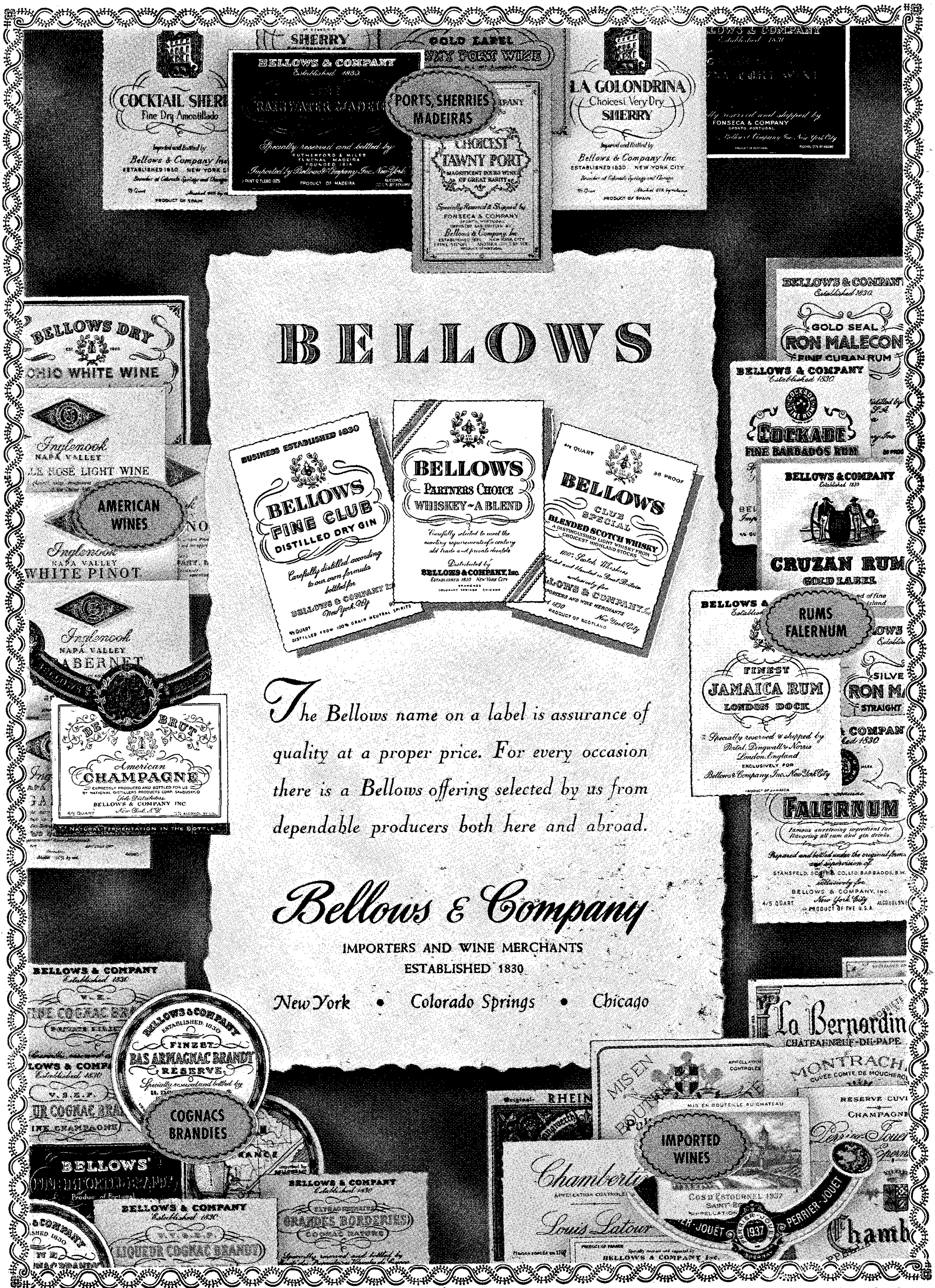
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by some accomplished playing. I liked the star most in his solo work in "When Your Lover Has Gone," "Just a Gigolo" (his second chorus, an octave higher than the first, is excellent), and "Yesterdays;" I liked him least in his vocal chorus to "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance." "Just a Gigolo" also has a superb clarinet solo, by Garvin Bushell. "Why Was I Born?" and "She's Funny That Way" are the two other selections. I might add that a bassoon is used in one chorus of "Yesterdays." This instrument, as employed here, evokes all the enticing mystery of the Far East and, in addition, has a kind of elephantine grace. I have a suspicion that Davison secretly admires the simple sentiments of the popular songs he tears to shreds but that he can't quite sustain his admiration because the clown in him overwhelms it.

NOW for a few new singles I found stimulating:

ANYTHING GOES and THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC—Mel Powell, with orchestra. Benny Goodman's former pianist, assisted by a small band, offers rich and unusual piano versions of two old favorites. (*Capitol 15056*)

THEY RAIDED THE JOINT and I JUST REFUSE TO SING THE BLUES—Helen Humes, with Buck Clayton's orchestra. Two blues numbers. The first is a good, solid humorous work, and the other is in the popular-song vein. Miss Humes handles both very well indeed. (*Mercury 8056*)

ST. LOUIS BLUES MARCH and CHEROKEE CANYON—Tex Beneke's orchestra. "St. Louis Blues March" is an enthusiastic interpretation, with lots of drumming, of the Handy classic. It has been previously recorded, I'm told, only on an Armed Forces' V-Disc, by the service orchestra that was under the direction of the late Glenn Miller. Beneke, who inherited Miller's musical effects, evidently used the original arrangement. On the other side, the band works ably but the song is cheerless. (*Victor 20-2722*) —D. W.

•

Davis' story coincided. He told how he "dozed off" in the card game and woke up to find himself being "strong-armed" by the condemned killers. After getting free of the wire bonds, he said, he saw a sheet tied to a ventilator and found a back door open.

"That gave me the impression they had gotten away," he said.—*Washington Times-Herald.*

A born dick.

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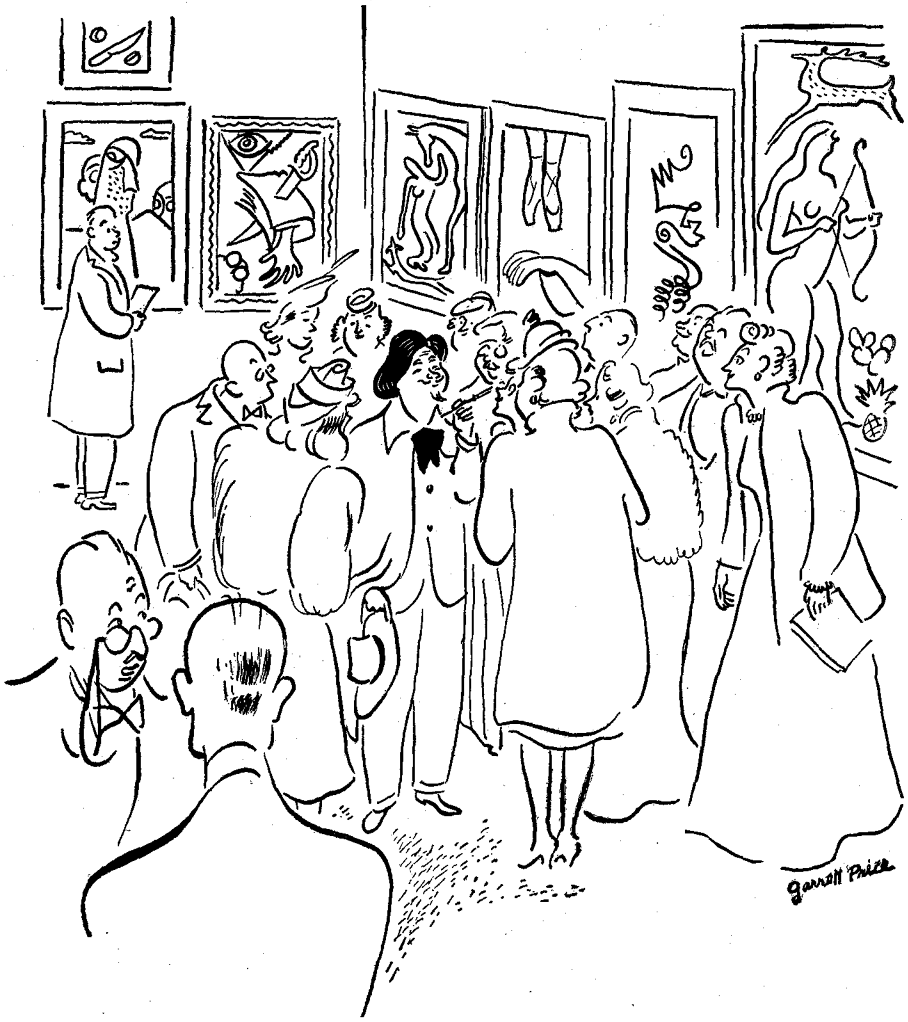
BOOKS

Perfidy in Albion and Nightmare at Réunion

Mr. Arthur Koestler, in "Darkness at Noon," employed the devices of the psychological novel to make comprehensible the fantastic *procès-verbaux* of the Soviet purges. In "Conspirator" (Harcourt, Brace), Mr. Humphrey Slater has attempted a similar illumination of the Canadian Royal Commission's report on the conspiracy among trusted government employees and members of the armed forces. It is an equally fantastic catalogue of treacheries. Mr. Slater is the less sensitive and subtle of the two novelists, and it cannot be said that he gives us as much insight into the minds and behavior of such men as Professor Raymond Boyer and Dr. Allan Nunn May, who were both deeply involved in the Canadian conspiracy, as Mr. Koestler gave us into the cases of men like Bukharin and Radek. But in some ways Mr. Slater is the better storyteller. His narrative method is direct and objective, his prose brusque and unornamented, and after a slightly fumbling start his tale is developed with steadily enhanced dramatic tension.

The action of his novel is compressed into the last few months in the life of Major the Honourable Desmond Ferneaux-Lightfoot, D.S.O., of the Grenadier Guards, handsome, intelligent, and rich, highly esteemed by his superiors both for his professional abilities and for his aristocratic connections. Major Ferneaux-Lightfoot woos and marries Harriet Frodsham, a beautiful girl of seventeen, the niece of a peer. She does not know that for a dozen years the Major has been a member of the conspiratorial section of the Communist Party and has been handing over to Soviet espionage agents in London military secrets of the greatest importance. The Major is guilty of a serious breach of Communist discipline in marrying without the consent of the Party, but it appears that one of his motives for marrying is the hope that he can indoctrinate his young bride and then make her a partner in his conspiracy. On their return from the honeymoon, he is called to account for his marriage by his Russian associates. They decide that his value as a spy outweighs his delinquency, and even feel that his marriage may be turned to the advantage of the Soviet cause. He is instructed not to attempt the conversion of his wife but to exploit her acquaintances among the highly placed and to avoid suspicion by expressing, at every opportunity, the most reactionary political views. Gradually, Ferneaux-Lightfoot's frequent evening absences from home arouse his wife's curiosity and then her doubts, which are confirmed when she discovers that he has been lying to her. She has observed, among other things, that on the days of his nocturnal excursions he fetches home from work a dispatch case that on other days he leaves at the barracks. One night, when she has contrived to get him drunk and to bed, she finds the key to the case and opens it. In the morning, still sick with the horror of her discovery, she confronts her husband with her knowledge that he is a spy and a traitor. For the rest of the book, she is torn between revulsion and loyalty.

The Major dutifully reports this incident to his Russian associates, who, in turn, report it, with a request for instructions, to Comrade Zabotkin, the grand director of Soviet espionage operations, in Moscow. Zabotkin orders that Harriet be liquidated and that Ferneaux-Lightfoot, as a proof of his loyalty to the Soviet interests, execute the sentence himself within seven days. Harriet, however, has already confided her discovery, under pledge of secrecy, to her friend and cousin, Caroline Fairlie. Major Ferneaux-Lightfoot, presented with the order from Moscow, hesitates only briefly. The dialectical prig in him easily overcomes the squeamishness of the husband and lover; he realizes that it would be "meanly illogical to prefer one insignificant bourgeois person to the historic movement of millions of human beings in every country of the world." The Major and Harriet go to a shooting party in Norfolk, and the narrative reaches a high point of intensity. On the moonlit evening he hears of his promotion to a post on the British General Staff, Ferneaux-Lightfoot thinks he



"We've got to think of something. They'll never look at his pictures as long as he's hanging around."

has found the opportunity for which he has been waiting—to give the murder the semblance of a hunting accident. At close range, he fires his shotgun at his wife, but his aim in the darkness is inaccurate. Harriet is stunned by the concussion but unhurt. The other members of the party accept the incident for the accident it seems, but Harriet, who remembers the sharp click of the safety catch on the gun just as a cloud passed over the moon, does not. Shortly after their return to London, she leaves her husband but, because of her surviving loyalty to him, she still does not expose his secret. Ferneaux-Lightfoot reports the failure of his attempt on his wife to the espionage bureau and pleads for more time and for assistance. Comrade Zabotkin, who has arrived in London on a mission, decides that the Major himself must be eliminated, and so advises his deputy. First, argues Zabotkin, the Major, in failing to carry out his instructions, has shown that he is unreliable, which in the lexicon of the Party is a synonym for "treasonable;" second, his promotion will bring him into contact with an even more valuable and advantageously placed agent, designated in the conspiratorial code as the Professor. The possibility that this personage, by some inadvertent lapse into Marxist jargon, might betray himself to Ferneaux-Lightfoot as a fellow-Communist is a danger too grave to be risked. It is decided that the most suitable way to dispose of Ferneaux-Lightfoot is simply to denounce him to Scotland Yard. If his case becomes a public scandal, so much the better; it will cause people to believe that the Soviet Intelligence is omniscient and that the Kremlin has influence among all classes in all countries, a thought that, it is hoped, will have a salutary effect on the foreign policies of several nations.

Ferneaux-Lightfoot reads the implicit sentence of his doom when, on an appointed date, he reports to the usual place of rendezvous with the Russians and finds it empty and a for-rent sign on the railing. Soon after this, observing that he is being shadowed, he mistakes the operatives of Scotland Yard for the assassins of the M.V.D. and is amazed and distressed by their ineptitude at their business. He resolves, as a last act of devotion and service to the Party, to keep them out of trouble by liquidating himself. After arranging to make his death appear an act of despair at Harriet's desertion, he braces himself with a tumblerful of neat whiskey and fires a pistol through the roof of his mouth. There is an in-

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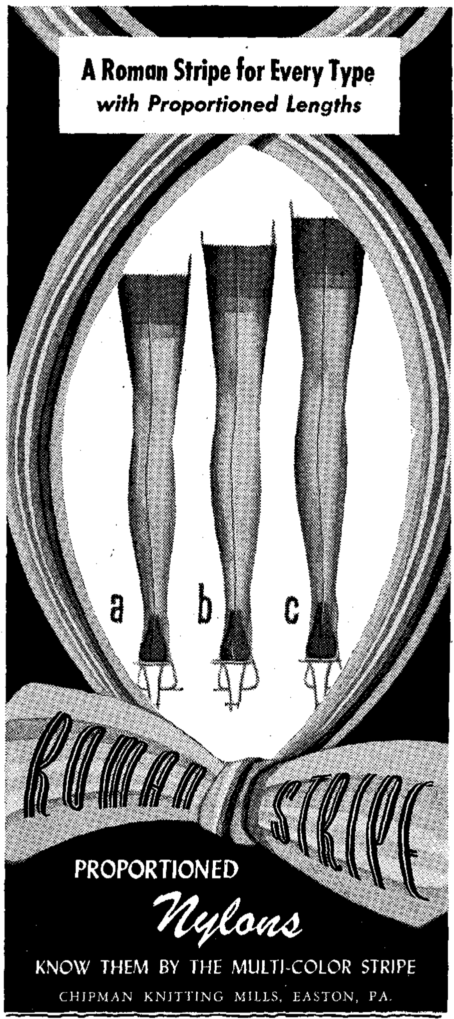

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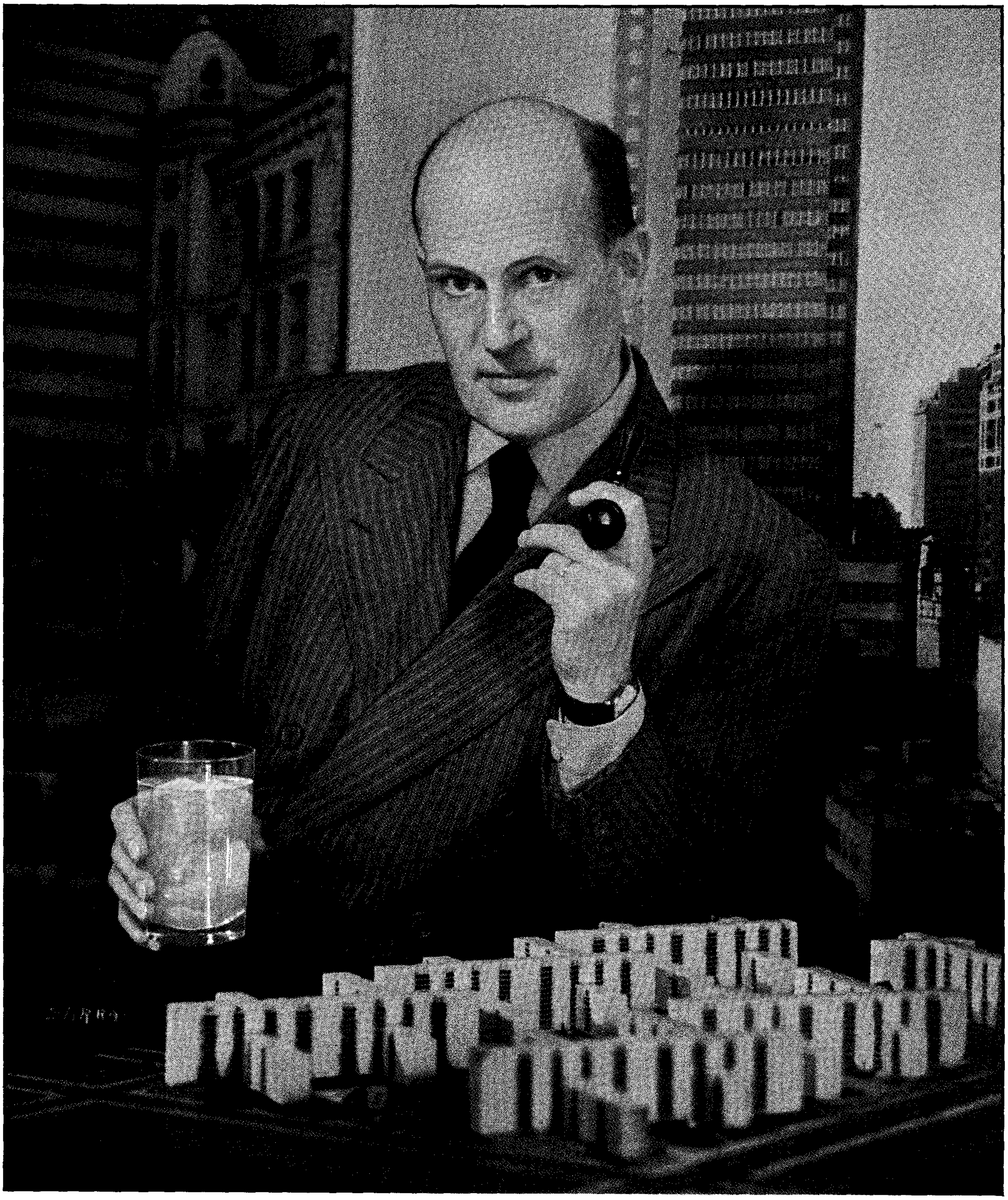
quest, which the police and the British Military Intelligence combine to prevent the coroner from eliciting the facts. The jury ascribes the suicide to mental agitation induced by the heartless conduct of Harriet, and Major Ferneaux-Lightfoot's reputation is preserved.

Throughout the novel, Mr. Slater skillfully emphasizes the almost insuperable disadvantage at which any society whose usages are based on the presumption of loyalty finds itself when it attempts to cope with a conspiracy whose agents consider that any means, however dishonorable according to traditional ethics, are sanctified by reference to an end. For example, Caroline is tempted to ask the advice of her father when Harriet reveals her husband's treason, but she is restrained by her pledge. A sharply pointed hint from Harriet to her husband's superior officer, Colonel Hammerton, is dismissed by him as an example of the inscrutable unreasonableness of women.

The weaknesses of this novel are certain implausibilities of characterization, which are, it must be confessed, well concealed by the brilliantly melodramatic manipulation of the plot. Harriet's perspicacity in uncovering her husband's secret seems inconsonant with her youth and political ignorance and with the capricious and frivolous nature that has been indicated for her. The motives that lead Ferneaux-Lightfoot to elect a life of treachery seem outside the psychological pattern that Mr. Slater strives to set for him. We are told that the Major has inherited his taste for conspiracy from his erratic Anglo-Irish mother, one of those fanatical women, of the circle of the Countess de Markievicz, who helped overthrow the decadent and alien Irish regime to which they owed their position and power. Another time, ambition is suggested as the Major's motive (he has dreams of becoming a power in a Sovietized England), yet a distinguished career is also open to him in the service of the Crown. He once remarks on the contrast between his own privileged life and the miserable condition of the mass of mankind, but his attitude toward the poor is one of arrogance edged with cruelty. The truth, perhaps, is that Ferneaux-Lightfoot, with his pride in his "Bolshevik guts," is one of those monsters, possibly peculiar to our time, in whom dialectic abstractions have become substitutes for all human feeling. In this respect, he is more repulsive than the crude barbarians he has chosen for his masters, since even the tough and pitiless Zabotkin, survivor of innumerable purges, is capable of a tenderness for his sickly little daughter.

IT is quite a change to go from the satanic cerebrations of Mr. Slater's highborn Communist to the humble vices described by the Norwegian novelist Arne Skouen in "Stokers' Mess" (Knopf), which for some reason is the title given the English version of his "Fest i Port des Galets," literally "Celebration in Port des Galets." This, too, is a psychological novel, a subjective study of adolescence in the rude universe of the fo'c'sle. It concerns a night of drunken brawling among a group of seamen as it is recorded in the consciousness of a boy of fifteen, who manages to convert the experience into a kind of tribal initiation, wherein he discovers his manhood. The boy, Einar, is a mess hand on the freighter Svolder, which is tied up in the harbor of Port des Galets, on Réunion Island. Einar, an odd, timorous, imaginative lad, lives in a world of half-pleasurable fears. He is given to solitary games and to devising fanciful tales, and he is apparently not always able to distinguish dream from reality. In one of his games, he steals a pistol from a sleeping Negro watchman, who is supposed to be guarding some casks of rum piled up on the quay. Einar is surprised in the act by Oscar, another messman, and in his alarm he accidentally fires a bullet into one of the casks, causing it to leak, for which he is soundly pummelled by the awakened watchman. On his return to the Svolder, Einar is taunted about the incident by Oscar, of whom he stands in some terror. Unlike Mr. Slater's Communist, Einar has a sense of honor. He feels obliged to fight, and he thereby discovers, to his astonishment, that the dreaded Oscar is even more timorous than he is. Meanwhile, the knowledge that there is rum on the pier causes great jubilation among the Svolder's crew. Since the officers are ashore, preparations are made for a party, to which it is decided to invite the crew of the British freighter Baron Haig, which has just put into Port des Galets for cargo. Einar, drawing on his fancy, says that there is plague aboard her and that one of her crew is dying, but the Svolder's mess, already bored by his pointless mendacities, pays little attention. At nightfall, the damaged cask of rum, which the crew now reasons is anybody's property, is surreptitiously hauled aboard the Svolder, and festivities get under way. The inmates of a local brothel, engaged for the occasion, come aboard under the chaperonage of a fat Negro woman. The rum



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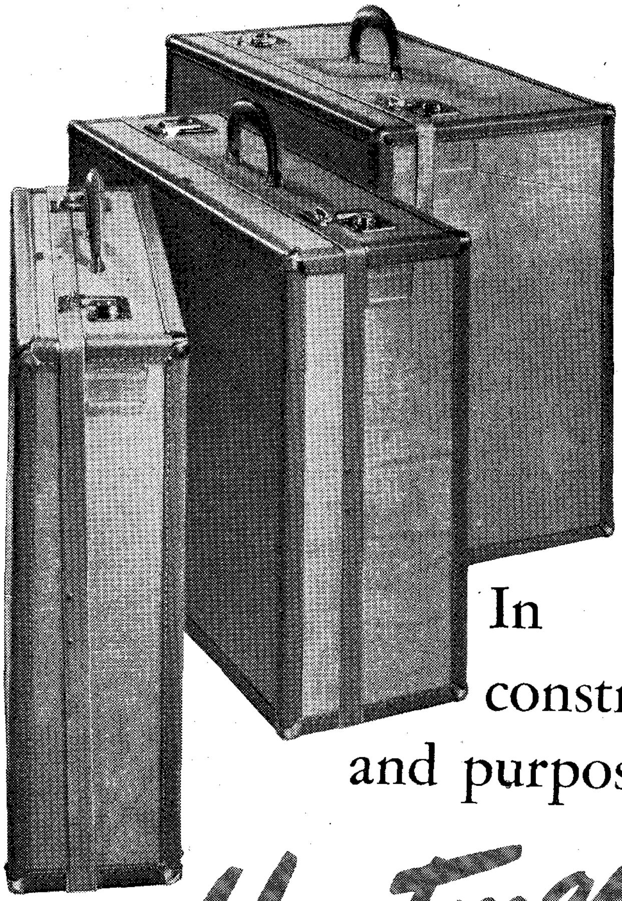
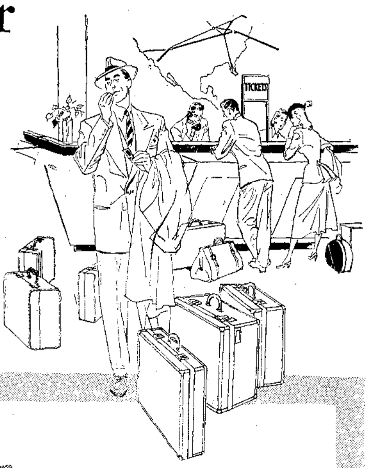
is raw and powerful, and the crew react to drunkenness according to their characters. Einar, his vision clarified by the excitement, perceives that only one of the crew, a sullen, half-mad fellow called Knut, is really dangerous. Even before the arrival of the girls, there is a fight between Knut and a red-haired sailor, called Mac, from the Baron Haig. Knut, worsted in the contest, retires to his cabin to sulk. The brothel mistress, in gratitude for a service Einar has done her, presents him with the youngest and shyest of her charges, but the girl is presently taken from him by Oscar, who has been made momentarily ferocious by adolescent lust.

While the party becomes noisier and more riotous, the Svolder is gradually pervaded by the odor of fumigating gas. Soon, armies of rats invade the ship. Einar's story about the plague is now recalled, and the hysteria that grips the Svolder's crew quickly changes into rage against the men from the Baron Haig. The visitors barricade themselves in the messroom. Knut, thirsting for vengeance, emerges from retirement, seizes a fire axe, and attacks the messroom door, but he is presently diverted by the problem of what to do about the rats. Einar, in a panic of remorse, appeals for help to the one sober member of the crew, the ship's carpenter, Theodore. But Theodore, engrossed in the charitable task of carving a set of false teeth for a messmate from the handle of a toothbrush, pays no attention to the boy. Thus Einar perceives that on him alone has devolved the responsibility of preventing a bloody end to the festivities. He manages to take the axe away from Knut, but not before the messroom door has been hewn down. Mac and Knut fight until each is too sore and weary to continue. The excitement at last subsides, and the guests and the prostitutes depart in peace. In the morning, it is learned that the gas fumes came not from the Baron Haig but from the warehouses ashore, which the French port officials, without warning to the ships, had decided to clear of rats. Einar, full of pride in his newly found manhood and in the respect the crew now feels for him, prepares to exchange berths with a homesick boy from the Baron Haig. The Svolder, it seems, will soon be homeward bound, but the Baron Haig is destined for a long voyage across three oceans.

Where Mr. Slater's book is a fictional interpretation of historical events, Mr. Skouen's book seems to be simply a vivid recollection of his own experiences in his years at sea. His manner of narra-





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tion is highly impressionistic and somewhat febrile, after the fashion of his compatriot Knut Hamsun. There are rapid, cinematic changes of focus as Einar's attention is distracted here and there. The novel depends for its effect mainly on its style and tempo, which the translator, Mr. Joran Birkeland, has faithfully striven to preserve. He manages it admirably in the purely narrative and descriptive passages, but the dialogue, evidently written originally in sailors' argot, gives him more difficulty, and the best he can do is render it, not always plausibly, into American street idiom. —J. M. LALLEY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE EDGE OF THE NIGHT, by John Prebble (Sloane). The story of a British soldier's effort to make up his mind about the Germans. While the war is on and the memory of his wife's death in an air raid is still fresh, he has no trouble at all. It is only when he settles down with the British occupation forces in Germany that he begins to wonder, after observing his late enemy in the cafés and market places, whether his battle fury will do as a permanent attitude. His friendship with a German girl who embodies her country's devotion to sanitation and military supremacy merely adds to his uncertainty. In the end, like many more thoughtful travellers before him, he leaves for home without having come to any definite conclusions about the nation that sired both Goethe and Himmler. Entirely satisfactory, even if you don't share the hero's irresolution.

THE ARABIAN BIRD, by Constantine Fitz Gibbon (Rinehart). An unusually well-written first novel, which deals with a British scientist who twice steps cautiously into matrimony and each time emerges from the experience emotionally maimed. His first attempt turns out badly because of his incorrigible dullness, and the second venture fails because his young wife falls in love with his son by the first marriage. The forward motion of the story slackens halfway through the book, when the scientist, returning unexpectedly from Italy one evening in the fall of 1944, finds his London apartment strewn with evidence of what has happened to his marriage. His subsequent reflections and those of his son provide a series of flashbacks, covering their shared past, that rounds out the narrative. The only thing that may put you off the book is the son's delight in his own melancholy, a reaction that the author seems to regard as the mark of a tragic personality.

SUCH AS WE, by Pierre Sichel (Reynal & Hitchcock). Modern young Americans of this city and its environs in search of a code to live by. The character who finds the going most difficult is a young woman whose wealthy parents set her an example of instability by getting a divorce while she is still a child. By the time she is twenty-one, she has followed their lead and seems well on her way to surpassing their record for over-all moral confusion. She is redeemed by the war, which scatters her wayward friends and impels her to submit to the discipline of an office job. Interesting, but the six hundred and twenty-nine pages that the author has allotted to his distraught heroine and her companions are more than they deserve.

THE LONG HOME, by Neil S. Boardman (Harper). Life in a small town in Minnesota during the depression years. The author pays his respects to the traditionally parochial aspect of his material by including a number of episodes involving high-school dances, young love, and youths who earn spending money by cutting lawns. He is principally concerned, however, with the effects of the depression on those of his characters who are old enough to be shaken up by it. The hero of that side of his story is a university student who abandons his medical studies in favor of a muddled attack on the established economic order, a course of action that leads him first to intellectual anarchy and then to crime. Readable.

HEART IN PILGRIMAGE, by Evelyn Eaton and Edward Roberts Moore (Harper). A historical novel based on the life of Elizabeth Seton, a leading figure in the social activities of late-eighteenth-century New York, who in her middle years suddenly bowed out of the world of fashion, entered the Catholic Church, and became a nun. The account of the heroine's party days will probably appeal to everyone, but the description of her conversion and her struggle to establish the order of the Sisters of Charity will have its greatest success with the predisposed.

GENERAL

OUR PARTNERSHIP, by Beatrice Webb (Longmans, Green). This autobiog-

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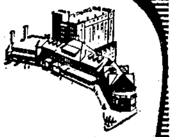

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raphy, on which the author, who died in 1943, worked for nearly twenty years, covers the period 1892-1912, which saw the rise of the Fabian Society and the Labour Party, the founding of the London School of Economics, the fight for woman's suffrage, the reform of the London school system, and other important social movements and causes in which the Webbs took a leading, and sometimes the only, part. These events are the main concerns of the book, which is mostly made up of excerpts from the author's diaries, but as the Webbs knew and dined with just about everybody of importance in their day, many personalities are dealt with—the Shaws, the Bertrand Russells, Sir William Beveridge, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, and a succession of Prime Ministers and Parliamentarians—all of whom are treated intimately and sometimes rather roughly. A good many of the topical matters discussed have, of course, long since lost their urgency, but the book is a rich and full memoir just the same. Illustrations.

NEW WORLD OF SPACE, by Le Corbusier (Reynal & Hitchcock). An attempt, by the French architect, to explain himself and his ideas in words and many pictures. The book, actually a *catalogue raisonné* of everything the author has done in painting, architecture, city planning, and writing, is by extension an exposition of his philosophy and theory of space and unity, and for that reason is of considerable interest. Many of the paintings are reproduced for the first time in this country.

THE FROZEN SEA, by Charles Neider (Oxford). An analysis of the personality of Franz Kafka, in which the author takes issue with most of the critics who have examined that tortured subject, including Kafka's close friend and literary executor, Max Brod. Mr. Neider shows a strong, if hairsplitting and humorless, talent for critical polemics and does a quite brilliant job of dissociating Kafka from the various mystic cults that have claimed him. Finally, in an extended study of the novelist's chief works —"The Trial," "The Castle," and "Amerika"—he tries his hand at explaining what they mean, offering a key to what he contends is Kafka's consciously Freudian symbolism. The reasoning gets pretty rarefied in this section and will probably appeal only to the very devout.

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ART, by Dagny Carter (Ronald). A chronological survey of Chinese painting, sculpture, and architecture from the Stone Age to the present, severely, and understandably, condensed. The book does correlate the economic, religious, and political factors that have influenced Chinese artistic expression and gives, within the author's self-imposed limitations, a surprisingly comprehensive and coherent account of the flowering of Chinese culture. Well illustrated.

FRANCE: PARIS AND THE PROVINCES, by Roger Roumagnac and Pierre Andrieu (Whittlesey House). A travel book and gastronomical guide, abounding in iconographic maps, old prints, photographs, and many spot drawings in color by five spirited French artists. The illustrations are the best part; the text is rather thin and has been quaintly translated. Furthermore, despite the fact that the book was written toward the end of the war, the authors do not specify which historic buildings and public monuments survived the destruction.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ETERNITY RING, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). Miss Maud Silver, an English governess turned private investigator, looks into some serious problems facing the residents of the village of Deeping. A rather vulgar young woman has disappeared under circumstances that make things awkward for the gentry at Abbotsleigh, the local show place, but after a couple of murders Miss Silver, in her placid way, offers a solution to the whole unpleasant business. Sound and somewhat dull.

THE FRIGHTENED CHILD, by Dana Lyon (Harper). Anya Tressenden, a Polish refugee and one of the most sorely tried young women in recent suspense fiction, makes up her mind to bump off her husband, a tricky type who seems to be trying to do her in by degrees. When Tressenden succumbs to an overdose of morphine, Anya becomes the chief figure in a murder trial, the outcome of which is decided by some flashy intuitive deduction on the part of her attorney. Tense but not particularly convincing.

•

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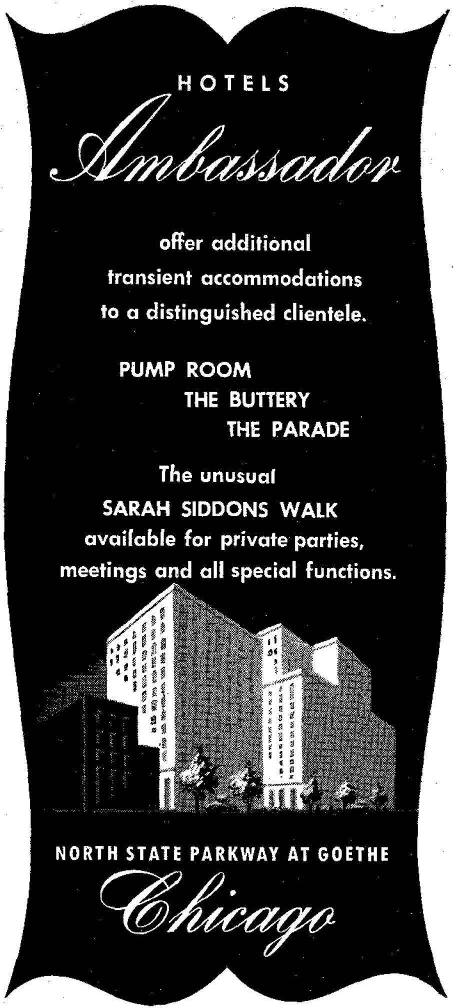
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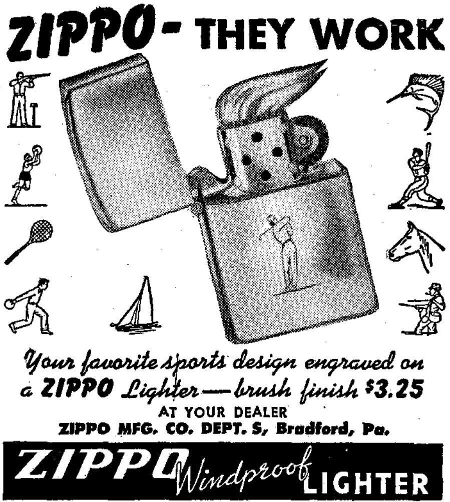
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